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Department of Education

Teaching Days for 1919

Dates of Opening and Closing of High, Continuation, Public and Separate Schools in 1919.

Open	3rd January	Close	8th April
Reopen	28th April	Close	27th June
Reopen	2nd September	Close	22nd December

Note.—Easter holidays (18th April to 27th April, inclusive), Midsummer holidays [from June 28th to September 1st, inclusive], Christmas and New Year's holidays (first two days of January, 1919, and 23rd December, 1919, to 4th January, 1920, inclusive), all Saturdays and Local Municipal holidays, Dominion or Provincial Public Fast or Thanksgiving Days. Victoria Day, the anniversary of Queen Victoria's Birthday (Saturday, 24th May), the King's Birthday (Tuesday, 3rd June), and Labour Day [1st Monday (1st) of September], are holidays in the High, Continuation, Public and Separate Schools. The above-named holidays are taken into account in this statement, so far as they apply to 1919, except any Pubilc Fast or Thanksgiving Day, or Local Municipal holiday. Neither Arbor Day nor Empire Day is a holiday.

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THOMAS TROTTER.

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXVIII. OCTOBER, 1918 No. 1

PROFESSOR TROTTER'S WORK IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

MOST worthy and most well deserved tributes to the eminent services of Dr. Trotter to the denomination and the country have been given by the authorities of McMaster. His personal endowments and attainments and his devotion to the varied tasks that came to him have been described in terms of high appreciation by his colleagues and life-long friends.—the Chancellor and the Dean in Theology.

The only addition to the meed of praise to the Professor whose loss is deplored, that can be made by the writer of this note is a brief statement of Dr. Trotter's labors in the Maritime Provinces.

This work was of a distinctly executive and administrative character, which is a part of public service at once most important and most difficult. Perhaps it is as difficult under our Baptist polity as in any organization of church or state; and certainly when well done it is most educative and influential. Dr. Trotter became pastor of the Wolfville Baptist Church in the autumn of 1895. His gifts of leadership became so conspicuous that a year later he was appointed President of Acadia University. This office he filled from August, 1897, to August, 1906, when he accepted a pastorate in Toledo. His gifts of thought and expression as a preacher were most effective in the advocacy of the interests of the University among the churches of the Maritime Convention.

Acadia University had been working over fifty years, often under great difficulties and always with very limited financial resources, but constantly making friends and supporters for higher education. But the time needed a leader of ability, tact and courage to gather funds for payment of debts and enlargement of the institutions. Dr. Trotter gave his strength without reserve to the heavy task and achieved success beyond the hopes of the educational leaders. His first campaign for securing seventy-five thousand dollars was so successful as to reveal to the denomination its financial strength, and the second effort to add two hundred thousand dollars to the funds proved less difficult than the first. The success of these forward movements placed Acadia in the way of progress and made sure the "ampler day" at which she has arrived. This service of Dr. Trotter is most highly appreciated by Baptists of the Maritime Provinces. On his retirement from office he received testimonials expressing the full confidence and gratitude of the Governing Board and the membership of the churches.

The executive work required most exhausting labors and involved risks of health and of the continuance of life. But his faith did not waver and his energy did not fail until the goal was reached. His enthusiasm was contagious, and many a pastor became more efficient in his work from association with Dr. Trotter in efforts for the common cause. He was admired wherever he preached, and his memory will be affectionately cherished.

To the clarity and sweep of his vision and his unusual power of statement he added executive ability of a high order. His experience, as he said, while working with the late Chancellor Rand was of great advantage in the complex situation in which his office placed him. The results of his life work in the provinces by the sea, both in business achievements and in the abiding influence of his strong and attractive personality, are matters of thankfulness to those who know the need of men of light and leading to the welfare of institutions on which the growth of Christian power rests.

—E. M. Keirstead.

TALES FROM UNDER THE PUNKAH.

AMASWAMY, pull the punkah." As the great punkah began once more to move slowly back and forth, fanning the hot air in the close, darkened room, I lay thinking of the land in which I found myself,—that land which lies so far from the hurry and clatter of the busy Western world; the land whose name conjures up visions of hot, dreamy, quiet days; of a strange people and of their stranger customs,—India. The calm drowsiness of the noonday hour, the subdued murmur of the shopkeepers in the bazaar, the shimmer of the sun on the white dusty roads, brought home to me very vividly that this *was* India, that great grey old land, strangely attractive with its insoluble mysteries and time-honored superstitions.

And, as if in answer to my unspoken thought, Ramaswamy roused himself sufficiently to whisper drowsily, "Kurumba, the magician, Memsahib."

I glanced up, to see a figure clad in spotless white standing in the doorway. "Salaam," he greeted gravely, and waited, motionless, while I beckoned Ramaswamy to bring a cushion. When he had seated himself, finally, I asked the question which all day I had been revolving in my mind, "What meant all the commotion in the bazaar yesterday?" The preceding night had evidently been one of revelry, for all evening the throbbing of tom-toms and the weird, nasal chanting of priests had disturbed the customary evening stillness.

"Why, did not Memsahib know it was 'Snake Day'?" asked Kurumba in evident surprise.

I professed utter ignorance of the fact, and put the natural query, "What means 'Snake Day'?"

Then, truly, I knew I had reached some secret, guarded place; had touched the depths of the old magician's heart. There was enthusiasm in his voice and a sudden, fanatical gleam in his eye as he answered:

"This is the day on which my people make their offering to our gods. How else would they avert the scourge which would

surely fall on them were not the wrath of the gods appeased? And before all others, must not the snakes be conciliated? Everyone knows what terrible damage snakes can do, for every year 'Rahu,' the monster snake, becomes hungry and swallows the sun. Then, all day long our medicine-men must beat their tom-toms, and all day long the people must sing in entreaty to him to disgorge his prey. Consequently, we fear a recurrence of this dread event. In order to prevent it, the Brahman women of the village fill their pots full of milk, rice and cakes, and go in a procession to some old deserted ant-hill near-by, where a snake is known to be living. They pour the milk down the hole for the snake to drink, and leave the rice and cakes at the mouth of the hole. Then, Memsahib, the women sing and dance until they are exhausted, and call upon the snake-god to turn away his anger And the snake-god hears and is kind and spares our village."

I had listened to this passionate outburst in silent amazement. It was true, then, that even the well-educated believed these preposterous tales of the power of the gods, and the visitations of their wrath. I had heard of the customs of India,—some quaint, some utterly ludicrous, some revolting, and yet others cruel. But I had yet to witness the true zeal of a devout believer. And even as I was musing thus, I was roused from my reverie by the voice of Kurumba.

"Has not Memsahib heard the story of the patron saint of Amayanayakanur? (a small village not far distant). There was a certain monkey who had long troubled the people, entering the stores in broad daylight, choosing the best, and causing great anxiety to the poor shopkeepers. Even in the hours of darkness he gave the people no rest by virtue of the power of his voice. In vain the people had prayed for his death; in vain had they beaten their tom-toms; the monkey still lived and none dared touch him."

Here I interrupted the speaker with a reminiscent sigh, for I had already experienced to my sorrow the "divine right of monkeys," prevalent in India. No matter how great the provocation, the monkey is not to be injured. And the monkey is a born thief. Article after article had been stolen from my tent

and still I could get none of my servants to touch the offender. But Kurumba resumed:

"Finally, the shopkeepers closed their tent flaps against the intruder, and he became weary of such rebellious subjects. He wandered in search of happier hunting grounds, and on the way he fell in with a Mohammedan gentleman on whom he practised his arts. The latter, reckless of the anger of the gods, killed the monkey and left him buried under a gnarled old banyan tree. When news of the death of their pet reached the villagers, they hastened to bring him back and buried him with pomp and ceremony. A month or so later, the grave was opened, and in it was a tiny, pure gold image. To-day, Memsahib, the monkey is the patron saint of Amayanayakanur."

Unfortunately, I permitted an expression of skepticism to cross my face, and Kurumba glanced up in time to catch the fleeting shadow. With a startling transition, the animated, fiery zealot was again the grave, ceremonious magician, who bowed politely and distantly to me as he uttered the "salaam" of farewell.

When he had departed as noiselessly as he had come, into the blazing heat of the noonday world, I was again left to my reveries under the punkah. But they were no longer the purposeless thoughts of an hour before. I still seemed to see before me the speaking face of Kurumba as he told me the traditions of his country. Deep in my heart a new emotion was born; a feeling of respect for that oldest of lands, a consciousness of the witchery which it exerts over all who dwell there; and above all a newer, deeper, better understanding of the superstitions on which its religion is founded.

—E. Marion Stillwell, '20.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

Rupert Brooke.

I think, amid the tortured din of war,
He soothed his soul with rhythms, iterant, sweet.
He timed the buoyant tread of the marching feet;
The boom on boom of guns; the echoes far,
Against the unyielding hills. Upon his ears
There beat the surge and fall of waves more red,
Richer than wine. He heard, for all the dead,
The drip of tears, into a sea of tears.

Attent, he singled, from the din of strife,
All rhythms, sweet and hateful, that are life.
Rhythm of rains, when the moved heavens weep;
The lilt of trench-songs: surely he did know
"The Homefires Burning," "The Long Way to Go."
They may have soothed him, as he fell asleep.

II.

These Served.

These served, oh sweetest child, lest thou shouldst say
Of any natural hardship, "It is hard."
These, spent with thirst, sank to the parchèd sward;
Or torn and broken on the stained snows lay.
These chafed in prison-camps their hours away:
Helpless, they saw age mocked, innocents maimed,
Temples and shrines defiled, and honour shamed:
These died, with none at hand to weep or pray.

Oh sweetest child, these served that thou shouldst know
Being alone, thou art not yet forlorn!
Homeless, yet harried by no vicious foe;

An exile, yet not slave, or fugitive.
Whate'er thy sorrow, these more sore have borne,
And smiled, and held it had been good to live.

III.

OH LOVED ENGLAND!

She hath been generous! Not as the walled well,
But the broad river, flowing in all lands!
Not the dim candle, pent in narrow cell,
But the glad sun, bearing day on his hands!
Like a great woman she, who one by one
Puts forth her sons and daughters from her knee,
And bids them fend, and struggle, and wax strong,
Mothers and sires of other homes to be.

Oh Lovèd England! Should the river fail,
All lands would droop! Should thy clear shining pale
Darkened in thine eclipse be every sky;
And dimmed the light of every fairer day,
And orphaned every land that owns thy sway,
Dear Mother Country, if that thou couldst die!

—GERTRUDE MACGREGOR MOFFAT.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

OVERHEAD was a summer sun in a cloudless sky; beneath was burning sand pulverized by continual grinding of wheels and rising as a cloud enveloping and accompanying both horse and buggy. There was neither shade nor any breeze, and all along the way the cicadas, those heat musicians of the woods, sounded across fields of baking sand. This was the road to Sleepy Hollow—the antithesis of sun and sand and dryness, an oasis of shade and green and moisture.

Sleepy Hollow is a deeply cut ravine amidst the sand fields of Norfolk. Not more than a hundred feet apart, its banks descend abruptly to a depth of sixty feet or more. At the top of these, huge hemlocks spread their limbs until the needles intermingle, and these, together with the foliage of the hollow, shroud the place in delicious shadow, the coolness of which is enjoyed the more as one looks from below to the surrounding fringe of sunlight on the flats above.

At one end of the hollow, from beneath one of its enclosing slopes, a spring starts up and feeds a woodland creek. This is the nurse of all the greenness. Rushing along its narrow bed, crowding around logs and protruding banks, it waters the season's cycle of flowers and gives rich color to the vegetation.

Near the source of the stream is a boat, old and worm eaten and incongruous with the surrounding land, a relic of former days. For Sleepy Hollow was once a mill pond, and here when the dam was in, the water rose steadily in preparation for feeding the mill below. But that was many years past,—so many that few remember,—and now the fertile hollow is left for the enjoyment of a few who have discovered its seclusion.

Always here the hush of expectancy is on every hand. And often I have stolen away from the heat of the sand fields to sit in the shade of the hollow while my mind has been alert to every sound and sight and odor.

One afternoon of many, when entering the shadow of the surface trees, I noticed a few sticks thrown carelessly on the

ground, yet with apparent accuracy of purpose. Three sticks formed a rough triangle, while a fourth, crossing these, pointed to the ravine below. I gave little heed to the arrangement and went leisurely on my way. When I reached the bottom of the hollow I was surprised to see four more sticks similarly arranged with the indicator this time pointing down the stream. Someone was either here or had visited the hollow quite recently. Could it be an Indian sign? None were in the neighborhood. It must be the sign of some other people. This it proved to be. As I trod quietly on, in the distance I saw the maker of the signs: a Gypsy girl, a true daughter of Romany. She was beside a fern bed quite near where the stream rushed along and fitted in admirably with the beauty of the place. Her white shoes and stockings, khaki bloomers and snow-white middie open at the throat, brought my eyes to a pretty Gypsy head bound tightly with a scarlet cloth. She was sitting tailor fashion with a bare arm on each knee supporting her face as she gazed motionlessly into the running water, reading perhaps with the alleged discerning of her race, some secrets of the wild. In such a pretty setting she was pleasant to look upon, and so I gazed at her for many long minutes while she in turn gazed into the stream. Then, curiosity for a more intimate acquaintance asserted itself and I moved towards her. Instantly she arose, turned to the steep slope, and like a thing of the wild, climbed hurriedly to the top. There, as she entered the sunlight I caught a last gleam of white and red and she was gone.

—R.

HOMER WATSON, P.R.C.A.
Dry Season, Grand River.

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the
Canadian National Exhibition, 1918.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.

ALONG these sunny hillsides and green Surrey forests there lies the old half-forgotten "Pilgrims' Way." In places little more than a bridle path remains, again a scattered row of ancient yews and wild apple trees marks the way across ploughed fields,—yet this is the most ancient road in England, boundlessly rich in legend and history.

Here came the painted Briton, the conquering Roman, the fair-haired Angle and the hungry Dane, the patriot Saxon and Norman invader. Then came crusaders, monks to bless with book and bell, and all the pilgrim throng,—travelling from the cathedral in Winchester to old Canterbury, the tomb of Saint Thomas à Becket,—the two great shrines of the middle ages.

There are many historic spots along this old Pilgrims' Way, —wayside crosses, healing springs, ruined pilgrim shrines,—of which the old chapel of St. Martha's is one of the most interesting. It stands at the summit of Martyrs' Hill,—where legends tell of the massacre of early Christians,—high above the rich green valley where the Tillingbourne stream enters the slow-flowing Wey.

It is a splendid afternoon's walk up the Pilgrims' Way to St. Martha's. We follow a shady overgrown pathway, through the Chantry Woods, past the old monastery walls, the twelfth century oratory with its triple-pointed window, and the quaint monkish herb garden,—here lived the priests of St. Martha's.

The chapel itself is cruciform in shape, and though quite small is very heavily built of brown stone masonry, with a square fortress-like tower rising over the transept. The date of its foundation is unknown, yet the old Norman arches bear witness to its great antiquity. In the little heather-grown churchyard are many graves of the past. One great coffin slab is said to cover the spot where Stephen Langton, the great cardinal, was first buried; another bears the date 1602, and many more have long since crumbled into dust.

From Martyrs' Hill there is a wonderfully beautiful view

over the hills and dales of Southern England. To the south is the richly wooded Tillingbourne valley, and the great "weald" of Sussex stretching out beyond to the southern hills and the sea. To the north our view extends across the lower Wey valley to Windsor on the Thames and the great Royal Forest, while on the hillside below us are the spires of Guildford town.

Guildford was for years the home of John Bunyan,—the house still stands by the riverside where the inspired tinker is said to have lived,—and it is most interesting to note that it is in all probability to the old Pilgrims' Way that we owe his conception of the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." The marshy flats along the Wey below us must have been a veritable "Slough of Despond" in the olden days. The old ruins on the hilltop facing St. Martha's still bear the name "Doubting Castle," while "Vanity Fair," may well have been suggested by Guildford Fair, one of the many noisy assemblages of the kind which sprang up all along the Pilgrims' Way.

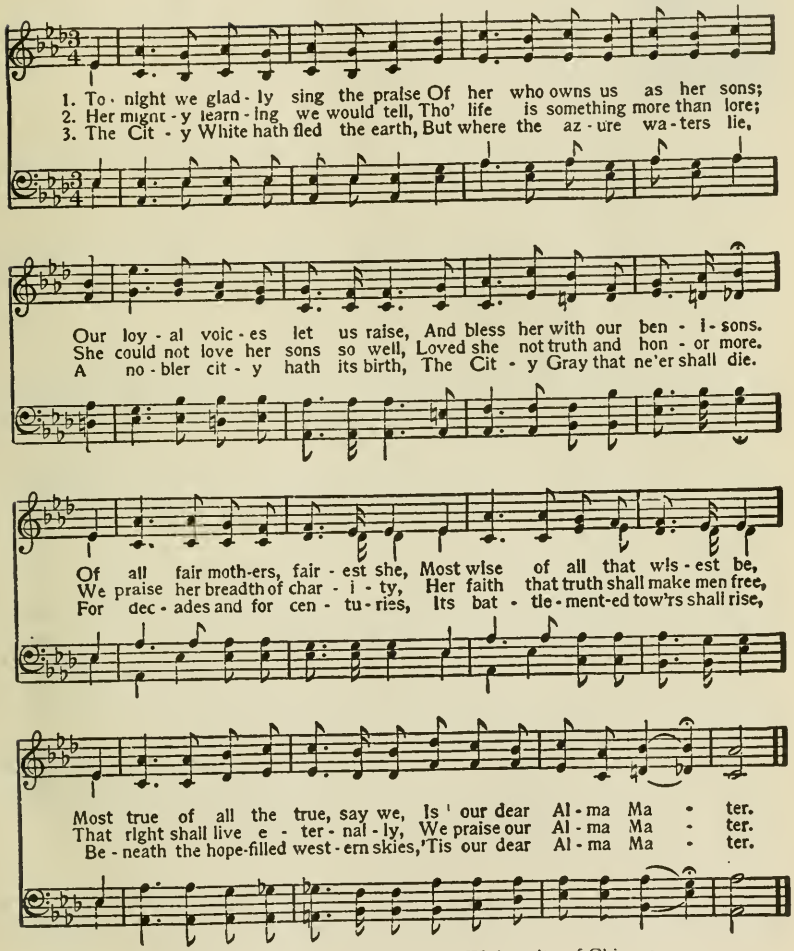
To spend a beautiful June afternoon along this ancient highway, among the landmarks of the centuries gone by, and with this scenery on every hand,—the grandest this old land can offer,—is most delightful and refreshing. The old Pilgrims' Way bears the footprints of the ages,—its history is the story of human progress. The present great world conflict seems to take its place as the final crisis in the march of civilization. When we look back over the centuries of the past and see the gradual growth of liberty and democracy, through all the strife and conflict of the years, it seems much easier to see through the dark clouds of the present and look forward to the brighter, happier days which are beyond.

—Osgoode H. MacDonald, ex-'19.

ALMA MATER.

Words by
EDWIN H. LEWIS

Music adapted and arranged for mixed voices by
PAUL MANDEVILLE


1. To - night we glad - ly sing the praise Of her who owns us as her sons;
2. Her might - y learn - ing we would tell, Tho' life is something more than lore;
3. The Cit - y White hath fled the earth, But where the az - ure wa - ters lie,
Our loy - al voic - es let us raise, And bless her with our ben - i - sons.
She could not love her sons so well, Loved she not truth and hon - or more.
A no - bler cit - y hath its birth, The Cit - y Gray that ne'er shall die.
Of all fair moth-ers, fair - est she, Most wise of all that wis - est be,
We praise her breadth of char - i - ty, Her faith that truth shall make men free,
For dec - ades and for cen - tu - ries, Its bat - tle - ment-ed tow'rs shall rise,
Most true of all the true, say we, Is our dear Al - ma Ma - ter.
That right shall live e - ter - nal - ly, We praise our Al - ma Ma - ter.
Be - neath the hope-filled west - ern skies, 'Tis our dear Al - ma Ma - ter.

Arrangement copyright, 1898, by The University of Chicago.

THE SWEDEN VALLEY ICE MINE.

NESTLING in the cup-like formation which results from a ring of the picturesque Allegheny foothills, lies the peaceful village of Sweden Valley with its fourscore inhabitants. It is a colony of Seventh Day Adventists, almost completely removed from the outside world, and only accessible by means of an ancient, historic turnpike which winds up the narrow mountain valley. From a distance, only the white steeple of the village church is visible above the tree tops. The stillness of the deep forest is there—a stillness seldom broken by the quiet, home-loving folk who are thus isolated from the main arteries of civilization.

Just beyond the village, Ice Mountain—forest-covered and fern-abounding—rises to a majestic height, while in the foreground, Nelson Creek flows slowly toward the Allegheny River four miles distant. At the base of the mountain, a dug-road leads upwards to where, at an elevation of two hundred and fifty feet, one of the most remarkable and unexplainable of all natural curiosities is to be found.

The Sweden Valley Ice Mine rightly claims to be the only one of its kind in the world. In the winter, a mere dry shaft in the characteristic shale limestone of that region, it becomes, in summer, a mass of fantastic ice formations accompanied by a peculiar white and frosty vapor which rises out of the shale crevices and follows the ground for several feet before evaporating.

The "mine" in question is a vertical opening or shaft about forty feet deep and from twelve to fourteen feet in diameter. In this shaft, which pierces the side of Ice Mountain, ice begins to form and accumulate in the spring of the year—generally during the month of April, although it has appeared as early as March and as late as the first of May. The quantity and grotesque formation reach a maximum during the hottest days of July and August, after which—and on the approach of cold weather—the ice gradually melts, the melting becoming more rapid as the cold weather advances. With the arrival of winter,

the strange ice accumulations of the mine disappear entirely and the shaft remains empty until the advent of spring.

Discovered in August, 1898, through a search for Indian lead and silver mines thought to be located in that region, the ice mine remains a baffling mystery until the present. Scientists have offered various explanations, the most satisfactory being that of Professor Andrews, of Lehigh University, in an article published by the *Popular Science Monthly*. He attributes the phenomenon to the storage of vast quantities of "cold" in the internal air passages of the porous mountain. Assuming that these air passages have their outlet at the ice mine, he states that the heavy column of cold air would be drawn out during hot weather in the form of the frosty vapor to which allusion has already been made. This intensely cold, moist vapor is supposed to condense and crystallize into ice at the mouth of the cavern. Others entertain the theory of a large vein of platinum near the mine, while still others attributed the ice to the presence of some mineral in the water which flows from the shale crevices. An analysis of the ice, however, failed to reveal any difference from ice formed in the usual way.

Opportunity is afforded for tourists to inspect the mine upon the payment of a nominal sum, although no one is allowed this privilege on Saturday because of the religious principles of the owners. The writer had the unique pleasure of visiting this locality some time ago and of thoroughly examining not only the main shaft with its mammoth icicles in the form of stalagmites and stalactites, but also the adjoining country. In striking contrast to the surrounding mountains, the soil in the vicinity of the mine is covered with a dense forest including a peculiar variety of fern said to be found only in arctic regions. On the mountain side about forty feet below the mine, the owner was at work widening the road. He told us that the ice belt was of considerable width and suggested that we pick up one of the stones which he had just dug out of the mountain. Greatly to our amazement, we found the stones to be cold as ice. Later, we ascended to a spot somewhat nearer the mine and, after removing the top layer of decayed vegetation, we found limestone rocks covered with

a thin film of ice. The air was decidedly damp and chilly in marked contrast to the bright, warm June atmosphere in the valley below.

It must be admitted that this natural phenomenon taxes the belief and reasoning faculties of persons who have not seen the apparent paradox in natural elements and forces. Yet this remarkable process of ice formation through natural reaction of the atmosphere against rocks, continues in the ice mine day after day throughout the warm period of each year. "The hotter the weather, the more rapid the ice formation of the mine," is a paradox that must be seen in order to be appreciated.

—Arnold E. Look, '19.

AUTUMN WAYS.

When you and I go Autumn ways,
  With misted sunshine everywhere,
I'll take a scarf of violet haze,
  And bind it o'er your hair.

I'll gather wine from crimson trees,
  To pledge my wayward heart to you,
I'll prove the breath of dying leaves,
  A drift of dreams come true.

And all the Autumn of your eyes,
  Shall darken to my yearning call.
And we shall find our paradise,
  Out where the gold leaves fall!

—Amy E. Campbell, '12.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

ONE of the purposes of The Monthly—a purpose not always realized—is to encourage and promote literary activity among the students. Accordingly, we take pleasure in announcing a Prize Story Competition.

The Monthly Board offers the following prizes for stories submitted by undergraduates of the University:

First Prize $5.00
Second Prize 3.00
Third Prize 2.00

The conditions governing the contest are as follows:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the Managing Editor not later than December 15th, 1918.

2. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript, but must be enclosed, in a sealed envelope. This should bear on the outside the title of the story and any other distinguishing mark or *nom de plume* which the author may see fit to use.

3. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

4. Stories must not contain more than 2,000 words. The number of words should be stated on the first page of the manuscript.

5. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

6. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

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VOL. XXVIII. OCTOBER, 1918 NO. 1

Editorial Notes

Our return to McMaster at the beginning of another college year is accompanied by very different emotions from those with which we departed in the spring. At that time the horizon loomed very dark. The Huns were in the midst of a seemingly invincible drive against the Allied forces. The French and the British were being beaten back step by step, and it almost seemed as if all were about to be lost.

But finally the tide turned. At first slowly, but with ever increasing momentum the Allied armies began to drive back the invader; and now we witness the spectacle of the whole German army forced to beat a precipitate and certain retreat on their entire front—never again, we hope, to resume the offensive.

Yet our joy is not unmixed with sadness. The price of victory is inevitable, and already we begin to count the cost. Seven McMaster men have given their lives in their country's cause,since last we saw these halls. Seven noble lives have been laid on the altar for the sake of principles held dear. Seven heroes have given their all that their nation, their home, their loved ones, yea, their Alma Mater might live in safety to perpetuate the ideals for which they stood.

And does this not bring the struggle close to the heart of those of us who remain behind? Does it not make us feel more keenly our responsibility, our share in this world-conflict, our duty to uphold the principles of truth and righteousness for which these men have shed their life's blood? If it does not, I fear they have died in vain; they have sacrificed for a worthless and ungrateful generation—a generation which will carelessly cast to the winds those things which they held of supreme value, dearer, even, than life itself.

Just one year ago there appeared in this magazine an article on the life of Bernard Freeman Trotter. In this issue, from the pen of Professor Keirstead, we publish a tribute to the late Doctor Thomas Trotter. The article of a year ago represented a separation, that of to-day, a reunion. We shall not soon forget Professor Trotter. No professor of McMaster has ever left a more abiding impression on those with whom he came in contact. He was loved by all; and a successor to the place held by him in the affection of his students and colleagues will not easily be found.

News of the death of Professor Tingle came as a great shock to those who had seen him in apparently good health at the close of last term. Professor Tingle was an expert in his chosen department and was held in the highest esteem by his students and fellow-members of the Faculty of McMaster University. As late as May 31st last, the announcement was made of his election to the Fellowship of the Royal Society of Canada. We hope to publish an article on his life in an early issue of The Monthly.

Still other changes have occurred in the personnel of the Faculty. We miss the presence of Dr. MacGibbon, who is at present in England with the First Canadian Tank Battalion, and also of Mr. Dadson, who is now a chaplain and under appointment to accompany the Canadian Siberian Expeditionary Force. We are pleased to welcome home Major Wallace, who has spent some time in England and France, and also to greet Professor W. O. Walker, late of Queen's University, who comes to take charge of the department of Chemistry.

We publish herewith the second announcement of a Prize Story Competition. This is especially for the benefit of the new students and also for those who have returned this term, but who may have forgotten its former appearance. We are hoping that a large number of McMaster undergraduates will participate in this competition. Here is a splendid opportunity to assist the publication board of The Monthly in their none too easy task, as well as to improve one's own abilities. We forbear, of course, to mention the mere monetary inducement to entrance in this contest.

"*The Pilgrims' Way*" is an interesting little sketch by one of our McMaster men who is now in France. Amid all the toil and distraction of army life this lad found time to make a contribution to the magazine of his Alma Mater. Yet the majority of the students here at home are so busy—at least, so they say,—that they cannot find time to assist one of the most valuable of their own organizations. Strange, isn't it?

While the majority of the Student Organizations of the University remained comparatively inactive during the summer months, the McMaster branch of the Y.M.C.A. was a notable exception to this state of affairs. A course of daily readings was conducted under its auspices during the entire vacation period and was enjoyed by a number of the men. The books studied were "The Manhood of the Master," and "The Meaning of Prayer," both written by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Fortnightly reports and comments on the week's study were forwarded by

each reader to Professor Findlay, who prepared a circular reply, which was sent to the men. The course was found by all the participants to be exceedingly interesting and profitable; and it is to be hoped that it will be but the beginning of similar and larger projects in the future. The Y.M.C.A. is to be congratulated upon this innovation, and a debt of gratitude is owed to Doctor Findlay for his time and trouble in keeping a record of the reports and preparing the fortnightly replies.

And lastly just a word about ourselves. Two factors combine to make this task of editing our college magazine a rather difficult one. The high standard set by our predecessors in office, and the hitherto unattained heights of publication costs which we must face this year are no mean obstacles in our path. Yet we do not want to make excuses. "C'est la guerre," is an all too convenient and too frequent shield for inefficiency. We shall do our very best.

On Military Service.

Editor: Frank G. McCoy, '20.

Ye who have faith to look with fearless eyes
  Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
  The dawn of ampler life.
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
  That God has given you a priceless dower;
To live in these great times and have your part
  In freedom's crowning hour; . . .
(Found on the body of an Australian soldier).

INCE the last appearance of The Monthly, the following casualties have been reported:

Staff-Sergt. E. D. Campbell, '12, killed in action, September, 1918.

Lieut. R. W. E. Christie, '18, Can. Engineers, killed in action, September, 1918.

Flight Cadet A. M. Froom, '15, killed in aeroplane accident, September, 1918.

Lieut. C. A. Grant, '02, Can. Inf., died of wounds, September 2nd, 1918.

Capt. S. H. Brocklebank, '14, Can. Inf., died of wounds received in August, 1918.

Gunner H. G. Masson C.F.A., died in July, 1918, as a result of shell shock and gas.

Capt. Chaplain W. E. Hindson, former student, died of pneumonia, September 18th, 1918.

Lieut. A. J. Lester, '15, Can. Inf., wounded.

Lieut. W. S. McKay, Theol., wounded.

Capt. G. W. Guiou, M.C., '18, Can. Inf., gunshot in right hand and left thigh.

Pte. D. Hughes, '19, Can. Inf., dangerously wounded.

Flight Lieut. H. H. Wilson, '17, injured in aeroplane accident. Now in an English hospital.

Official notice has been received that Flight-Lieut. D. J. Russell, ex-'20, is a prisoner of war in Germany.

The following enlistments have been reported during the summer:

O. M. Titus, ex.-'17, U.S. Marine Corps.
W. A. Robertson, '17, C.F.A..
E. A. Massé, '17, Cadet, R.A.F.
M. C. Hooper, ex.-'18, C.F.A.
H. E. Wintemute, '19, Can. Inf.
J. W. Cohen, '19, Can. Inf.

E. L. Quirk, '19, C.F.A.
L. A. Walker, '19, A.S.C.
W. D. Hinman, '19, Royal Can. Dragoons.
H. E. Groom, '19, Royal Can. Dragoons.
F. C. Hartley, '18, C.F.A.
H. S. Hillyer, '20, Cadet, R.A.F.
G. H. Mallory, '20, O.T.C.
W. O. White, ex.-'20, C.F.A.

T. M. Dadson, '06, who was Lecturer in History for the past two years, during the absence of Major Wallace, was appointed to a Chaplaincy during the summer. He was on duty at Niagara Camp until the close of the season, and has recently been attached to a military hospital in Toronto. A recent announcement states that he is to be attached to the Canadian Expeditionary Force going to Siberia.

Lieut. D. A. MacGibbon, '08, Lecturer in Political Economy and Sociology during the past year, is now in England with the Canadian Tank Battalion.

Spr. J. Edgar Bates, M.M., '16, Div. Sig. Coy., has returned to Canada to take up the study of medicine.

Gunner E. W. Pyke, '19, has received his discharge from the army and is continuing his work in Arts at McMaster. During the summer he was connected with the War Lecture Bureau, under the auspices of which organization he visited the Southern States.

Major W. S. Wallace has returned to McMaster to resume his position as Lecturer in History and Assistant in Greek. Major Wallace went overseas in the summer of 1915 with the Canadian Infantry, but was later appointed to the presidency of the Khaki College in the Shorncliffe area.

Corporal C. A. Vining, '19, who was wounded in November, 1917, has returned to Canada, and entered the University of Toronto.

Captain John MacNeill, '96, and Capt. A. J. Vining, '90, who have been overseas with the Military Y.M.C.A., have returned to their pastorates.

The Y.M.C.A. has applied for the transfer to their service of W. T. Steven, Theol., '15, who is with the Div. Sig. Coy., in France.

Capt. W. A. Cameron, '06, pastor of the Bloor Street Baptist Church, who has been for some time with the Y.M.C.A. overseas, is now in Toronto on leave of absence. During the summer Capt. Cameron was lecturing in the Eastern States and delivering addresses to munition workers and shipbuilders.

Capt. R. C. Benson, '06, is now Senior Chaplain at Sussex, N. B.

Pte. Alex. S. Rutherford, who was the first McMaster man, so far as is known, to become a prisoner of the Germans, is now in Hanover, Germany. His address may be obtained from the registrar.

W. S. McAlpine, '95, who went overseas as a private in the Can. Inf., and who has lately been a sergeant in a Labor Battalion, has been recently appointed Chaplain with the rank of Captain.

W. L. Blackadar, '10, is now with the 29th Training Battery for Officers at Camp Taylor, Kentucky.

R. V. Howard, '12, who was Principal of the School for Foreigners at Vegreville, Alta., enlisted in July and is now overseas.

Lieut. J. H. Davies, '14, who left the navy some time ago to take infantry training, has since proceeded to France.

Corporal L. S. Cutler, '14, has been awarded a Rhodes Scholarship and is now studying for the degree of B.C.L. at St. John's College, Oxford. Before his wounds incapacitated him for further service, Corporal Cutler was with the Can. Inf. in France.

LIEUT. CHARLES ARNOLD GRANT.

Lieut. Charles Arnold Grant, whose picture appears in this issue, was wounded on August 31st, and died on September 2nd. The following sketch of his career is copied from a recent number of *The Canadian Baptist*.

"Lieut. Grant graduated in 1902 from McMaster University, where he was a very bright student and exceedingly popular with his fellow undergraduates. After completing his course in law he settled in Edmonton, Alberta, and speedily won a high position among the leaders of the Bar in the West. At the time of his enlistment in 1915 he was a King's Counsel and a member of the firm of Parlee, Grant, Abbott and Freeman, of Edmonton. He drew up the temperance legislation that passed the Alberta Legislature, and is said to have been the youngest K.C. in Canada to plead before the Supreme Court of Canada. He went overseas with the 5th University Company in reinforcement of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and was wounded at the Somme in September, 1916. He came home on furlough in December, 1916, and returned to the front in 1917. Some time ago he was wounded a second time, but was able to resume active service in a few weeks. His third wound proved fatal. His death at the age of 38 is a serious loss to

LIEUTENANT CHARLES ARNOLD GRANT.

Died of wounds, September 2nd, 1918.

the Bar and the Baptists of the West, and will be mourned by his many friends there and in Ontario."

To the relatives and friends of Lieut. Grant, THE MONTHLY extends the deepest sympathy.

From D. A. MacGibbon, '08, Wareham, Dorset, Eng.

"Our voyage from Canada was in the month of June. The trip over was delightful; it was wonderful to see the big convoy in perfect symmetrical order, each ship keeping up a tireless pace day after day. A. D. Campbell, '17, was on board, also Zavitz, '20, with the tanks. On arriving in England we went first to a Segregation Camp among the Surrey lanes and hills. Here in a beautiful spot we remained for a month. The officers, however, were allowed a certain amount of freedom, and I had many delightful walks. The lanes were all abloom with roses. Near Frensham I visited Waverley Abbey, where Scott got the name for his novel. The old Abbey dates back to the 9th century, but only spacious ruins remain. Another place of great interest was a high hill looking down towards Tennyson's home twenty miles distant. Beside it was the Devil's Punch Bowl, a deep hollow, and the Devil's Jump, consisting of three isolated hills.

After a short leave, which I spent in Scotland, we were sent to Dorset to a big Tank Centre. I am at present driving tanks. I am encased, while at work, in overalls, much greased, and have great difficulty in trying to keep my fingernails out of deep mourning, with indifferent success. I have enjoyed a course in gunnery, with machine guns and six-pounders. All our "exams." are practical and oral."

The following clipping, taken from a recent issue of an English paper, will be of interest to those who knew G. A. Clarke, '15. "Art" enlisted early in the spring of 1916 while taking his first year's work in Theology at McMaster.

"An epitome of Empire synchronised with the ordination of Lieut G. A. Clarke, of the Canadian forces, and formerly a sapper in the Canadian Engineers. The service was held at Witley Camp, and nearly all the Canadian camps in England and churches of various denominations were represented. The Rev. J. C. Carlile, D.D., of Folkestone, presided; the ordination prayer was read by Major Miles, Chief of the Australian Chaplaincy Service; the charge to the pastor was delivered by Dr. Tenett, of Texas, and an address was given by Colonel Macdonald, of the Canadian Army.

"When the war broke out Lieut. Clarke was a theological student; he enlisted and went to France. Lately he has been at Witley, and a vacancy occurring in the chaplaincy service, there was a strong request that he should become the new chaplain, and to that end he was awarded a commission. It is very remarkable for a soldier to be promoted from the ranks to the chaplaincy."

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Arnold E. Look, B.Th.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."
—*Byron.*

E recall being filled with envy when, according to Freshman custom, we spent our time in tracing the meteoric rise of Horatio Alger's hero from boot-black to millionaire or from clerk to captain of industry; but little did we dream that the time would ever come when we should step suddenly from the lowly sphere of rustic swain to the transcendental elevation incident to the editorship of "Around the Hall." However, having had greatness thrust upon us we shall earnestly endeavor to emulate the mighty deeds and glorious achievements of our predecessors.

Memory furnishes the incident of a chance encounter with that Southern negro preacher who undertook to "unscrew the inscrutable," but there is reason to believe that he had never attempted to decipher the unintelligible, incomprehensible and altogether imperspicuous manuscript of a Freshman reporter. Nevertheless, with the aid of the staff in Orientals, we expect to be able to analyze all normal and abnormal specimens of cacography. At the same time, we wish to remind you that this is *your column*—its success or failure largely depends on you—so get busy! Potential novelists, reporters, editors, and theologians throng the halls of McMaster, merely awaiting the chance breeze of opportunity to fan their smouldering genius into the undying fame of world-wide achievement. Here is the opportunity for your budding genius to bloom into full-grown maturity. Become a contributor to "Around the Hall." Even the most modest of our number can find some news of interest every month, while those holding frequent conversation with the muses will be expected to furnish choice gems of humor and poetry. We invite criticism, suggestions and manuscripts, "but the greatest of these is" *manuscripts.*

Opening Chapel Service

Tuesday, September 24th, again saw the Faculty and students of McMaster together with a considerable number of friends of the University, gathered in Castle Memorial Hall for the first Chapel Service of the new term.

Doctor John MacNeill, pastor of Walmer Road Baptist Church, conducted the devotional exercises, after which Doctor Gilmour offered prayer, especially remembering the loved ones who are left to mourn the death of Doctor Trotter and Doctor Tingle.

Chancellor McCrimmon made a number of important announcements regarding the work of the new term, and then, taking as his subject, "Heart Power," delivered an excellent address. He cited several instances of men who had given evidence of the existence of this quality in their lives and emphasized its necessity in the character of the truly great. The Chancellor's talk, although not lengthy, was exceedingly inspiring to those who were on the threshold of a new academic year.

Most Remarkable!

There is a rumor to the effect that marked somnambulant propensities are being exhibited by certain perennial specimens, recently admitted to the kindergarten department. 'Tis said that the symptoms are especially virulent at the ghostly hour of 3 a.m. No less than five evergreen bipeds are known to have tied pillow-slips over their heads on the same occasion and to have successfully negotiated a journey to the abysmal depths of the kitchen, boiler room and coal-hole . A Sophomore has suggested that the midnight chill of the second flat may have induced dreams of the engine room's genial atmosphere and that the latter thus became an irresistable magnet for the pale green verdure.

Autumn Convocation

Autumn Convocation was held on Friday evening, October 4th, when an unusually large number of students and their friends filled Castle Memorial Hall. The opening exercises were conducted by Professor Keirstead, followed by the presentation of scholarships and prizes by the Chancellor.

In a few words of welcome addressed to the visitors, Chancellor McCrimmon dwelt on the remarkable showing which the University is making after being conducted for four years under the necessary handicaps of war conditions. He attributed this present hopeful condition in large part to the unswerving loyalty of the professors, alumni and friends of McMaster. The names

of eighteen graduates and undergraduates who have given their lives for their country were read. Sympathetic reference was made to the loss by death of Professor Trotter and Professor Tingle since the last session.

Professor W. O. Walker, the new head of the Chemistry department, was then introduced, and, during his alloted "two minutes," gave us some interesting and entertaining facts about the importance of chemistry in war times.

The address of the evening was delivered by Professor (Major) Wallace, who spoke on "Some Problems of Reconstruction." After referring to the complexity and difficulty of the subject, he stated that these problems will center around the price of labor, the price of the necessities of life, and the world-wide shortage of capital after the war. No soldier should be discharged *on the street* after the war is over. In conclusion, our attention was directed to the enormous destruction of capital; and the practice of thrift, as the only way to produce capital again, was urged upon all.

The adage, "He has made his own bed, and he must lie in it," is of peculiar and pointed significance to the residents of McMaster Hall, this term. But, equally true and far more tragic is the statement, that he who has *not* made his own bed, must lie in it nevertheless.

Elections

Owing to the enlistment of W. D. Hinman, '19, and H. S. Hillyer, '20, the Y. M. C. A. found it necessary to elect a new President and Vice-President. D. D. Hurst, '19, and L. C. Kitchen, '20, were chosen respectively to fill these positions. They have begun the work of the new term by the holding of some splendid college prayer meetings.

The position of Second Vice-President of the Student Body was also vacant. The choice by acclamation of E. W. Pyke, '19, rendered unnecessary the expense of an election.

The Theologues inaugurated another step in their wayward career by electing the following officers: Honorary President, Doctor Keirstead; President, W. M. Macdonald; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Watson. Their platform is said to be the abolition of the "long coats and poverty" strain in their ancient and honourable war-cry.

" . . . And there was light."

During previous periods of our sojourn in the university residence, we found that, next to the lure of our studies, the chief agency which kept us from going out of nights was the distress and difficulty experienced in returning to our humble lodging after "lights out." For ,on those occasions when necessity called us to sit up with a sick friend, and we reluctantly tore ourselves away from the wiles of the syllogism, irregular verb and the playful tendencies of supply and demand, we endured no little discomfort in regaining our base amid the inky blackness of the Hall. For, the other inmates, having spent an enjoyable and profitably studious evening, had all retired to their well-earned slumber. Our procedure was somewhat after this fashion. Having successfully run to earth the elusive keyhole, and negotiated several flights of stairs with no more serious mishap than a stubbed toe, we finally reached our own room. Upon opening the door we entered a cavern of even blacker night, and this, our last state, was worse than our first. To begin with, we fell over a chair; then, on rising, bumped our head on the corner of the table. Why do people always jumble up the furniture indiscriminately before turning out the light? Then we tried to walk through a solid wall,—with the usual degree of success,—in an endeavor to reach our goal, the match holder on the top of our bureau. Finally, after trying successively and rejecting in turn, our tooth-paste, shaving brush, a bottle of hair restorer, and a paper of pins, we gratefully clutched the longed-for lucifer. Then came the return journey to the gas fixture, which seemed to be successful to an almost uncanny degree in keeping beyond our reach. But, when he had managed to topple over a stack of books, thereby scaring every hair on our head to an erect position, and to clutch wildly at nothing, we at last grasped the lamp firmly in our hand, and applied the match before either of these articles could get away from us.

But now all is changed. The "dark ages" are no more. With a song upon our lips and a general air of confidence about us, we walk boldly into our room, grasp the cute little golden chain, give it a slight pull, and lo! the whole place is flooded with light. True, the government loses our share of the war-tax on matches; but, on the other hand, we have always been taught that matches were dangerous things to have in one's possession anyhow.

Act 1 (Freshman meeting supposed student).—"Say, Bill, where's S5?"

Act 2 (Freshman in classroom).—"Is *he* a professor?"

Act 3 (Freshman in meditation).—"Woe is me, for I am undone!"

A SONNET TO THE FRESHMEN.

(With apologies to Milton)

A group of aimless wanderers from afar,
They come; a motley crowd of verdure green
With strident laughs and self-assumèd sheen
Gaze fixed apparently upon some star.
Youthful complacency! How great a bar
To wisdom's boundless stores. And yet I ween
That, though there be somewhat of self-esteem
In that first meeting with the Registrar,
Fate lurks hard by and dreadful dooms await
The rustic youths. Fostered in darksome den
Mischievous plots are laid of wild and weird
Design. Slowly the iron hand of Fate
Descends. They sink beneath its force and then
Emerge as Sophs, humbled but more revered.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS MARJORIE MALLAGH, '20.

"How dear to our hearts are the halls of McMaster
When 8.15 lectures present them to view."

WE write feelingly, with the satisfaction that 8.15's remain only as a fond memory of the past. We do not even sympathize with the Freshettes, considering, as we do, that the joy of youth and the prospect of those four happy years fully compensate for the loss of that hour's sleep in the morning. Of course our advice to the Freshettes would be to gain that hour's sleep the night before, but remembering our own feelings in the matter, we fear that our advice may not be appreciated.

Speaking of Freshettes reminds us that there are a goodly number floating around the halls this fall.

Some are short, and some are tall,
Some are large, and some are small;
But we welcome one and all
To McMaster's honored hall.

Moreover, Freshettes, to turn to a more serious strain we look to you to uphold the honor of McMaster and to live up to the name of which McMaster women are justly proud. We expect you to share our responsibilities along with our privileges and to embrace all the opportunities for self-development which the varied aspects of university life offer to you here. We expect you to support to your utmost not only our own women's organizations, but also those which are shared by all alike, and by quiet perseverance and wise management to prepare for the greater privileges of the days to come.

Even now the efforts of past years have resulted in practical benefits to be enjoyed by the present Women's Student Body. For would not one glance into the Ladies' Room assure the most casual observer that our walls have been tinted and a telephone installed?

Furthermore, we have this year been accorded the privilege of selecting our own magazines, so that at will we may peruse the latest fashion sheets without arousing the scorn of the sterner sex, who heretofore have claimed the right to censor our reading matter.

Moreover, due to the efforts not only of the present executive, but those of past years, the Women's Athletic Association is now a live organization. Those athletically inclined may now not only indulge in swimming, tenn's, and, later on, in hockey, but every Monday afternoon may journey Moulton-wards where, through the kindness of Miss Breed, they may be instructed in "physical jerks."

W.L.S.

Already the Freshettes have been given a taste of the women's activities (no malice intended). But let no Freshette be discouraged by the treatment received at the hands of the Sophettes at the initial meeting of the W. L. S. We can assure them that, unless warranted by severe provocation, we shall not allow it to happen again. This meeting was held on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 1st. All business having been despatched with apparently unwarranted promptitude, the President of the Society and the Head Girl extended a hearty welcome to the new girls, who in the meantime, were subconsciously aware of strange sounds issuing from behind an unfamiliar curtain stretched across one end of the platform. Their direst fears materialized when there appeared a throng of ghosts headed by a remarkable representation of Mephistopheles. The wanderings of the ghosts finally brought them to where the Freshettes sat in fear and trembling.

Here, each apparition seized her victim, whom she blindfolded and led by devious routes to the platform. Then the Freshettes, now properly humbled in the presence of the powers that be, went through manoeuvres and contortions which one might have suspected of some little kindergartners, but of McMaster women—oh, never! However, all being well that ends well, the meeting was concluded with resounding cheers for Freshettes and Sophettes alike.

W.L.S. "Picnic"

The members of the W. L. S. had planned to hold their annual outing in honor of the Freshettes on October 2nd, at Scarboro Heights, but the weatherman interfered and an indoor picnic had to be substituted. Games were played in the Ladies' Room and also in the Faculty Room, until supper was announced. After the refreshments came a funny story contest, in which Miss Gladys White carried off the honors. The girls then proceeded to the chapel, where popular and patriotic songs were sung until all too soon it was time for the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster."

McMaster Red Cross

Once more the McMaster Red Cross takes up its duties, and the click of needles has become as characteristic a part of the din of the Ladies' Room as has the chatter of the Freshettes. The list of men "On Military Service" has so increased that if each of the boxes is to contain sox, the co-operation of every member will be required. So, speed up, Freshettes, and prove your ability along this line, too.

Y.W.C.A. Conference

McMaster was represented at the Y. W. C. A. Conference, which was held at Lake Couchiching from June 12th to 22nd, by the Misses Moore, Bedson, Loney and Hewlet. These girls report a most delightful and beneficial ten days' visit at one of Ontario's beauty spots. The mornings were occupied by Bible and Mission Study Classes, followed by open discussions dealing with the problems which confront our college students of to-day. The afternoons were to a large extent left open for recreation, one being devoted to "Stunts" in which each college represented had to contribute to the program. McMaster came second in an India "stunt" suggested by Rev. J. B. McLaurin, who, throughout the whole Conference, helped greatly in keeping alive "the McMaster spirit." In the evening Social Service talks were given

by the various leaders; and, on one occasion, Dr. Pidgeon, who had recently returned from the front, delighted the girls. Sunday morning was devoted to an open meeting of the Student Volunteers, and in the afternoon and evening Miss Saunders addressed the Conference. Only too soon the happy gathering had to break up, but it is certain that the beneficial influence of the Conference will not soon be forgotten.

Y.W.C.A. Week-End Conference

The Week-end Conference of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Saturday and Sunday, October 5th and 6th, at Moulton College. At the opening session on Saturday morning, there were discussions on the purpose of the Association and the importance of prayer in the life of the student. In the afternoon discussions were held on Mission and Bible Study and the place they should hold in our academic course. Tea was then served and a social hour spent before the evening session. Rev. M. C. MacLean and Miss Blair, of Memorial Institute, gave most interesting accounts of social service work as carried on in the Institute, and pointed out the opportunities given to Christian students to help in this work. Sunday morning was given to a discussion of the various phases of social work. Dr. Farmer was present at the closing meeting on Sunday and pointed out clearly the importance of and the opportunity for personal work throughout our University course. Although the attendance at the Conference was greatly depleted through illness, it is certain that the enthusiasm displayed at these meetings, combined with the inspiration received by our delegates at the Summer Conference, will make the Y. W. C. A. meetings throughout the year both attractive and helpful.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

T seems like ancient history to hark back to April, now that the October leaves are falling about us. But while it may be stale news to some of our readers, an account of the Alumni Association meeting held on the University closing day, April 30th, should be recorded in this column, and to many of the graduates—especially those at a distance—the news may still be fresh.

A large gathering assembled for luncheon in the Residence Dining Hall, at the close of which there were a number of interesting addresses, mainly by University representatives who had been overseas. Capt. R. W. Young, '07, who saw medical service on the Salonika front, spoke of his experiences abroad. Signaller H. A. Innes, '16, just returned, wounded, from France, told of the destructive and constructive influences at work in the mental and spiritual life of the soldier at the front. Professor Gilmour spoke of his visits to the military camps in England last year. The special guest of the occasion was Rev. J. C. Carlile, of Folkestone, England, who has been in close touch with the Canadian soldiers in the Shorncliffe area, and who, in a happy and yet touching address, brought greetings from the Motherland and from the McMaster men whom he has entertained and for whom he has done much in Folkestone. At the University Convocation, held the same evening as the Alumni luncheon, McMaster honored herself by conferring the degree of D.D. upon Capt. Carlile.

Several important items of business were dealt with at the same gathering. New officers for the Association were elected as follows:—President, W. L. McKinnon, '06; First Vice-President, Mrs. R. C. Benson, '07; Second Vice-President, W.H. Firstbrook, '10; Secretary and Treasurer re-elected, namely, E. J. Bengough, '03, and G. C. McEwan, '07, respectively; Councillors: Rev. J. L. Sloat, '09; Mrs. E. J. Zavitz, '00; Professor Findlay, '96; J. H. C. Graham, '15; Rev. A. L. Brown, '09; Mrs. R. J. Marshall, '08.

The Lectureship Endowment Fund Committee reported that after full consideration of the situation they recommended the transfer of the fund from the original project to that of supplementing the library appropriation of the University. This report was adopted by the meeting, and the committee has since

been communicating with the subscribers to the fund concerning the change.

The Executive Committee was authorized to work out a plan for associate membership in the Alumni Association, and to report next year.

An impetus has been given to the movement for the formation of branch Alumni Associations. A strong resolution on this matter was passed at the general meeting and representatives from various localities spoke heartily in favor of the movement. Since that time word has come of the formation of a branch association in Ottawa. About thirty of the Ottawa graduates assembled and organized under the presidency of V. E. Gray, '11, with other officers as follows: Vice-President, Miss M. O. Ardley, '03; Secretary-Treasurer, F. A. McGregor, '13; Corresponding Secretary, S. R. Weaver, '10. News of other branches being organized will be welcomed by the writer, both in his capacity as Editor of this department, and in that of Secretary of the Alumni Association.

For the first time the Alumni Association has elected a woman to the University Senate. Nominations were made at the April meeting, and ballots were sent out during the summer, and the returns announced in August. Mrs. E. J. Zavity, '00, is to represent the Graduates in Arts for the ensuing five years, while Rev. L. S. Hughson, D.D., has been elected to represent the theological graduates for the same period. For the Arts representative there was a lengthy list of nominations, and a keen contest.

The Summer Session for Pastors was held in May, as announced in the April issue of THE MONTHLY, and was an unqualified success. Through this ten-day gathering, the University is able to reach the men of the denomination with inspiration and information and general helpfulness, and the effort is greatly appreciated by the men who attend. The Toronto Branch Alumni Association took an active part in making the Summer Session a success, for at their spring gathering they raised a fund with which Professor McLay was able to present each pastor with a copy of Wordsworth's poems, on which he was delivering a series of lectures.

Since the last appearance of this department, the personal items concerning graduates have accumulated in large numbers. Below we give news of the activities of over eighty men and women, which is about ten per cent of the living alumni.

'82.—Rev. Jas. McEwan, Theol., has resigned his pastorate in Buckingham, Que., and is now in Toronto.

'94.—Rev. J. J. Reeve is now in business in Chicago, his address being 20 North Ashland Blvd.

'94.—Rev. W. W. McMaster, has resigned the First Church, Washington, D.C., to become pastor of James St. Baptist Church, Hamilton, Ont.

'94.—H. H. Bligh, (B.A. ad eundem), died at his home in Ottawa in August at the age of 76 years. He was an eminent barrister and publisher of many legal authorities. For many years prior to his death he was Librarian of the Supreme Court of Canada.

'96.—Rev. Llewellyn Brown, who has been pastor of First Baptist Church in Brantford, has resigned and has moved to Detroit, Mich., to assume the pastorate of Grand River Baptist Church.

'96.—Rev. John MacNeill has returned from overseas and resumed the pastorate of Walmer Road Church, Toronto. At the Spring Convocation Capt. MacNeill was given the degree of D.D. by his Alma Mater.

'97.—A. M. Overholt has become Principal of Brantford Collegiate Institute after a number of years as Principal of Sarnia Collegiate.

'97.—Rev. W. Harris Wallace, Theol., is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Belleville.

'97.—Rev. W. J. Pady has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Sault Ste. Marie.

'98.—W. W. Charters is Professor of Education in the University of Illinois.

'98.—Miss E. R. Whiteside, who has been connected with Brandon College for a number of years, has become Principal of Moulton College, succeeding Miss H. S. Ellis, who was married in August to Dr. Eugene Levering, of Baltimore, Md.

'99.—Rev. C. P. McGregor, after nine years as pastor of the First Church, Pittsfield, Mass., has moved to Lawrence, Mass., where he takes the pastorate of the Second Baptist Church.

'99.—C. L. Brown, recently of Wingham, has become Principal of Sarnia Collegiate Institute, succeeding A. M. Overholt, '97, who has moved to Brantford.

'99.—Dr. Henry W. Newman, whose missionary hospital in South China was broken up last June by the Northern Army, and who received severe personal injuries at the hands of the soldiers when he attempted to stop them from looting, has taken service with the Red Cross for work in the Army of the Allies in Siberia. His family is returning to America.

'99.—Rev. David Bovington received the degree D.D. from Denison University at the last Commencement.

'00.—G. R. Welch, who has been for five years pastor of the

Central Baptist Church, Vancouver, has resigned to take up industrial work for the Y.M.C.A. He will be located on the Queen Charlotte Islands, working among the men cutting spruce for airplanes.

'00.—Rev. J. S. Laflair, Theol., has become pastor of the First Baptist Church, Kingston, Ont.

'01.—A. H. Fairchild is now engaged in business in Toronto.

'01.—J. W. Hotson, Assistant Professor of Botany at the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash., is Superintendent of Moss Dressings for the Northwest Division of the American Red Cross Society. A Handbook from Mr. Hotson's pen has recently been issued by the Society. It is entitled, "Sphagnum as a Surgical Dressing," and deals with the subject from the botanical and from the practical points of view.

'02.—Rev. W. E. Bowyer, for the past eight years pastor of Calvary Baptist Church Brantford, has resigned to become pastor of Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich.

'02.—Rev. David Alexander, Theol., has resigned from Immanuel Baptist Church, Brantford, after a pastorate of three years. He is at present acting pastor of First Baptist Church in the same city, made vacant by the resignation of Rev. L. Brown.

'02.—A. J. Madill has been appointed Science Master in the Normal School at Peterboro. For several years Mr. Madill has been Science Master of Fort William Collegiate Institute.

'03.—D. J. Welsh has been for three years the Principal of the High School at Enderby, B.C., and has also been a regular pulpit supply in the Baptist Church.

'05.—Rev. J. B. McLaurin is returning to India this autumn, after a year's furlough. During the past summer he was for two months acting pastor of Bloor St. Church, Toronto.

'05.—Rev. E. R. Fitch has resigned the pastorate of Waterford Baptist Church.

'06.—Rev. W. A. Cameron has returned from Overseas service with the Y.M.C.A. and has resumed his pastorate at Bloor St. Church, Toronto.

'06.—Rev. R. C. Benson, was acted as pastor of Bloor St. Church for nearly two years, accepted appointment as Chaplain in June last, and is now on duty at a camp in Sussex, N.B.

'06.—T. M. Dadson, who was Lecturer in History during the absence overseas of Major Wallace, has been appointed Chaplain and has been attached to the Siberian expedition.

'06.—W. L. McKinnon was last year on the Ontario Executive of the Victory Loan Campaign, and had charge of the East-

ern part of the Province. For this year's campaign he is a member of the Dominion Executive.

'06.—E. J. Chave has resigned the pastorate of South Hill Baptist Church, Vancouver, B.C., to take up Y.M.C.A. work overseas.

'06.—A. S. Woodburne is a pastor in Evanston, Ill. Last spring he received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, working with Systematic Theology as a major and Comparative Religion as a minor subject. His thesis was "The Relation between Religion and Science: A Biological Approach."

'08.—Rev. R. G. English, of Amesbury, Mass., is Secretary of the New England Christian Convention and Allied Societies. On the program of a recent conference held in East Lynn we find the name of Mr. English, also that of Rev. C. E. Fockler, '11, Fall River, Mass.

'08.—Morden H. Long, who has been teaching in one of the High Schools of Edmonton, is now Lecturer in History in the University of Alberta.

'09.—Bruce E. Leckie is Principal of the Continuation School at Fort Francis, Ont.

'09.—Rev. C. T. Holman has been called from Bloomington, Ind., to Normal Park Baptist Church, Chicago.

'09.—Rev. A. L. Brown has resigned the pastorate of High Park Baptist Church, Toronto.

'09.—Rev. O. E. Rutledge has left the Second Baptist Church, Woodstock, to become pastor of Delavan Ave. Baptist Church, Buffalo, N.Y.

'10.—W. J. A. Donald, who was Field Secretary of the American City Bureau, has now become Executive Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Niagara Falls, at a salary of $6,000 a year. He was appointed to this position in June last.

'10.—S. R. Weaver, who has been for some time head of the Educational Department of the Canada Food Board, has moved to Toronto to take up a new appointment under Sir John Willison in connection with the Ontario reconstruction scheme.

'10.—E. D. Ford is attending Rochester Theological Seminary. He has been in pastoral work in the neighborhood of Rochester for two summers.

'10.—Rev. C. N. Curtis has become pastor of the Federated Church of Pullman, Wash. This is the largest federated church in the United States, and is the University Church of Pullman. Mrs. Curtis was Miss Hope Simpson of the same year.

'10.—Joseph Wearing is Chairman of the Board of Fuel Commissioners in Peterborough.

'11.—Alex. Wilson is the foremost lawyer in Vegreville, M., and is reputed to be the largest taxpayer in that thriving city.

'11.—H. L. Matthews is on the staff of the Technical and Art School, Hamilton, of which the Principal is another McMaster man, G. L. Sprague, '00.

'11.—C. S. Robertson is an inspector of airplanes at a Toronto factory.

'12.—Russell Wilkins has become Professor of Mathematics and Physics in Brandon College, and Mrs. Wilkins (Olive Cross, '12), takes the position of teacher of English and Lady Principal of Clark Hall, the women's residence of the College.

'12.—R. J. Gould, who has been Principal of the Consolidated School at Coaldale, Alta., has accepted the Principalship of the Central School of Taber in the same province.

'12.—Rev. G. M. Holmes is now pastor of Ossington Avenue Church, Toronto.

'13.—Rev. W. A. Ashmore has resigned the pastorate of Bruce Avenue Church, Windsor, and is taking a church in Detroit.

'13.—F. D. Weir is Principal of the Normal Practice School, of Camrose, Alta. He was successful in having 100 per cent. of his pupils pass on the Departmental examinations this summer, and one of his pupils won the premier standing of the province.

'13.—An interesting letter arrived during the summer from Rev. M. R. Hartley, who is working as a missionary under the American Baptist Board at Balasore, India. This is a town of 21,000, and is the headquarters for missionary work in the Balasore district, which has about 1,500,000 people. The mission maintains in that city a High School, an Industrial School, two orphanages, a widows' home, and primary schools. The need for workers is great and Hartley will be glad to welcome other McMaster men or women who are looking for needy fields.

'14.—Miss Margaret Hair is now teacher of Latin and History in Moulton College.

'14.—Norman Davies is Science Master in Renfrew Collegiate Institute, having charge also of Agriculture and Physical Culture.

'14.—L. S. Cutler is at St. John's College, Oxford University, pursuing a course as a holder of an "Overseas Sailors' and Soldiers' Scholarship," the sources of this being the Rhodes Trust and also scholarship funds left by Lord Kitchener. These scholarships are granted to members of overseas forces who served in France and who are unfit for service. The scholarship which Mr. Cutler has been awarded is worth £250, and will probably

continue for another year. On this possibility he is preparing for his B.A. next summer, and he will follow this with work for the B.C.L. He has been elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute with full privileges. Before going into military work Mr. Cutler was practicing law in Wetaskiwin, Alta. He was gassed and might have been discharged and returned to Canada had he so desired.

'14.—D. M. Sullivan is now Principal of Alexandra High School, Medicine Hat, Alta. He has been on the staff as Latin Master for some time, and last spring, when the Principal enlisted, he succeeded to that position. There are nine teachers on the staff, of whom three are McMaster graduates, the others besides the Principal being Miss Mary Fowler, '14, who is head of the Mathematics Department, and Miss Freda Wells, of '12, who is History and Moderns teacher. Last spring the High School published a very creditable magazine, "Alexandra High School Souvenir," well written, well edited, and well illustrated. Judging from the references in the magazine to the present Principal of the School, Sullivan is one of the biggest hustlers in the Hat.

'14.—Miss Ada Found is now on the staff of the Collegiate Institute in Vankleek Hill.

'14.—A. V. Mitchener is now Professor of Horticulture in the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

'15.—J. H. Moore, is now pastor at Chesley.

'15.—A. H. Richardson has entered the School of Applied Biology of Harvard University to study Forestry. He has been awarded a scholarship worth $265.

'15.—J. A. M. Hay has been over a year on the staff of Ridley College, St. Catharines.

'15.—Miss Ruth Walker, who has been on the staff of Woodstock Collegiate Institute, has been appointed by the Dominion Government a member of the Civil Service Commission, taking up her duties on October 1st.

'15.—During the summer the Toronto *Globe* published an inspiring poem entitled "Divine Discontent" from the pen of Mrs. Evelyn Davis Graham. Mrs. Graham lives in Picton where her husband, H. H. Graham, '14, is on the staff of the High School.

'15.—I. S. Reeds is pastor of the Baptist Church at Etzikom, Alta. He was ordained in June last at the First Baptist Church, Lethbridge.

'16.—Rev. P. G. Buck is pastor of the Baptist Church in Forest, Ont., having settled there in the early summer. He expects to stay there until he proceeds to Bolivia for the Foreign

Mission Board. Mr. Buck was married in July to Miss A. D. Schaefer, of New Hamburg.

'16.—Rev. S. G. Cole was married in June to Miss Nina Bremner, who was a partial student at McMaster a couple of years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Cole rendered valuable help in evangelistic services conducted at Petawawa Camp during the summer.

'16.—J. A. Gunton, who was last winter at the University of Louisville, Ky., is now enjoying a scholarship at the University of Illinois.

'17.—Miss Olive Clark has entered the Faculty of Education of Queen's University, Kingston.

'17.—F. W. Rayfield is teaching English and History at Upper Canada College.

'17.—Stuart McLean received the degree M.A. from the University of Toronto last May. He is attached to the Department of Physics in that institution.

'18.—Miss Muriel Brothers, Miss Lillian Dexter, Miss Aletha Hooker, and Miss Grace Taylor are at the Faculty of Education, Toronto. Miss Evelyn Smith has entered the Toronto General Hospital to train as a nurse. Miss Ruth Baker and Miss Edna Haviland are chemists with the Canadian Rubber Co., in Montreal. Roy Harris has been ordained and has taken the pastorate of the churches on the Zorra field. Floyed Hartley is in military training at Kingston. Harold Hudson is with the Ontario Labor Bureau and recently left to represent that department at a six weeks' training school for employment managers, which is being held in Rochester by the War Industries Board of the United States. W. A. Lawrance is chemist with the Toronto Carpet Company and is said to be an especially clever chemist of fabrics.

Here and There

Editor: Miss E. Marion Stillwell, '20.

"October, you're the sunset month,
Your forests are the sky,
And all your leaflets red and gold
Are clouds a-sailing by."

IN this month of gay days and gray days, red and gold and purple of sunset lights, and green and yellow and scarlet of falling leaves, our thoughts naturally turn to Bliss Carman, with his love of the great Outdoors. Who does not feel with him the call of the woods, the lure of the streams, the very joy of being alive in these bracing, busy days of the month of harvest, Thanksgiving and Hallowe'en? Those of us who have spent the summer roaming the wide reaches of the prairie, or breasting the ridges of the rolling hills, feel our spirits in tune with his longing cry,—

"Give me freedom, give me space,
Give me an open air and sky,
With the clean wind in my face
Where the quiet mountains lie.

"I am sick of roofs and floors,
Naught will heal me but to roam,
Open me the forest doors,
Let the green world take me home."

The Mt. Allison "Argosy" gives us a glimpse of what college life aims to do for us. "The college life leads to a vision of work as it needs to be done. It gives a poise that enables one to surmount difficulties, adjust forces, and take up one's task—giving a hatred of idle days,—urging one to self-support and work for the good of others." With this aim in view, should we not enter with fresh vigor on a new year? *Acta Victoriana* adds. "The University is so near, the greatness and the power and the reality of her spirit. She lives with us; she strengthens us." We, too, have felt it, have we not?—that sense of nearness to our Alma Mater, the joy of that memory-book which she furnishes us for future years, and above all, that knowledge of the guiding hand on our lives.

"*In these days of aerial warfare*" says the *Globe*, "the Tennysonian is driven to re-read for the hundredth time those wonderful optimistic and prophetic lines, in which the youth of four-score years ago describes one of his most prophetic visions:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be!

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales,

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the people plunging through the thunderstorm,

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer and the battle flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of Man—the Federation of the World.

Then the common sense of most shall hold a fretful world in awe
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

From a modern poet, O. C. A. Child, comes a description of the aviator, whom Tennyson saw not with the physical eye, but with that inner vision peculiar to himself.

"Open wide, ye Gates of Heaven; yes, open wide, and high!
Sound a clarion, O trumpets, to bid the guards stand by—
The spirit seeking entrance is a soldier of the sky.

. . . . . .

"High above the plodding armies he battled in the blue,
With a godlike love of conquest in the very breath he drew,
Yet a cavalier's compassion for the men he met and slew.

"He has left his plane behind him—the wind no longer hums,
About its driven passage like the throbbing of the drums;
Open grandly, Gates of Heaven—an aviator comes "

A soldier, a native of Erin, was returning from leave. After buying his ticket and going out on the platform he found that the train had just started. Leaping on the track he set out in pursuit with all his might. In a few minutes, however, he returned very slowly.

"Well, did you catch her?" asked the station agent.

"No," was the answer, "but be jabers I made her puff."

—*The Camosun.*

For the benefit of Year '22:

N. B.—"A gentleman is a person who has never heard a story before."

It is clearly seen that the world is full of thieves, for:—
Doctors—take your temperature.
Photographers—take your picture.
Tailors—take your measure.
Conductors—take your tickets.
We All—take our time.
Waiters—take your order.
8.15's—get your "goat."

—*The Manitoban.*

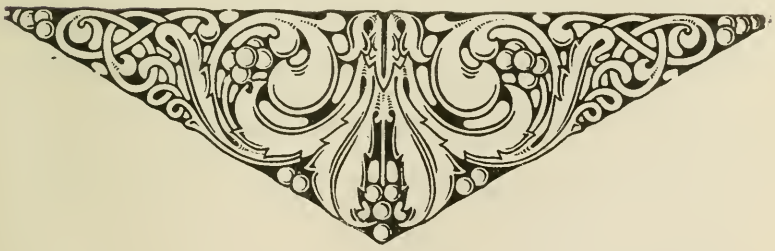
A Freshman's Translation of Caesar:—
"Fort dux in aro"— forty ducks in a row; "Boni legis Caesaris."—the bony legs of Caesar; "Passus sum jam."—pass us some jam; "Caesar sic dicat unde cur aggressi lictum."—Caesar sicked the cat on the cur; I guess he licked him.

—*The Camosun.*

Suggestions for Year Songs:—
Freshman.—"Where do you come from, baby, dear?"
Sophomore.—"I remembuh, I remembuh . . . !"
Junior.—"Not at the top, but climbing."
Senior.—"Where do we go from here?"

"Yes, Tin, Tin, Tin,
You exasperating puzzle, Hunka Tin
I've abused you and I've flayed you,
But, by Henry Ford, who made you,
You are better than a Packard, Hunka Tin."

—*Georgetown College Journal.*



McMaster University

THE FACULTY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN McCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D., Chancellor of the University; Principal ex-officio of the University Faculty; Professor of Political Economy, Education and Sociology.

JONES HUGHES FARMER, B.A., LL.D., Dean in Theology; Professor of New Testament and Patristic Greek.

WALTER SCOTT W. McLAY, M.A., Dean in Arts; Professor of English.

PETER SINCLAIR CAMPBELL, M.A., Professor of Greek.

JAMES TEN BROEKE, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics.

ROBERT WILSON SMITH, B.A., Ph.D., Professor of Biology, and Curator of Museum.

ELIAS MILES KEIRSTEAD, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics.

WILLIAM FINDLAY, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics.

JOSEPH LEEMING GILMOUR, M.A., D.D., Professor of Church History.

PROFESSOR W. O. WALKER, M.A., Professor of Chemistry.

ISAAC GEORGE MATTHEWS, M.A., B.Th., Ph.D., Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic, and Old Testament Theology.

GLENN HOWARD CAMPBELL, M.A., Professor of Latin.

HENRY FRANKLIN DAWES, M.A., Professor of Physics.

BERNARD FRANZEN-SWEDELIUS, Ph.D., Professor in French.

PAUL WILHELM MUELLER, B.A., Lecturer in German, for Session 1918-19.

WILLIAM STEWART WALLACE, M.A., Lecturer in History and Assistant in Greek.

WILLIAM HARVEY McNAIRN, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy.

DUNCAN ALEXANDER MacGIBBON, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Political Economy and Sociology. (Overseas).

F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph.B., Special Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking for the Session 1918-19.

JOHN GILBERT BROWN, B.A., D.D., Special Lecturer on Missions.

Registrar: ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A.

THE LIBRARY

PROFESSOR KEIRSTEAD, Chairman of the Library Committee.

ENID AUGUSTA McGREGOR, B.A., Librarian.

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JOHN BISHOP TINGLE.

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JOHN BISHOP TINGLE.

WHEN our friends are taken from us after a brief illness, it is difficult to become adjusted to the fact that they are gone. Such was the experience of teachers and students of McMaster University during vacation when word came that Dr. Tingle had died on August 5th of pernicious anaemia at the home of his brother in Ottawa; and now to write of him, his life and work, seems to require that one, for the moment at least, forget the personal element and speak of him as a scholar, a teacher and a man filling his place in the world.

Dr. Tingle was an Englishman, having been born in Sheffield, and always cherished a deep love for his native land. His sympathies were constantly appealed to by what he knew of the sacrifices of relatives and friends for the motherland. Undoubtedly this fact had its share in undermining his health, especially when it is remembered that he was always a hard worker both in the class-room and laboratory and as a student and writer in his chosen department. Indeed, our university has lost an excellent teacher, a skilful instructor in the laboratory and an accomplished scholar.

The character of the man is shown by his thorough preparation for his life work. A part of this preparation consisted of study at Owens College, now Manchester University, under Sir H. E. Roscoe. After two years' work at Munich University he received the degree of Ph.D. in 1889. In 1896, Dr. Tingle came

to the United States, the intervening years having been spent in teaching and in research in universities and colleges in Edinburgh, London, Bristol and Aberdeen. The year following his arrival in the United States was devoted to research at the universities of Chicago and Pennsylvania. Then came a period of service as professor of chemistry in Lewis Institute, Chicago, and in Illinois College. In 1904, Dr. Tingle became a member of the staff of Johns Hopkins University, taking charge of the graduate classes in organic chemistry, at the same time acting as assistant editor of the *American Chemical Journal*. After three years in Baltimore, he became professor of chemistry in McMaster University. In addition to his university work, Dr. Tingle was a frequent contributor to scientific periodicals and was editor of the *Canadian Chemical Journal*. Professor Tingle was also Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. Even this brief outline shows that Dr. Tingle was a man of wide experience and of ripe scholarship and held an honored place in the esteem of his fellows.

As a teacher, Professor Tingle gave much importance to laboratory work, as a result of which many of his students have become successful chemists both in connection with various industries and as teachers in other universities. Especially worthy of mention is his personal interest in the students of his subject, often arousing in them ambition for advanced study and frequently opening the way for them in graduate schools to realize their ideals under favorable conditions. His intimate relationship with the students as adviser and friend, both in the classroom and in his home, helped to render him an efficient and successful teacher.

His colleagues found in Dr. Tingle a good companion with a cheerful, hopeful outlook upon life. His keen mind always sought essential issues and the fundamental principles of practical life. As a scientific investigator, he looked for facts and proofs of what was to be accepted as knowledge. Scientific methods and the well-grounded truths of science determined the way of approach to every question, but he always seemed to leave a large place for another point of view which might be called that

of moral and religious faith. Indeed, the faith of a scientist with such a clear grasp of facts and of the limits of scientific knowledge as Dr. Tingle had, is all the more worthy of note. These characteristics were evident in his daily life, and when at last he knew that the end was near, he accepted the truth with calm cheerfulness and trust. "Why should I complain," he said, "at a death like this? No pain, no worry of body or mind, surrounded and cared for by those I love most. Our friends and relatives are in some cases facing such horrible death—almost sure of having to endure physical or mental anguish, or even both." This quiet acceptance of the fact—almost a cheerful greeting of the dread messenger of death—this thought, not of himself but of others whose trial was greater, this grateful recognition of the love and care of his dear ones—all this revealed the nature of the man.

For eleven years Professor Tingle labored among us in the most fruitful part of his life doing a work that was increasingly important with rich promise for the future. It was a privilege to know him. We share in the sorrow of those who mourn and offer a tribute of respect and esteem to his memory. Dr. Tingle will always have an honored place among those who have built up McMaster University, which is, indeed, a Life embodying the life and work of those who have gone and of those who remain in its service. —J. Ten Broeke.

RESOLUTION OF THE SENATE AND BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

The following is a copy of a resolution adopted by the Senate and Board of Governors of McMaster University on October 15th, 1918:

The members of the Senate and Board of Governors of McMaster University hereby place on record their regret at the death of Professor John Bishop Tingle, their appreciation of his invaluable services as Professor of Chemistry during the past eleven years, their sense of the loss the University has sustained,

and their sincere sympathy with Mrs. Tingle and her young family in their bereavement.

A graduate of Owens College, University of Manchester, where he received his training under Sir Henry Roscoe, and a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Munich, where he studied under Adolf von Baeyer, Dr. Tingle came to the University in 1907 with his powers matured by experience as a teacher in English and American colleges, notably Johns Hopkins University, and from then until the day of his death he strove assiduously and successfully to build up the Department of Chemistry. By precept and especially by his own example of original research he stimulated his students to develop their ability by independent observation and experiment. Quick to recognize merit, he knew how to inspire those who possessed it to pursue higher studies, and had the satisfaction of seeing a growing number of his graduates obtain the Doctor's degree at the larger universities and later receive appointments in well-known institutions of learning. His work as represented by these graduates has enhanced the reputation of McMaster.

At the outbreak of war he foresaw the part the trained chemist was to play in winning victory, and at once bent his energies to the task of preparing his students for war service as chemists, with the result that, except for those who have gone to the fighting line, virtually all the men and women trained by him are now occupying technical positions in the manufacture of munitions. Shortly before his death the Advisory Council of Scientific and Industrial Research of Canada voted him a sum of money with which to carry on scientific investigation.

Rigorous in his demand that his students should reach a high standard of attainment, and at times outspoken in expression, he was nevertheless a man of genial humor and kindly heart. Only his intimate friends knew the genuine interest he took in the welfare of his students and the deeds of kindness he performed in his own unobtrusive way. His colleagues of the Faculty admired his mastery of the subject he professed, and regret that their association with him has been so rudely broken. His graduates hold him and his labors for them in grateful remembrance.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

The wind was blowing off the land.
I lost a letter from the pier,—
A letter penned with trembling hand
But yesternight.
A hasty effort, then a tear,
For only half had lodgment quite
Within my heart.
It was so full of love and all good hope
I deemed a twelve-month needed for the scope
Of such large reading: so I wept
As far from sight
With cruel art
The wind my letter bore
From shore to shore.
But when I slept in dreams I heard
"You'll read your letter every word."

The wind was blowing off the land,
I lost a life so largely planned,
With much of greatness. No one knew
The pent up power
Of e'en one hour.
And no one dreamed
How high the thoughts for others' good,
How large the vision as I stood
Upon the shore. Like Heaven it seemed
When skies were clear
And no one near
My hope to question. It was life!
With courage, hope and purpose rife.
And all the while there echoed long
The strains of love's ecstatic song.
But Oh! That wind off land one day!
One day when clouds hung low and grey.
From shore to shore! I knew it then.
"Shall find it": more than angel voice;
"Shall find it"; Soul, rejoice! rejoice!
From shore to shore; and God knows when.

—Eva Rose York.

TO THE GRADUATING CLASSES OF 1918.*

IT had been farthest from my thoughts that I should be an active participant in the exercises of this evening. When the Chancellor broached the proposal it seemed like a proposal of the impossible, as indeed it would have been had it meant the creation, in the midst of my pain and weakness, of a message not only worthy, but also new. He relieved me, however, by the immediate assurance that, while he was eager to have some contribution from me upon the program, he was rather thinking of some previous preparation that I might have at command which would still be new and timely for this occasion.

There was of course a spirit of eager response in my heart, if I could once more be linked with you in these gatherings which were always so dear to me, and at the same time utter some word that should not be without appropriateness and value. In response to his request I promised to look through my papers. Among them I found the notes of an address to the graduating class of Acadia University shortly before I left that institution, on "The Debt of the College Graduate to Society." The contents of it are just as pertinent to you to-day as they were to the students of the other institution. Indeed, when one thinks of the complex and mighty upheavals of thought and life which are prevailing everywhere in that world into which you are now to be launched, every word in this address should take on new reach and poignancy and significance.

Were I able, how I should like to discuss this subject of your Debt to Society in the light of the present situation; but it is beyond me. I must leave this broader reach of interpretation and application to be made by yourselves, trusting that you will seek to measure up in full to the demands of the great and awful time in which you find yourselves.

The Debt of the College Graduate to Society,—that, then, is our subject. Let me at the outset emphasize that word Debt. It is of the greatest moment as you leave college to merge your lives

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*A message from Professor Trotter, read at the annual Commencement Exercises to the Graduating Classes of 1918.

in the great outside world, that you ask yourselves the question, "What am I going out for? Is it to get or to give? Is it with the thought that society is a debtor to me, or that I am a debtor to society?" It has been taught you persistently throughtout the years you have been here that the true ideal for you out in the world of human life is to count yourselves not beneficiaries with a claim but debtors with an obligation. I but say a word to clinch the teaching of the years. As college graduates you owe a debt to society which it will take all your life-time to discharge.

If I may say a word as to the grounds upon which your special obligations to society rest, I would remind you first of all that, as honest men and women, you owe to society a large requital for benefits received. Whence arose the opportunity which stood before you when you came here, to enjoy during these intensest years the inestimable privilege which has been yours? It was one of the gracious gifts of society to you. The college stood open to you, but the college was but the concrete expression of the ideals of society, wrought out through centuries of labor and struggle and self-sacrifice. You lifted up your eyes and saw the open door, but you did that because the leaven of high ideals had been working in society, had penetrated your homes, and had at last communicated itself to your blood and to your brains.

And just as truly, while you have been here, a thousand ministrations of society have been the indispensable condition of your continuance in this privilege. By its protection of life and property, by its maintainance of civil order and religious freedom, and by unnumbered intellectual and industial activities, society has been your servant. For you, during these years of your course, men have hewed in the forests, have delved in the mines, have drudged on the farms, have toiled in the factories, have breasted the seas, many of them performing menial, perilous, exhausting, thankless tasks, by which your wants have been supplied, and by which you have been left free to luxuriate in the realm of mind and thought and spiritual ideal. In all this, society has done well for you, and well for itself, but only on the

condition that you now go down from your eminence of privilege and make society an honest requital, by consecrating the inspirations and acquisitions of these years to its advancement and ennoblement.

But if there had been no such direct giving to you on the part of society, under any right view of life, you would be its debtors all the same, its debtors by a weightier obligation,—the obligation of the law of benevolence, which is the supreme law of God. Paul gave expression to this law when he said, "I am debtor to the Greeks and to the Barbarians." But, in what sense was he a debtor to the Greeks? Not as a disciple of their philosophy. Not, it would seem, as a recipient of their bounty in the matter of art. Not, certainly, in the matter of religion. He was debtor simply in the sense that he had the true knowledge of God, which the whole barbaric world was without, and he owed it to every man who had it not. By that same law of benevolence are you debtors to the world into which you go. You have received much which is denied the multitude. People talk much about over-educating; the fact is that only the smallest percentage of the young people of these Provinces have ever entered the doors of a college. But you belong to that elect and favored percentage. You have enjoyed privileges that are priceless, and make you the envy of multitudes of the young people against whom the door of opportunity has been shut. Now I say that these special privileges which have been yours, and the special capacity for service which they have secured to you, create a special obligation, and make you by so much, under the law of benevolence, debtors to every man and every cause that you are capable of serving. Your debt to society then rests upon two things: the law of honesty, and the law of benevolence.

And now a word as to the currency in which your debt to society should be paid.

First of all, it will be demanded of you that you make a contribution to society in the way of trained intelligence. For a nation's welfare trained intelligence is indispensable. The world of nature becomes available for man's use and comfort, only as it is subdued by the mind. Advancement in

the prevention and cure of disease is dependent upon scientific investigation. Industrial and commercial progress is conditioned upon increase of technical education. Social amelioration and betterment are dependent upon the intelligent appreciation of social laws, and the intelligent construction of reforming measures. In politics, in theology, and in every department of thought and activity, trained intelligence is imperatively demanded. Now the college is the special gymnasium where this training is acquired, and society with its many problems will expect of you that you will place at its service keen and disciplined minds.

Secondly, your debt to society should be paid in the currency of noble thoughts and ideals. The college is the depository where the thought accumulations of the race are stored and dispensed; it is the seed-plot of the world's thought-life, where the thought of the past is fertilized by the life of the present, and made to spring up into new forms of beauty and fruitfulness; it is the "valley of silence" where young souls, before being plunged into the deafening roar of the world's tumult, may tarry awhile and listen to the voices which speak from the depths of the soul within and from the heights of the heaven above; it is the mountain summit where the eyes may get a far vision which shall illumine and guide all the after course of life.

Every student who turns his college days to good account experiences mentally and spiritually a new birth; old things pass away, all things become new. Ideals, interpretations, outlook, motives, sympathies, purposes, all are transformed; and if the attitude of the mind has been right the new possessions are marked by insight, comprehensiveness, truth, nobleness, and the possibility of life and blessing not only to the possessor but to all others wherever he shall go. Now it is your duty to society, as I have said, to carry out into the world and scatter broadcast this blessed seed of noble thoughts and ideals.

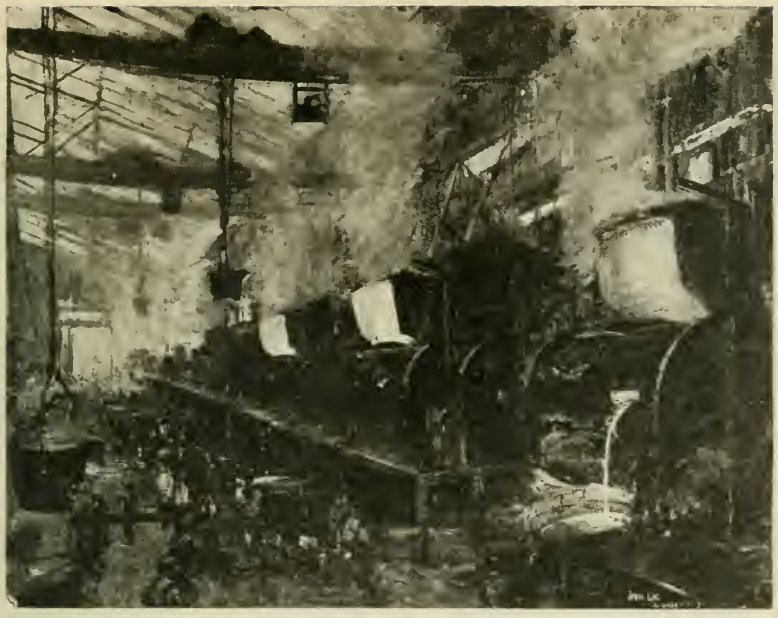
If you cannot make a contribution to the twentieth century like that which Ruskin made to the nineteenth century, which led Carlyle to call him "the seer that guides his generation," there will at the same time be for each of you a circle of life in

which your thoughts and ideals may be a controlling and shaping force, materially affecting the course of human living and leaving its mark forever.

If, however, you would discharge your debt to society, there must be something more than trained intelligence, and the enunciation of thoughts and ideals, be they never so noble. You must give to the world the added blessing of moral enthusiasm. The world is not lacking high thoughts and ideals so much as moral passion to back home what it has. Ideas and ideals are mere mechanism until moral purpose puts power behind them, and moral enthusiasm drives them forward.

Now, McMaster has served you but poorly, and has failed of half her work if, while enlarging the bounds of knowledge for you, and disciplining your reason and judgment, she has not kindled in your souls a passion for righteousness, for humanity, and the Kingdom of God. I trust she has done this at least in some measure. I beg you to guard these fires; not to permit them to be quenched, but to feed them to an ever hotter and hotter flame. You go into a world in which time-servers, cynics, and Laodiceaeans are sufficiently numerous. No more are needed. But if you will go with your trained minds, and enlightened and wholesome ideals, to live a purposeful, courageous, passionate life for all high ends, the world will call the day blessed that gave you to its service.

But I must not detain you. In keeping the ideals true, the will firm, and the heart warm, it may help you to look back to your college home; it will help you also if you shall take as your exemplars those noble types in the past and present who have been the true servants of their generations; but the deepest inspirations will come from fellowship with Him who came "not to be ministered unto but to minister," who has given to the world a new ideal of living, and who died in His passion for humanity.



JONAS LIE, A.N.A.
With Our Armies At Home.

An American Painting exhibited at the
Canadian National Exhibition, 1918.

McMASTER AT THE FRONT.*

ONE day we were very busy and at the same time I had a good deal of fun. I went up fairly early on the morning of one of the attacks to one of the forward collecting posts for wounded. The boys had gone "over the top" so fast that they had taken an enormous number of prisoners. I went up to this place in a little Ford box car filled with equipment to make tea, etc., for the wounded. The car was so full that besides Captain Smith, who came up to look over the ground, there was no room for anybody else.

Consequently there was no staff to help me for quite a time. Capt. Smith went back in the car to get some of the boys and some more biscuits, chocolate, etc., etc., while I looked around. The place was swarming with prisoners and so, when I located the nearest water,—about a quarter of a mile away,—it occurred to me that it was a shame to see so many perfectly healthy-looking specimens of humanity sitting around doing nothing when they might be helping us to win the war, or at least to help the fellows who had tried to win the war and had got hit. So I asked the M.O. if I could get some of the "Heines." He said, "Help yourself, there they are." So I motioned to some of them to follow me, which they did with alacrity, and giving them a couple of urns I led them to where the water was and had them bring some back. After a couple of trips they were quite able to look after it themselves. You might think it strange that so close to the real line of battle prisoners could go away that far, draw water, and bring it back without anybody asking why they had no guard. But everybody was too busy to ask questions. There were so many "Heines" around that they were finding their own way back to the cages. Groups of them were walking here and there and everywhere, some on duty, others just looking for some place to go. Nobody asked any questions. Most of the "Heines" were glad to be prisoners anyway.

One of the prisoners volunteered the information that he wished he had old Hindenburg and Ludendorf and the Kaiser

* Extract from a letter written from France.

lined up. He would be glad to turn a machine gun on them. There were not many such men. Mostly there was among them a considerable respect for their leaders. The prisoners this time, however, seemed rather pessimistic about the war. They are not cock-sure the way they were even last fall.

I picked out one chap who seemed brighter than the rest and set him in charge of a few of them who were gathering wood for our fire. He tried to say something in English, but I could not make it out at all. Nor could he understand me in English. We tried German, but that didn't work either. My command of the language came to an end after the second sentence. Then we tried French. This was better. We really got along pretty well in that language. His enunciation was deliberate, which suited me down to the ground. He told me that when our boys came over in the morning he had been asleep in a deep dug-out. He did not know anything that had happened until he came up and saw English steel helmets all round him. Then somebody had come up and said, "Come with me," and he came. He was very much worried as to where he was going to be sent. He seemed quite serious in the fear that if he were sent across the channel he would either be sunk on the way—as he said, "I will have to swim"—or that he would starve when he got there.

Things went along very nicely till the rest of my staff came, and afterwards. The "Heines" were very obedient. If anything they were too obedient. They would do anything I told them to do. They would also do anything that anybody else told them to do. Once when I turned my back for a moment somebody came along and stole about half of my "Heines." I rather resented this. If it is wrong to steal a man's tunic, I hold that it is wrong to steal a man's "Heines" until he is through with them. Somebody took the man who spoke French away, and I didn't see him again till early in the evening. Once I lost nearly the whole lot.

The prisoners were getting to be so many that they were in the road of everybody. The M.O. came over and asked me if I knew enough French to tell the sergeant-major prisoner to line up his men and march them off down the line to the cages.

The sergeant-major seemed to get what I was driving at in my broken French, for he shouted out an order and in a moment all the prisoners were falling in, across the road. I didn't think for the moment of the effect of this on my own squad. Then I looked around and every last man was making across the road on the double. Most of them got so mixed up in the crowd that we couldn't find them again; so we had to get some new ones and train them in.

During the day there were some curious sights to see. One of our chaps came down, wounded but smiling broadly, with one arm around a pal and the other arm around a "Fritz." Another chap came along. He was wounded in the leg and had one arm around a "Fritz" who was wounded in the arm. Presently he stopped, took out some cigarettes, gave the "Fritz" one and proceeded to light up. Both used the same match. Then the chap said, "Well, I guess we had better be getting on." He put his arm once more around the "Fritz" and away they went both smiling.

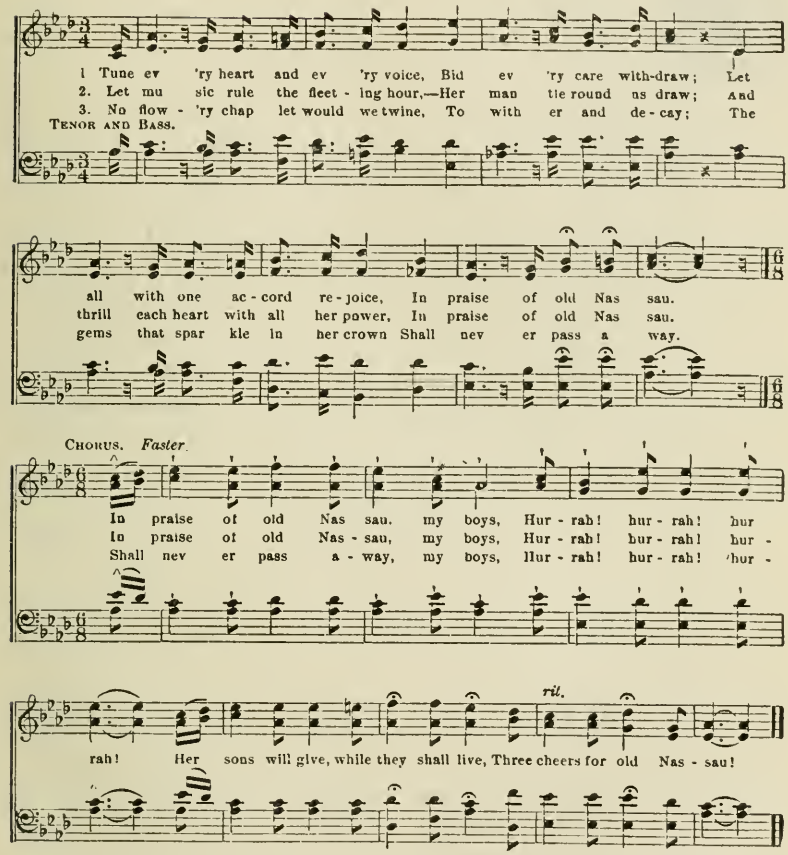
We were passing tea around to the wounded. One of our "Fritz" temporary staff, got some tea for one of our boys. He sent him back for another cup. "Fritz" reappeared all right. The chap said, "Some of these 'Fritzies' are all right, you know, Sir. Now there's a good 'Fritz'." And then pointing to his arm, which had been shattered by a machine gun bullet he said, "And the 'Fritz' that gave me this Blighty is another."

—Carl V. Farmer, '15.

OLD NASSAU.—PRINCETON.

Words by
H. P. PECK.

Music by CARL LANGLOTZ.
Arranged by E. J. BIEDERMANN.

Soprano and Alto.

1 Tune ev 'ry heart and ev 'ry voice, Bid ev 'ry care with-draw; Let
2. Let mu sic rule the fleet - ing hour,—Her man tle round us draw; And
3. No flow - 'ry chap let would we twine, To with er and de - cay; The
Tenor and Bass.
all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of old Nas sau.
thrill each heart with all her power, In praise of old Nas sau.
gems that spar kle in her crown Shall nev er pass a way.
Chorus. Faster.
In praise of old Nas sau. my boys, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur
In praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur -
Shall nev er pass a - way, my boys, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur -
rit.
rah! Her sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nas - sau!

4. And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song,
In praise of old Nassau.

CHO.—In praise of old Nassau, etc.

5. Till then with song our joy we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing,
Long life to old Nassau.

CHO.—Long life to old Nassau, etc.

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WHY UNIVERSITY WOMEN DO NOT MARRY.

WE have been much impressed of late by the amount of attention which this subject has received from various writers. At first, we were somewhat incredulous, as probably most people would be, at the idea that the majority of the women of America who have been benefited by all the advantages of a University education do not marry. Yet we were compelled to bow before the facts. For reliable statistics for periods up to seventy-five years and covering approximately ten thousand graduates from Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, Wells, Rockford and other institutions of higher education for women, reveal the startling fact that less than forty-five per cent. of the graduates from these colleges ever marry. Additional statistics taken from the official census of the United States show that seventy-four out of every one hundred native white women between the ages of twenty-four and sixty-four are married. Hence we are forced to conclude that the percentage of married women among those who have not graduated from a university is distinctly higher than among those who have.

However, we comforted ourselves somewhat with the opinion that the percentage of married women among the graduates of a co-educational institution like McMaster University would be above the average. Curiosity prompted an investigation, with the following surprising result. Of the women who have graduated from McMaster from the year 1894—in which year the first woman graduate is found—to 1918, inclusive, slightly less than thirty-five per cent. are now married. The objection may be raised that the inclusion of the statistics of late years gives an unfair bias to the percentage. Yet if we go back to the year 1912, which is the last year in which the married graduates exceed the unmarried, and then take the statistics of the years 1894 to 1912, inclusive, we find that the percentage is remarkably similar to the one stated for other institutions, i.e., slightly less than forty-five per cent.

The question which naturally presents itself then is, why do so many of these superwomen fail to marry and hand on their own highly specialized mental and physical development instead

of leaving this important social function to their less advanced sisters? Some writers—notably those from the class of university women who have not married—are disposed to place the blame upon the present arbitrary adjustments of social life which make it necessary for the woman to remain a perhaps unwilling celibate until some man asks her to marry. Others attribute the low marriage rate among university women graduates to the greater independence and enlarged scope of opportunity necessarily resulting from higher education. The development of personality undoubtedly tends to increase the difficulty and complexity of adjustment in the marriage relation. To the average girl entering upon womanhood, whose mental life has been circumscribed within the limits of a small social circle, marriage is instinctively adopted as a means to new experiences and an enlarged consciousness. But to the university graduate whose facile pen may sway the thought of a nation, whose touch may swing the portals of science and whose imagination is filled with visions of achievement which may be translated into realities, marriage may appear to be by no means the highest social function. The writer, although recognizing elements of truth in the various physiological and psychological theories advanced in the past by sociologists, political economists and scientists of all sorts, yet wishes to lift a feeble voice in support of the view to which practical observation has attributed the greatest plausibility.

Through all the ages of sociological development, there are clear evidences that one of the most fundamental instincts of human nature has been the deep-seated hunger for romance. Wandering minstrels and lyric poets with their romantic stories of mystery and adventure, held a large place in the hearts of our ancestors; and, even in this present materialistic age, the romantic motif in art, in literature and upon the stage still presents the maximum of appeal. That work of art is alone called great by universal consent which expresses some great emotion. The successful modern plays are those which are woven around a central thread of romance and even the truly successful farce has its romantic element. One of the best modern writers in the realm

of nature description has confessed that, in order to get the general public to read those wonderfully natural sketches of animal and plant life, she was compelled to weave into them a simple romantic narrative.

And it is because the average college woman loses her native ability to make this appeal to the romantic side of human nature that she so frequently spends her life in the "single blessedness of unclaimed treasurehood." She has studied the so-called romance movement of the latter eighteenth century and its dominant influence upon every phase of life in the century which followed; perhaps she has a sincere, theoretical appreciation of the romantic, but, by neglecting the romantic appeal in her own life, she fails to meet this primitive need of the human heart. The modern university woman disdains the idea of reserve or "mystery" in her personality. On the other hand, she eagerly proclaims her characteristic tastes, prejudices and opinions. The only thing she really does hide is her human heart. With the fundamental honesty of an intelligent person, she refuses to use what she calls "artifices" and depends entirely upon her conversational ability, logic and general culture. The emotional and romantic element of personality is often allowed to become obscured by the brilliance of an educated intellect.

For the average man of to-day, life is rather humdrum and monotonous, but, although he would never admit its existence, deep down in his heart lies that primitive hunger for the mysterious and the romantic. After the deadening routine of the office, the deafening noise of the factory or the weariness of flesh occasioned by much study, it is no wonder that man turns to what appeals to his imaginative and chivalrous instincts rather than to what touches only his logic and intellect.

Accordingly, whether we attribute the blame to the innate frailty of the masculine heart or to the high-minded austerity of the feminine in refusing to respond to the manly weakness, the fact remains, nevertheless, that the university education of the woman does not seem to be conducive, to say the least, to her entrance upon the state of matrimony.

—Undergraduate.

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Editorial Notes

He exists not amid the noise and rush of the city, but lives among the quiet peacefulness of the backwoods. He glowers not from office window upon smoke, dirt, and cold commercialism, concentrated and crowded below him, but feasts his eyes from cabin door on trees, flowers, and rushing stream,—the panorama of nature beautiful spread out in glorious profusion before him. His ears are not dulled by the monotonous roar of relentless competition, but are atuned to the sweet song of the bird, the music of the brook,—sounds direct from the soul of the woods. He does not inhale with hurried breath air befouled by fume and stench of cramped habitation; he fills his lungs to his heart's content with pure, invigorating atmosphere, perfumed by the sweetness of all outdoors. And he works not because he has to, but because he loves to.

Ah, there's the greatest joy of all!—to be a lover of, not a slave to, one's task in life; to find one's reward not in money gained, but in deeds accomplished. You ask if he is rich? In substance, no; in happiness, yes. For he is a maker of violins; and in the backwoods he finds few buyers for such products. Very often he does not complete more than one instrument in a year. The wood he uses must be perfect, possessing a certain texture, a certain fineness of grain, flawless in all respects. He comes upon perhaps one such piece in six months; and then each piece must dry for years before being fashioned according to his pleasure. He has invented a wonderful machine to help him in his work, and his instruments are considered of rare value. He has had many an offer for this clever bit of mechanism, but refuses the wealth which might be his lest someone abuse the advantage and produce violins of inferior quality.

And so he works and loves his work. Every product contains a part of the producer. His violins are his children; and he loves them for the sacrifice entailed to fashion them. Is he a success in this world? The city man's denial rings with scorn. But I venture to say he is as near to being truly happy as this world permits to members of its family. He labors because he loves!

We are glad to be able to publish this month such a splendid tribute to the memory of Professor Tingle as that written by Professor Ten Broeke. Doctor Tingle has left a host of friends among the faculty, graduates, and undergraduates of McMaster, and these will join with us in extending the sincerest sympathy to the family of Doctor Tingle in their bereavement.

Some of our readers may have already heard Doctor Trotter's message to the graduating classes of 1918. But to those who have not already done so, and even to those who have, we would say that the message will reward the most careful perusal and consideration. It should be a source of much inspiration to university men and women.

Possibly, like ourselves, you do not entirely agree with the conclusions of "Undergraduate" in the interesting and certainly novel article entitled, "Why University Women Do Not Marry," which we publish in this issue. Yet we are compelled to admit that this effort does display something desired by all editors of college magazines—namely, the result of independent thought on the part of student writers.

We thank you for the many words of approval, kindly criticism and valuable suggestion aroused by our first issue of THE MONTHLY. We are especially glad that you like the University colors on the cover. It will be our sincere aim to at least maintain the standard in future numbers. We hope you will like them, too.

Peace!

THE Goal of four years' sacrifice and struggle has been attained at last. We are privileged to see that for which we have hoped and prayed—a Righteous Peace. Our hearts ache anew with sorrow for the world's agony during this dark period. Yet over all is a great joy at the vindication of truth and justice. May the Giver of this blessing make us worthy in the hour of victory!

On Military Service.

Editor: Frank G. McCoy, '20.

"Ring out the bells!
The news swift-wing!
All tyrants are uncrowned to-day,
And Peace is king!
And where, all purple clothed, sat armed might
Peace spreads her flowing robes of spotless white
Purged and cleansed of every spot and stain
By blood and tears."

IN the October number of The Monthly we published the report of the death of Staff-Sergt. E. D. Campbell, '12. We desire to call attention to the fact that this report has since been cancelled and that Sergt. Campbell is alive and well.

Pte. David Hughes, '19, Can. Inf., died of wounds, October, 1918.

Lieut. John A. D. Elder, '17, 38th Battalion, Can. Inf., died of wounds on November 3rd.

Word has been received that the Military Cross has been awarded to the late Capt. Stanley H. Brocklebank, '14.

2nd Lieut. J. P. Kent, '18, has been for eighteen months with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force in Egypt and Palestine. He is now in a hospital at Cairo, recovering from the effects of fever.

Pte. D. G. McBain, '18, Motor Transports, Salonika Forces, recently arrived in England on a short furlough, after which he expects to return to Salonika.

M. C. Hooper, ex.-'18, has been on command with the British Chemical Co. at Trenton, Ont., since his enlistment.

D. G. Clendenan, '15, has returned from France to study Medicine at Toronto University.

We are informed that H. W. Newman, '99, has resigned his duties in the hospital at Ungkung, China, in order to take up Red Cross work with the Allied Armies in Siberia.

G. M. Philpott, '15,, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant with the Canadian Artillery in France.

Lieut. B. E. Gilbert, '16, is now an instructor in the R.A.F. training camp at Reading, England.

H. Pinnock, '18, is a corporal in the Can. M.G. Corps. During the summer he was selected to take advanced work in signalling at the Army School. After a course of training he received a certificate of proficiency and qualified for the position of assistant instructor in army signalling.

Pte. G. P. Kurilovitch, Theol., is now in England with the Canadian Infantry.

Pte. O. M. Titus, '17, United States Marines, is in training at Paris Island, South Carolina.

George W. Farmer, '18, Div. Sig. Coy., France.

"Here I am in England again! Six days ago I was up at an observation post trying to look after a telephone and keep in communication, when I was called up and asked where I wished to go on leave. I was expecting the question, and had the answer ready. The next day I was relieved; and, having packed my kit, I made my way to the rear. The following morning I started on a long walk to procure my pass and catch the train. I must have walked thirty kilometres that day, and at the end of the journey slept beside a straw stack; but it was well worth the trouble. The next day was spent on the train, and yesterday we crossed the channel and arrived in London at five o'clock. At present I am stopping at the Maple Leaf Club and find it a good place. I expect to leave for Scotland Tuesday night.

To-day I have been wandering around the city; through the Strand, Fleet Street, Pall Mall and other noted places. Quite by accident I met "Jack" Twiss, of year '17. He is on the Inventions Board, and lives in the city. There are three other McMaster men with him, viz., Spencer, Kingdon and Kemp.

I am enjoying my leave very much, and certainly appreciate the luxuries of civilization after being in France."

A. P. Wilson, '16, 9th Can. Field Ambulance, France.

"After my enlistment in January, 1916, I had a rather hurried despatch from Canada and an equally hurried despatch from England. In nine short weeks from the date of my enlistment I was in France, and before the end of the tenth week had arrived in Belgium, at the famous city of Ypres, then and now an ugly heap of ruins, and had taken up my temporary abode in a deep and dismal cellar of the war-shattered 'asylum' there. The one thing about the cellar, as about all cellars and dugouts at the front, that reconciled us to its gloom, was the fact that it afforded a reasonable protection from the big shells that fell in the vicinity. In a short time we learned the various routes through the ancient city leading to the nearby trenches. Soon we were made acquainted with the horrors and cruelties of war.

As for myself, it might be expected that two years in the fighting zone would furnish me with some interesting and excit-

ing experiences. I have had a few thrills which, did I write of them, might make interesting reading. I have been buried in a cave with fifty others when there seemed little hope of escape, have been blown up by an exploding shell, but came down again intact. Like most others in the forward line, I have had Death's dart missing me by a few feet; but, in spite of all, by the goodness of God I am in good health and able to carry on."

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ERNEST HINDSON.

Capt. W. E. Hindson, whose death was reported in the October issue of THE MONTHLY, was formerly a member of year '01 of McMaster University.

He was born at St. Catharines, Ont., in 1881, and received his preparatory education at the Dunnville High School. While in attendance at McMaster he spent considerable time in preaching in various Mission Churches. After his ordination in 1904 he held pastorates at Beachville, Georgetown and Guelph, where his work was highly successful.

In April, 1916, he received the appointment of Chaplain to the 153rd Battalion. In bringing that unit up to strength he worked hard and faithfully. He was later promoted to the position of Chief Chaplain of the district, and then Chief Recruiting Officer, and his services were considered most valuable by the military authorities. For some time past he had been Chief Public Representative for Military District No. 1, under the Military Service Act.

His death, which occurred on September 18th, was the result of pneumonia.

Referring to Captain Hindson, the pastor of a neighboring church says:

"To esteem him rightly, one must think of the whole man, the blend of strength and tenderness, of fearless independence and understanding sympathy, of the spirit of liberty and of reverence, which made him a man whose loss will be deeply felt. The world at this time of unrest and change stands greatly in need of such men, who remain true to the great principles of the past, yet fearlessly push forward into the new age, guided by a living faith in God's living Spirit. He would be the last to claim 'that he had already attained or was already perfect,' but his defects were the shadows of his virtues."

Through the medium of these pages we desire to express our heart-felt sympathy with all who mourn his loss.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ERNEST HINDSON.
Died September 18th, 1918.

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Arnold E. Look, B.Th.

"This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise."
—*Henry IV.*

FOR the first time "in the memory of the oldest inabitant," lectures have been suspended for two weeks during the Autumn term. This was deemed advisable as a preventive measure in the effort to check the influenza epidemic. Let it not be thought, however, that the period of time from October 21st to November 4th was a students' holiday. Synchronous with the announcement of closing, there appeared formidable assignments of essays, parallel reading and regular text book material apparently designed to prevent the accumulation of mental rust, not only during the two weeks in question but for the rest of the term as well. Although one student was discovered "plugging" mathematics as late on Saturday evening as four o'clock the next morning, we are glad to report, for the benefit of those who, in their tender solicitude for our welfare, made such laudable attempts to furnish us with intellectual diversion, that no cases of nervous breakdown from over-study during the last two weeks have thus far been reported.

Editor.—"Have you heard any jokes around the hall this month?"

Junior (in tone of extreme disgust).—"No, but I've *seen* a lot of them."

Inter-year Debate

The interyear debating series of 1918-19 was inaugurated on October 8th by an exceedingly interesting discussion between the Freshmen and Sophomores. The subject under debate was, "Resolved that the policy of exclusion from Canada of Hindus as immigrants is justifiable." The Freshman representatives, E. O. Orsborn and M. R. Russell, upheld the affirmative side of the question and temporarily succeeded in convincing us that the horrors perpetrated by the Germans in Belgium would be a negative quantity compared with what Canadians would be obliged to suffer at the hands of flea-bitten Hindus under a re-

gime of unrestricted immigration. But our fears were soon dispelled by the pointed arguments and soul-compelling eloquence exhibited by W. F. Nelson and G. P. Gilmour—presumably due in large part to the inspiration derived from the presence of the Moulton College student body,—who upheld the negative. Humor and clever repartee were employed throughout to the marked delight of the audience. With all due respect to the reincarnation arguments of the affirmative the negative successfully proved regarding the Sikh, that,—

"An itching flea-bite in the skin,
An itching flea-bite is, to him,
And it is nothing more."

Following the debate, Professor Smith gave a practical demonstration entitled, "Don't you wish you knew who won?" and finally rendered a decision in favor of the negative. During the evening, we were favored with two vocal duets by Miss Helen Gilmour, '21, and Miss Helen Mabee, '21. In spite of the lyrical doggerel inflicted by supporters of the speakers, the debate is generally considered to have been one of the most enjoyable held in recent years.

Spooks!

It was the weird and ghostly night of Hallowe'en when all the spectres, apparitions, hobgoblins, spooks and other denizens of the spirit world had been released to exercise an influence upon the affairs of men. What place more attractive to the liberated shades than the ancient dwelling place of the McMaster Ghost? "Let us hie hence," quoth they in enthusiastic unison, "for verily there is a rumor that divers credulous juveniles have joined fortunes with sundry Sophomores and that they do swarm in myriad profusion upon the picnic greenswards of our fair city." Straightway, with baneful precision, they were at their destination. "Aha," cried one, "I see an amative yearning looming large in the hearts of all our victims. Let us lead them upon ye ancient chase of wild-goose." And then did one fiendish gnome simulate the voice of a certain fair Freshette and did easily lead astray the gullible children. Yea, they did embellish themselves in all manner of royal splendor and betook themselves in disordered haste unto a far distant region called Roncesvalles Avenue. And there they did wait with buoyant anticipation until the moon had set and the conductor had hung out the ten-cent signal on the street-car front. Then did the lovelorn swains plod wearily back to the sacred precints of McMaster wherein did

abide dissembled beds; and, amid the uncanny exultation of weird presences, they did solemnly swear to be faithful members of the Donkey Club until death do us part.

Picnics

On the afternoon of Wednesday, October 9th, Year '20 sallied forth *en masse* from the halls of McMaster and proceeded Centre-Island-ward to celebrate their annual picnic. The weather was ideal; very unlike some of the days immediately preceding. After locating the picnic ground the commissariat got busy; and, with the assistance of a few faggot-carriers, finally succeeded in feeding the multitude. The evening was spent in a very enjoyable manner by listening to the reading of some of the class letters, toasting marshmallows and rend(er)ing some of the usual songs and yells, the latter bringing to a close a very pleasant picnic.

Despite the ravages of the Spanish "flu," the Sophomores held their picnic at Longbranch park on Thursday, October 17th, under the successful chaperonage of the head girl; the only item of regret being that the gap between the pier and the shore excluded that proverbially romantic promenade from the program. The afternoon was spent in distorting and dismembering a good baseball, the game being considerably enlivened by the presence of mud at third base which caused one or two humorous descents to *terra cotta*; and at the appointed hour, all were prevailed upon to come within the warm circle of the campfire and devour several beans, buns and bananas. Following supper, an orgy was held in which innumerable semi-liquid objects, covered *ex consuetudine* with wood ash and charcoal, and known in vulgar parlance as "toasted marshmallows," played a leading and sticky part. A secular song service closed the programme; and, after the fire had been extinguished with the remainder of the coffee, the party dispersed. We may further state that, regardless of the physical and painful impression received by some, it would have been difficult to convince the "Sophs" that they were not the only pebbles on the beach that evening.

On Tuesday, October 8th, several shades of green were seen to emanate from 273 Bloor Street West, and to streak across the landscape in the direction of Scarboro Bluffs. Somewhat later in the afternoon, another shade—far more gaudy than the most flamboyant of his predecessors—arrived, after being detained for a seasonable period by mysterious influences bearing a yellow tinge. With the advent of the newcomer, came the introduction of the Honorary President, Professor Walker, who, according

to an extant Freshman manuscript, was accompanied by a cheery smile. From the same source, comes the information that no one in the class was able to start a fire until the chaperone analyzed certain sticks; and, having found them to be slightly less green than those who were seeking them, succeeded in producing a conflagration. All the manuscripts agree that the chief element in the revelry that followed was some sort of chemical "unknown" called "wieners" but no one has been able to isolate the elements and furnish a detailed description. Following the consumption of vast quantities of comestibles—known among the green shades as "eats"—there was a period, when, influenced by the glow of embers and the wide waste of water along with the protecting shadows of twilight and an inspiring moon, strange and incredible vagaries were indulged. Finally, the last long streaks of day and the last long, lanky, streaks of green—also accompanied by cheery smiles this time—gradually faded away and night came on.

Dear Dad,—I arrived safely at McMaster after asking the way of three policemen and a real nice old gentleman who turned out to be one of the professors. I remained awake all the first night but nothing happened. In the morning, I saw one Sophomore but he was a real puny person and not at all like I expected. He even spoke to me but I suspected that his smile was camouflaging some ulterior design. After breakfast, I heard him say something about Freshies sitting at the end of the table and I suppose he meant me. However, the fellow at the other end was a lot more fresh than I was, and I don't think he is a Freshman because they call him a High Kak- (I don't know how to spell it but I never noticed it in the Bible). They have a lot of funny rules here anyway. A couple of days ago I met a real Senior and he told me all about them. Freshmen are not allowed to wear a red tie, carry a cane, chew gum, sit in the end or corner seats at table, or be seen on Bloor Street with a Freshette. There were a lot of other rules but I didn't really object to any except the last one I mentioned. I broke two or three of them before I knew any better, but the Sophomores did not do anything about it. I guess they are afraid of the Freshmen because we are all so big and intelligent-looking.

I did not have time to finish the other day but perhaps it was just as well because things are a lot different now than they were when I was writing before. It doesn't seem possible that I was perennial, pestiferous and afflicted with cephalic intumescence as the Sophomores said at initiation, but I certainly must

have been awfully green. Of course I wouldn't admit that around here. (Please do not tell Catherine Jane—she is the one I spent that last evening with—about it, either). You see, we expected to be initiated right away after we arrived but nothing was done about it for two or three weeks. Then we heard that it was going to be on a certain night; so we gathered in one room, turned on all the lights, barricaded the door and stayed up all night without even hearing a suspicious sound. After that, things were quiet on account of so many students being ill with influenza. At the time, we thought that everybody was afraid to tackle us, but we know now that it was only because of the "flu" that we were allowed to dwell in peace. Now it is all over, and I cannot tell you how thankful I am that the long drawn out agony of anticipation is past. Neither can the written page adequately convey the frightfulness and horror of it while it lasted. When they removed the blindfold I found myself shaking hands with a skeleton in some sort of an underground cavern. And, although it still seems like some horrible, impossible dream, he was moving his lower jaw and telling me everything I had done around here—even to the time I went to see that pretty girl who used to live next door to us before she came to Normal School. Really, I was quite embarrassed and presumably blushed. Mere recollection of the excruciating torture which followed is so painful that I shall not write further about the mortal ordeal at this time. However, I am proud to be a member of the McMaster fraternity—just wait until I get a chance at next year's Freshman class!

Your much chastened son,

HAROLD PERCIVAL.

Junior Band

The McMaster Junior Evangelistic Band for the coming session was organized on October 7th, under the leadership of H. A. Webb, '21, President, and J. N. Wylie, '22, Secretary-Treasurer. The object of the band is to conduct evangelistic meetings in missions and churches and to do Christian work wherever possible. A very successful service was held at the Davisville Mission on Sunday evening, October 27th, and a number of invitations have been received from other churches in and around the city. The Band requests the co-operation of the student body, especially the first and second years, and desires all who can to attend the meetings, notices of which will be posted.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS MARJORIE MALLAGH, '20.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."
—*Tennyson.*

PEACE! An honorable Peace! Peace with Victory! Peace, only the anticipation of which has given to men and women the strength to bear for over four years the curses of war. War! with what inexpressible joy we cast the word with all its accompanying evils behind us—and yet, within the throes of war, with all its heartaches and sorrows, the soul of humanity has been born.

Notwithstanding, Victory has not been purchased without a price, and that price has been paid in blood. To those who have shed that blood, must we be able to say with the poet:

"Fear not that ye have died for naught,
The Torch ye threw to us is caught,
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die.
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders' fields."

The *lesson*—what lesson? Ah! the lesson of Sacrifice, of Service, of Love. By those of us who have enjoyed four years of comfort, indeed luxury, while hundreds of thousands have given their all that we might do so, every effort must be put forth in the great reconstruction that necessarily follows those four years of devastation.

Our Red Cross work, such as we have hitherto done, will soon be unnecessary; nevertheless, in its place a new field of service opens wide before us. There are thousands of orphaned and destitute children in France, in Belgium, in Italy, in Armenia, indeed in our own Canada, who, if we keep faith with those who have died, must be given all the opportunities of life—nay, more of the opportunities of life than they would otherwise have enjoyed. In the delirium of enthusiasm aroused by Victory, let us not forget these little ones.

This is only a suggestion of one phase of the great work that lies before us. In its detail, it is essentially a work for women, and one in which our University organization gives us a splendid opportunity of participating. To many the cessation of war will only bring into relief the sorrow and grief of the past four years, but here is an opportunity to forget Self and the sorrows of Self in service for others.

Owing to the epidemic of influenza and the consequent suspension for two weeks of lectures and college activities in general, meetings of all the women's organizations were of necessity cancelled during that period. However, the closing of the University was largely a precautionary measure, as very few of our girls suffered seriously from the epidemic, and were quite capable of enjoying the enforced holiday. Nevertheless, we were by no means idle, and that the two weeks did not pass without excitement for some of us at least may be gathered from the account given of how one of the girls spent her time.

Y.W.C.A.

The last meeting of the women held before the temporary closing of the University was the first regular meeting of the Y.W.C.A. This took place on Friday, October 18th, and even then it was deemed advisable to confine the meeting to the speaker's address. Rev. J. B. McLaurin was with us, and gave an interesting talk on "The Work of the Women in India," laying particular emphasis on the necessity of training native workers for their part —a very effective one—on the mission fields.

W. L. S.

The Women's Literary Society met Friday, November 15th. After the discussion of much important business, which had accumulated during our absence from the University, the audience travelled in imagination to our western prairies and passed through all manner of new experiences. With Miss Rivka Levi, they watched the sunrise from a deserted station platform, learned to ride a bicycle *down* hill and faced fifty-eight stolid little Ruthenians who fortunately were "young and easy to manage"—like Freshettes! From here the listeners travelled to another Ruthenian school, this time with Miss Marion Stillwell as guide and equipped with the useful but not very extensive knowledge that one rings a bell to open school.

Suddenly, however, the surroundings changed and we were in the midst of the rattle bang of the munition factory, where twenty-five thousand shells passed through the department in which Miss Helen Kerr spent her summer. Miss Edna Carson then proved convincingly that there is no need to leave our own fair province to meet with adventures as a "school ma'am."

The musical part of the program, a song by Miss Helen Gilmour, and a piano duet by Miss Queenie Shields and Miss Helen Mabee was no less enjoyable than the tales of the summer happenings.

Sorrows of an S. O. S.

Have you ever felt an overwhelming, not-to-be-denied desire to do something heroic, to sacrifice youself for the good of humanity, as it were? If so, you may be able to sympathize, when I tell you of the result of one of these impulses or whims or whatever you care to call them, which seized me.

Day after day, as we anxiously scanned the papers for "flu" reports, and read of the dire need of helpers in so many stricken homes, a restless desire to be "up and doing," to be helping in a really worth-while way, began to trouble me. The more I thought of it, the more pressing did the need appear. Finally, when the college closed, I felt that my longed-for opportunity had arrived, but, strange to say, my desire for self-sacrifice seemed to be dwindling at an alarming rate, and in fact threatened to be non-extant in a short time. I spent the morning in a vain attempt to bolster up my waning courage and early in the afternoon, in sheer despair, I hastened down town to the Ontario Government Bureau, whither, in the bygone days of my enthusiasm, I had been directed to apply.

Having arrived at the offices of this organization, I saw staring me in the face the notice, "Helpers Wanted to Fight the Flu," so I felt that there was no excuse for withdrawing now. Resolutely I concentrated my whole attention on the subject. I remembered having been told that the only method of winning one's way into a strange place was to put on a bold front. Accordingly, I proceeded to square my chin, smile pleasantly, yet capably, and —pressed the button for the elevator.

"Second Floor," said I, after a hasty glance at the notice.

"Third Floor, did you say, Miss?" asked the elevator man, with a glance which took me in from head to foot and caused me to feel how diminitive and futile would be any flu-fighting efforts which I might be able to make. Nevertheless, I responded coldly, "No, Second Floor, if you please."

At the second floor I stepped out, once more smiling pleasantly yet capably, in the most approved manner, but now endeavoring to add alertness to my general bearing. I looked around, then entered a large room to my right, where several women of all ages and sizes were waiting. Presently I found myself before a wicket, behind which was seated what I would have termed a very "decided-looking" woman. She eyed me first brusquely, then suspiciously.

"What shift would you be ready to go on?" she snapped.

"Why-er whatever is most in need of workers," I stammered, slightly taken aback.

"Have you a uniform?" queried the knowing one, for whom I was hastily acquiring an intense dislike.

"No, I scarcely knew what would be necessary," I meekly replied.

"Don't you know *anything* about the work?" she shot at me.

"Why—I just came down to help a little."

This seemed entirely too much for the good lady. "Help! Help in a munitions factory! Oh me!" she murmured.

"But I saw in the papers that you needed help to fight the flu," I began, hoping that she wouldn't put me down as altogether ignorant.

A light broke over her face. "Flu!" she exclaimed. "Third Floor. This is Munitions Employment." And she turned to the next in line.

Abjectly I pressed the button for the elevator. Studiously did I avoid the man's eye, as I said politely, "Third Floor, please."

Humbly I stepped off at the Third Floor. Quietly I awaited my turn at the desk, divided between a desire to throttle the woman downstairs, and an impulse to rush home. Just as the latter was gaining a strong hold over me, I saw the lady in charge beckon to me, and I crossed the room to her desk. What a different reception awaited me there!

"Yes, my dear, we have great need of young girls like you. So many pitiful cases come to our attention every day. Now, here is a family of seven, all sick.—But you wouldn't want a place where there was so much responsibility, would you dear?" she broke off, looking at me kindly. Oh, what a blow to my capable expression! I had no time to protest, however, for she had produced a card from which she was reading.

"Woman sick. Alone in the house. Keeps house for bachelor cousin. No one to give her food and medicine. Help needed urgently. Just the place for you, I should say," she concluded, adding the address of my future patient. "Could you be there at eight o'clock to-morrow morning? Thank you. Good bye."

So it was all over! I was launched on my great mission at last. And if the truth be told, instead of feeling exhilarated (as I should) I felt decidedly "flat."

My feelings did not improve the next morning when it was necessary for me to rise at six o'clock in order to be at my ap-

pointed place at eight. Instead of lightening, my gloom increased as I "strap-hung" in a street-car right across the city. After some difficulty, I located the house, a very imposing one, whose steps I mounted with considerable trepidition. I pulled the bell, determined to get the worst over at once. Nothing happened. I pulled it again. The same result—nothing happened. Suddenly, it occurred to me that a woman, sick with the flu, alone in a large empty house could scarcely be expected to answer the door-bell. I tried the door. Locked! What was to be done? I sat down on the top step to reflect. It certainly wouldn't be dignified to turn around and go home, after giving one's family to understand that one wouldn't be back until one had done one's duty as a nurse. Anyway, I wasn't going to get up in the morning at six o'clock for nothing. Determinedly I rose to my feet, plucked the door-mat from its accustomed place—and was charmed with my sagacity when I discovered a key lying beneath.

Thus equipped, once more I tried the door, which yielded to my efforts and opened into a huge black cavern of a hall. As I stood there, hesitating, a voice called down from upstairs.

"Is that a nurse? Come right up."

I obeyed, and found my patient, a middle-aged woman, lying in bed with a woolly white poodle in the crook of her arm. The poodle was really quite a fine little specimen, but how I grew to hate him!

"Are you a trained nurse?" was milady's first enquiry. "No? The idea! *I* require a trained nurse!" After these remarks, she appeared to take no more interest in me, except as a being intended to wait upon the white poodle. She took her medicine and gruel docilely enough, but the next thing was a sharp—

"Nurse will you please take little Pet downstairs and give him his breakfast? There is some liver and gravy for him, and please be careful, as he is *so* particular about his food."

Pet and I departed downstairs, our mutual dislike for one another growing at every step. The liver was nowhere to be found, so Pet was regaled on bread and water, prison fare which he devoured only under protest, and hurriedly made his escape to complain to his "mama" how the strange creature downstairs was abusing him. Fortunately, his mistress did not understand and seemed perfectly satisfied when told that Pet had had his breakfast.

The following days were occupied with running up and down stairs, answering telephone and door-bell, tending the furnace·

(which I managed to put out at the end of the third day) giving medicine to my patient and tending to Pet. I feel that my share in the "Flu" epidemic is well described by Peter McArthur's parody:

"O, I am the cook and the hired girl,
And the messenger to the stores;
The milkmaid bright, the woodsman wight,
And the fellow who does the chores."

—'20.

Athletics

Editor: J. B. Smart, '19.

THE field of athletics is apt to be slighted by many McMaster students. The grave importance of this side of our development is realized to-day more thoroughly, perhaps, by those from whose past is shaped our future. Thus we find the growing prominence of gymnasiums, Y.M.C.A.'s, Y.W.C.A.'s and other institutions of physical training.

Although not blessed with such an asset, McMaster students have the opportunity of indulging freely in sports through the efforts of the Athletic Association, which has secured Ramsden Park as the official McMaster campus for 1918-19. We should all realize that this, our college career, is the formative period of our life, and it is to the interest of each one to seize every opportunity to better his or her qualifications with which must be met the competition experienced in later life. What better backing can be had than a strong physique to reap the full benefits of a thorough education? Not only do we find in athletics the full value of exercise, but also the hearty co-partner of the student. In short, it spells health and increase in mental ability.

"Get out and work for a place on the teams. If you don't make it, make the fellow who does, hustle to get it."

Owing to the fact that several of last year's soccer players are now in the army, it was found impossible for each year to raise a team. Accordingly, the following teams were entered in the schedule: one from the first year in Arts, one from the second and third years in Arts, and one from the fourth year in Arts and Theology.

Juniors and Sophomores, 1; *Freshmen*, 0.—The first game was played on October 16th in Ramsden Park, between First Year and Second and Third Years. The line-up was as follows: First Year—Middlebro, Eberlee, Howard, Mabee, Wylie, Freeman, Brown, Orsborne, Foster, F. Groat, Siegner. Second and Third Years—Donaldson, Oddy, Pearse, Dingle, Gilmour, McCoy, Webb, Doolittle, McLay, Schatz and Carr. The first half of the game was closely contested, although the play was in the First Year's territory most of the time. Mabee and Wylie had a good combination, but failed to get by Doolittle, the Second and Third Years' star defence player. The period ended with no score. In the second half frequent rushes were made by both sides, but these ended in disaster, until Pearce scored the telling goal for the Sophs and Juniors. Referee Sinclair performed his duties to the satisfaction of all.

Seniors and Theologues, 0; *Freshmen*, 0.—Ramsden Park was the scene of another soccer match when, on Friday, October 18, the Fourth Year and Theology met the Freshmen in a hard fought game. The first mentioned team generally succeeded in keeping the ball well into their opponents' field during the play, while occasionally the combination work of the Freshmen forwards resulted in several brilliant dashes, only to be broken up by the fine playing of their adversaries' back-fielders. With half time up, no score had been registered by either team, so evenly were they matched. Macdonald, Smith and Dennis proved the "shining lights" on the allied team, while Mabee and Wylie worked unusually well for First Year. Full time was called with the score still nothing all. Two five minute periods were then played, but the tie remained unbroken. Dennis, Smith, MacDonald, Watson, Eastman, Smart, Burgess, Burns and Clasper played for Fourth Year and Theology, while Mabee, Eberlee, Howard, Brown, Middlebro, Freeman, Wylie, Orsborne, Foster, F. Groat and Siegner upheld the Freshman cause.

Seniors and Theologues,1; *Freshmen*, 0.—The tie between these teams, played off on November 6th, was witnessed by the usual small number of enthusiasts. From the kick off the play was largely in favor of the Senior team; however, only a few wild shots were placed at the Freshman goal. Considering the condition of the players and the amount of practice they had had, the game was very keenly fought. The first period ended with no score. Early in the second half, after a short scramble in front of the Freshman goal, Watson was able to drive the pig-

skin home. In spite of renewed efforts on the part of the First Year men they were unable to tally a point.

Another sphere of athletics which receives its due share of interest from the men of the University is tennis. The popularity of the court has not abated this fall. The tennis tournament, commenced early in October, has reached the second series, with two more to be played. Eighteen students entered the contest, which is a good example of our appreciation of the tennis court.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

THIS copy should have been in the printer's hands last Saturday. If it had, the editor might have written a sedate and proper introduction to the budget of personal items which appear below. But as it is, other things have happened which interfered. The Kaiser has abdicated, Germany has thrown up her hands, and the greatest war in history has come to an end. Under the circumstances an editorial paragraph is out of the question. We shall just drop this copy into the mail box and go out to throw up the editorial hat.

'85.—Rev. W. H. Cline, D.D., has resigned from the church in Georgetown after three years' service.

'86.—Rev. W. M. Walker, Theol., has resigned the pastorate of Wortley Road Church, London, Ont., after a pastorate of twenty-seven years.

'88.—Rev. S. Sheldon is now pastor of Jackson Avenue Baptist Church, Vancouver, B.C.

'90.—Rev. Ernest Grigg, Theol., has been spending a furlough in the United States and sails on November 14th to return to his work in Burma, where he is a missionary under the American Baptist Board. Before returning to America Mr. Grigg spent a number of months with the British Y.M.C.A. in France.

'98.—Dr. J. A. Ferguson, recently of Rudyard, Mich., died at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on October 3rd, and the funeral was conducted in Hamilton by Rev. W. B. Tighe, '99, from the home of the sister of the deceased, Mrs. Gillies. Dr. Ferguson had

been suffering for a considerable time before his death. Those who were acquainted with Dr. Ferguson when he was a student at McMaster, recall with pleasure his genial personality and will have a sense of personal loss in his decease.

'01.—A. T. MacNeill has resigned his position as Principal of Woodstock College, and has become Manager for Oxford County of the Dominion Life Assurance Co. He has been on the college staff for sixteen years, being Principal for the past twelve years. The Board of Governors, in accepting his resignation, expressed their appreciation of his work for the school. He is succeeded by Rev. T. Wearing, '09.

'01.—J. E. Pengelly lives in Hayter, Alberta, and combines farming and preaching.

'02. Miss Helen A. Her is now engaged in secretarial work in Dayton, Ohio. Her address is 100 Belmont Ave.

'06.—Rev. R. C. Benson who entered the chaplaincy in June last has been appointed Senior Chaplain of No. 7 Military District, with the rank of Major. He is stationed at St. John, N.B. Major Benson will have the sympathy of his many friends in the loss of his mother and his only brother, who died last month of influenza.

'07.—Charles E. Burke is research chemist in dyes, for the Du Pont de Nemours Co. at Wilmington, Del., having resigned his position on the staff of the University of Vermont to enter the field of industrial chemistry.

'07.—J. H. Cohoe, whose address is published in the University Calendar as New Durham, Ont., should be addressed at R. R. 2, Burgessville.

'08.—T. A. McWhorter is Principal of Queen Victoria Public School, Toronto, with twenty-two teachers under his supervision.

'09.—Rev. Thos. Wearing has been appointed Principal of Woodstock College, succeeding Mr. A. T. MacNeill, '01 and has already taken up his duties. This appointment necessitates Dr. Wearing's resignation from First Baptist Church, Woodstock, where he has been the honored pastor for the past year and a half. Dr. Wearing comes to the college well qualified for his position. After securing the M.A. and B.D. from McMaster he took his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago. Besides scholastic attainments, he has literary gifts and organizing powers, and a personality that universally wins him friends.

'09.—Silas E. H. Péron has been for eight years on the staff of Lower Canada College, Montreal, now holding the position

of Senior French Master. Since graduating from McMaster Mr. Péron has obtained the Diplôme Supérieur of L'Alliance Francaise, Paris.

'10.—Rev. B. J. Davies, Theol., who has been pastor of Delevan Ave. Baptist Church, Buffalo, N.Y., is now pastor of South Side Church in the same city. He is succeeded in Delevan Ave. by Rev. O. E. Rutledge, another McMaster graduate.

'10.—Rev. W. C. McKendry has removed from Mendota, Ill., to Waukesha, Wisconsin.

'11.—Miss Mabel McKeen has resigned her position as teacher in Rosebery, B.C., and is now engaged in office work in Vancouver.

'12.—Rev. R. A. L. Knight for some time after his return to Jamaica was teaching in Calabar College, Kingston, as well as preaching. He is now devoting his time entirely to pastoral work and has charge of the church in Falmouth, which was the church of Rev. Wm. Knibb, the man who, more than any other one man, was instrumental in securing the abolition of slavery in the island.

'13.—Miss M. M. McDonald is manager of the Saskatchewan Government Travelling Libraries, with office in Regina.

'14.—E. H. Lock, after three years as principal of the High School in Ladner, B.C., is now principal of Chilliwack High School.

'15.—Miss Annie B. Millar has been appointed to the staff of Woodstock Collegiate Institute, to succeed her classmate, Miss Ruth Walker, who has taken up work on the Civil Service Commission.

'16.—John S. Hall is at work on the reduction to writing of the language of the Tangale tribe, Northern Nigeria, and the translation into that speech of the Gospel of Mark. This tribe are among the rudest and most degraded savages, and Mr. Hall's work is purely of the pioneer variety of missionary endeavor. His address is Khultungo, via Nafaada, Northern Nigeria.

Here and There

Editor: Miss E. Marion Stillwell, '20.

"It ain't the individual,
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlasting team work
Of every bloomin' soul."

—*Kipling*

WE have all chuckled with Kipling over his "Stalky and Co.," that is, those of us who have been properly brought up to enjoy boys' books. In "Kim," we have enjoyed roaming with him the picturesque bazaars of India, hearing in fancy the myriad noises of the market-places, watching the motley throng that crowds the streets, and breathing that elusive, indescribable, fascinating atmosphere. Now we feel a bond of sympathy with the man who saw so clearly, what is necessary to ensure victory in any undertaking—the steady, united efforts of us who are "behind the man behind the gun." This poet, although he expressed these sentiments long before the loss of his son had brought home to him the realization of the price of this "team work," still calls us to do our part, never slacking because we feel that Victory is at hand, but rather bending every effort to conclude that Victory the more speedily.

Nor does victory end the period of self-sacrifice and the necessity for team-work. We quote from the *Canadian Finance*:

"Let there be no mistake. The beginning of the end is not the end. Recent Allied successes justify no relaxing of energies behind the lines. Rather, like our brothers and sisters over there, we at home are now called upon to put forth a 'supremest effort' to make assurance doubly sure."

Camouflage Defined.—Camouflage is not a new kind of cheese, Mable. It's a military term. Camouflage is French for a cauliflower, which is a disguised cabbage. It is the same thing as puttin' powder on your face instead of washin' it. You deceive Germans with it. For instance, you paint a horse black and white stripes, and a German comes along. He thinks its a picket fence, and goes right by. Or you paint yourself like a tree, an' the Germans come along an' drink beer round you an' tell military sekruts.—*E. Streeter, in "Dere Mable."*

While all orthodox people agree that on one night in every year ghosts are allowed the privilege of walking unmolested in

their former haunts, our friends, the spiritualists, would grant them a seance every evening. Stephen Leacock, in a characteristic comment on "The Silly World of the Spiritualists," has collected for us this interesting information:

"The spirits, so they tell us, live and move all about us. They live in houses and they wear clothes, being from Conan Doyle: though I forget, for the moment, who told it to him. They spend their time largely in listening to what we say and observing what we do. They know all about our politics and follow our elections with interest. They differ in opinion just as we do; some spirits are free traders and some are protectionists. Some believe in free silver; others stand firm for a currency built on a tangible gold standard as the proper basis of a banking reserve. Some spirits say that Canada should develop her internal resources with borrowed capital, and some say absolutely no. Some think that Henry Ford made a fool of himself, and others point to the motor industry of Detroit and ask if a fool could do that? They differ, just as we do, about prohibition and woman suffrage, and they have the same bitter discussion of the Toronto street car question that we do. In fact some spirits object to the pay-as-you-enter car in any form. These things, or at least the equivalent of these, are what the spirits think and talk about."

From *Poetry* (Chicago) we take this exquisite picture of the dawn:—

"Dawn
Lay like a waxen hand upon the world,
And folded hills
Broke into a solemn wonder of peaks stemming clear and cold,
Till the Tall One bloomed like a lily.
Flecked with sun
Fine as a golden pollen,
It seemed a wind might blow it from the snow.

. . . . . .

"It seemed life held
No future and no past for me but this,
And I too got up stiffly from the earth
And held my heart up like a cup."

—*Lola Ridge.*

Few people are prouder of a self-made man than the self-made man himself, and his pride frequently leads him into a kind of patronizing condescension towards those things which he did not happen to have time for when he was making himself.

A writer in the *Washington Star* tells of one who fell into the following trap:

At the graduation of his nephew he said to the boy, "Well, Tommy, what did they teach you there?"

"Latin and Greek," the boy replied, "and French and algebra."

"Dear me!" exclaimed his uncle. "And what's the algebra for turnip?"—*The School.*

Freshman.—"How long can a person live without brains?"

Sophomore.—"I don't know. How old are you?"—*The Camosun.*

LULLABY FOR A BABY TANK.

Squat and low, squat and low,
Tank of the Western Front,
Feared by foe, brave Gouraud,
Welcomes thy features blunt.
Over the rugged trenches go,
Crawling from Soissons or Belleau,
Trundle foreshortened runt.
Creep, my little one, over each brittle Hun, creep.

Creep and rest, creep and rest,
Rest on the Teuton's toes;
Sleep, sleep, on the France we'll keep,
Victory bring thee repose.
Lie in thy cradle—a crater deprest
Deep as German hopes in the West,
Sunk in their August woes.
Sleep, my gritty one, wee, unpretty one, sleep.

—*H. T. Craven, with apologies to Tennyson.*

We have received but few exchanges this month, owing to delay caused by the "Flu" epidemic. We hereby gratefully acknowledge the following papers: *The School*, *Trinity University Review*, *Reconstruction*, *The Sheaf*, and *Conservation of Life*.

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THE KHAKI UNIVERSITY, SEAFORD CAMP, ENGLAND

The
McMaster University Monthly

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THE KHAKI UNIVERSITY OF CANADA.

THE Canadians have been pioneers in several different lines during the Great War. They were the first to practice, on an organized scale, daylight trench-raiding; they developed the creeping barrage of artillery fire; opposite Amiens, they made a record in the depth of their advance during the first day of an attack; and they have been pioneers in the education of troops under arms, along other than purely military lines. The Khaki University of Canada was the first attempt, so far as is known, to provide soldiers during the actual progress of hostilities with a training calculated to fit them better to resume their civil occupations when hostilities should have ceased. It was the first recognition of the principle that the civilian soldier is entitled to something more than food and clothing and $1.10 per day.

The story of how the Khaki University came into existence, may be of interest to the readers of THE McMASTER MONTHLY. To attribute its origin to the efforts of any one man would probably be invidious. The truth rather is that the idea seems to have sprung up independently in several different quarters at about the same time. It was at Witley Camp, in Surrey, in the summer of 1917, that the idea was first put into actual practice. In that summer the ill-fated Fifth Canadian Division was waiting at Witley for orders to proceed as a unit to France—orders which never came. Their training was completed; some of the units in the division had already been in England over a year; and both men and officers were growing stale. Under these

circumstances several officers, notable among them being Capt. Clarence McKinnon, a chaplain, who is in civil life the president of a Presbyterian theological college in the Maritime Provinces, conceived the idea of opening classes for the men in the evenings. The divisional commander, Major-General Garnet Hughes, was cordially in favor of the idea, and gave it all the support in his power; a number of officers volunteered as teachers; and classes were begun in a variety of subjects, from Canadian constitutional history to Greek. The Y.M.C.A. lent its financial support; and thus the Khaki College, as it was first known, came into being.

Meanwhile in Canada, President Tory, of the University of Alberta, had conceived the idea that during demobilization, and perhaps even before, there would be a splendid opportunity to carry on educational work among the Canadian troops. He took up the idea with the government; and Sir Robert Borden sent him to England in the summer of 1917 to make a report on the possibilities of educational work in the Canadian Army. At Witley, he found his idea already in operation; and it was not long before he was satisfied, not only that the idea was workable, but that it was capable of working great good, when put into operation. He returned to Canada, after having thoroughly canvassed the situation in England and France; he made his report to the government; he enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of the universities of Canada; and in the winter of 1917-18 he returned to England, armed with authority from Sir Robert Borden to put his scheme into effect.

While he was away from England, however, events had been moving there. The success of the Khaki College at Witley, where nearly 1000 students had been enrolled, had attracted the attention of Argyll House, the headquarters of the Canadians in England. Lieut.-General Sir R. W. E. Turner, V.C., the officer commanding the Canadians in England, appointed in October, 1917, a committee composed of Lieut.-Col. Birks, of the Y.M.C.A., Capt. McKinnon, of the Chaplains' Service, and Capt. George Macdonald, of the General Staff, to make a report on the extension of the Khaki College to all Canadian centres in England.

This committee went to work, and organized teaching centres in Shorncliffe, Seaford, Bramshot, Bexhill, Epsom, and other places. The Y.M.C.A. supplied the libraries; the military authorities furnished such necessary things as huts, light and coal; the Chaplains' Service co-operated in supplying teachers; and a number of officers and other ranks were told off to look after the matter of organization. Once the Khaki University was established in Canadian camps in England, the committee went over to France. Here they obtained for their project the hearty support of the

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Corps Commander, Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Currie; Capt. E. H. Oliver (who was once lecturer in history in McMaster University) was appointed officer in charge of the educational work; and the "University of Vimy Ridge," as the college in France was named, came into operation.

When President Tory returned to England, therefore, he found that already his scheme was a thing of flesh and blood. He joined forces with the officers who had been engaged in the establishment of the work in England and France; he established his headquarters at Gower St. in London; and in due course,—

or, perhaps one should say, after long delays—an establishment was granted for the Khaki University, which made it merely another department of the army, like the Ordnance Corps or the Chaplains' Services. It is now known officially as the Educational Services of the Overseas Military Forces of Canada; but in everyday language it is still the Khaki University, and will doubtless always remain so.

Up to the present, the work of the Khaki University has been carried on under great difficulties. The constant shifting of pupils and teachers, the breaking up of camps, even questions such as the supply of coal or paraffin—these have imposed great burdens on the officers in charge of the movement. In France especially the difficulties were heart-breaking. To teach, let us say, mechanical drawing in a leaky tent, with floor a foot deep in mud, only a few miles behind the front line, would tax the patience of a more patient man than Job. But now that demobilization has begun, the Khaki University will immediately become a most important feature of the life of the army. One cannot imagine the Canadian Corps doing foot-drill until the ships can bring them home; and the Khaki University provides an admirable alternative. Any man who wishes to employ the demobilization period in fitting himself again for civilian life, will be able to do so; all varieties of subjects will be offered him, in all grades; and only the impossibility of getting qualified teachers will be a bar on the formation of classes of any sort. So far as demobilization is concerned, the idea of the Khaki University amounts to an inspiration.

—W. S. Wallace.

THE LOTUS LILY OF SAINT WILLIAMS.

SIGHTS and sounds and odours of rare occurrence, because of their continual presence with us, often fail to arouse that freshness of appreciation which they bring to those who experience them for the first time.

The Lotus Lily of Saint Williams is an exceedingly rare flower, yet the fact of its nearness to a considerably large community fails to arouse a degree of enthusiasm or protection which is commensurate with its beauty or scarcity.

It was August the twenty-fourth of this now fast closing year that I first made the acquaintance of this rare plant. I had waited purposely until I was sure the flowers would be open to the sun, in order that I might have a first and lasting memory-picture of the blossoms at their best.

It was evening again. I was standing on the north shore of Lake Erie, a little to the right of where the village road of Saint Williams descends the cliff to the beach. From the west, like a Moorish scimitar, the shores of Long Point Bay curved past me to the east. Across the bay, in the grey light, Long Point itself was scarcely discernible, and as the wind blew steadily shoreward the surface of the water was flecked with tiny whitecaps which merged with the nodding flowers of the Lotus pond at my feet. Here the whole shore for acres was spattered with lilies. It was a huge bouquet of the gods, resting in its own sand basin and beautifying the neighboring shores.

The Lotus Lily, *Nelumbo lutea*, is a native of America, and not introduced, as some have thought. And one may well wonder how a flower of such rare occurrence has acquired so many different names, for it is known in different parts of the United States as: American Lotus, American Nelumbo, Great Yellow Water Lily, Duck Acorn and Rattle-nut. The flowers are pale yellow in color and vary from five to ten inches in width. Before they open, the buds are the shape and size formed by the enclosure made by two hands placed slightly curved so that the wrists and finger tips meet. The leaves vary in size from three to four inches to two feet in diameter. They are nearly orbicular

and often have the centre depressed or cupped. Unlike the flowers of the Sweet Scented Water Lily or the Yellow Pond Lily which float on the surface of the water, the flowers of the Lotus Lily stand high above the surface. Occasionally, too, the leaves do likewise, but the large majority of them float on the surface of the water in the same manner as the leaves of the other two lilies, but are easily distinguished from these by the absence of a deeply-cordate cleft at the base. The fruit is an inverted cone which dries when ripe, enclosing the hard seeds in little cavities. Because of the rattling sound made by these, in some localities, the plant has received the name of Rattle-nut.

From the information I have been able to gather about this plant, its occurrence in Canada seems to be very uncommon. Gray's Manual of Botany includes Lake Erie and Lake Ontario in a general way as its range, but mentions no specific place. Britton and Brown's Flora does not mention it from Canada at all. Macoun's Catalogue of Canadian Plants, 1883, reports it in the Detroit River and near the mouth of the Welland Canal. Dodge's Catalogue of the Flora of Point Pelee mentions only the Ohio shore; and Spotton, in compiling his Ontario Botany, either did not know of its existence, or did not consider its occurrence common enough to mention. From the foregoing, therefore, one may well conclude that unless the plants in the Detroit River and Welland Canal, mentioned by Macoun in 1883, are still there, Saint Williams, as far as is known, is the only place in Canada where the Lotus Lily grows.

It wasn't long before I was in the lily-bed gathering an armful of flowers and stopping now and then to look well into the yellow centre. For, like the friendliness of an open fire, you can always see a face in a pretty flower, the appearance of which seems to exclude all meanness and takes you closer to nature and nature's God. Sans boots, sans trousers, sans shirt, I splashed among the plants and tall growing reeds, appearing, perhaps, more like a mythical Pan, searching for a finer reed to tune his fingers to than a worshipper of nature. Such ideas, mythical perhaps as they were, suddenly however were rudely dispelled

and I was made to realize that my feet were not shod with the hoofs of a goat, but were very human indeed. The appearance of a fifteen-inch snapping turtle swimming undiscouragedly about my legs—nature's own means of protection for just such thieves—told me it was time to move. And so the mythical monster was suddenly turned into a hurrying human and made his way rapidly towards the shore with little grace I fear, but hugging still a large armful of Lilies.

—R.

NIGHT AND MORNING—A SKETCH.

THE little squat Buddha sat on the table with his all-wise, unsearchable expression, and his fingers formed in that mystic ring.

"Throughout heaven and earth, I alone am holy," his attitude seemed to say. "I make this ring.—I unmake this ring: it will take me no longer than that to judge mankind."

At his right, the smoke of the fragrant incense poured from the lips of the rowdy little Jap man of Doroyaki clay, and lost itself in voluptuous rings above his head.

From the big house across the street came the notes of a violin—"Kamennoi Ostrow"—played with an understanding touch. He was just nineteen, that lad over there, yet a whole world worshipped his finger tips.

Up the street, in the corner apartment, the baby that had wakened with such an afraid-of-the-dark little cry, was still sobbing softly, but with little gasps of content that told that the mother had heard, and had come to the rescue.

Within the room, the man bowed over the table, groaned. He had made a great failure that day and he was very bitter of soul. Life was cheap to him just then—perhaps not even worth the living.

All the inscrutability of a divine justice, all the voluptuous-

ness of the Orient, all the perfection of artistry and the high hope of youth, all the wondrousness of human love, and all the awfulness of human tragedy—all of life, as it were, had come together within those four walls for a moment. It was night.

The next morning the boy in the big house donned the khaki to go to the war; and he left the violin and the worshipping world behind.

Up the street the baby awoke, and laughed at the sunlight on the floor and the motes dancing before his eyes—but the mother, weary with the night's watching, still slept.

A little heap of grey ash was the only trace of the midnight revelry of the little Jap man of Doroyaki clay, whose mouth still gaped with the unquenchable thirst for pleasure.

The man who had failed, rose and went forth with a new resolve—to try again, and to win—for failure is of the night.

It was morning—and only the little squat Buddha sat on the table with the same all-wise unsearchable expression, and his fingers still formed in that mystic ring. For all things may alter in a night—all things but the inscrutability of a divine justice.

—Enid A. McGregor, '12.

CLIMB HIGHER.

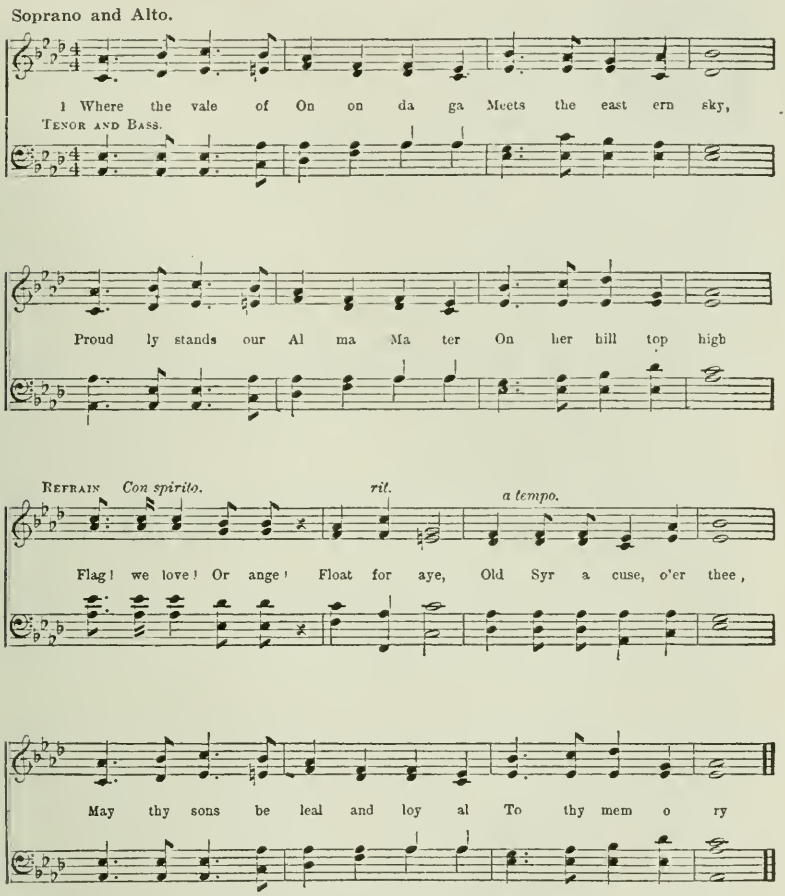
The mountain peak that dwells serene and calm,
All clad with virgin snow, or wrapped in flame;
Hears ever the sweet cadence of the psalm
That nature sings to the Creator's name.

For all the sounds ascending from below,
Which tell of scenes that mar, of thoughts that jar,
Are blended by the zephyrs as they blow
Until they sound like music from afar.

Climb higher then my soul; leave thou the clod;
Live not among the sordid, selfish, mean;
But in the heights: for there the breath of God,
Sweet spirit, shall work harmony within.

—George G. Upham, Theol.

ALMA MATER—SYRACUSE.

Words by
JUNIUS W. STEVENS.

Soprano and Alto.
1 Where the vale of On on da ga Meets the east ern sky,
Tenor and Bass.
Proud ly stands our Al ma Ma ter On her hill top high
Refrain
Con spirito.
rit.
a tempo.
Flag! we love! Or ange! Float for aye, Old Syr a cuse, o'er thee,
May thy sons be leal and loy al To thy mem o ry

2. When the evening twilight deepens
And the shadows fall,
Lingers long the golden sunbeam
On thy western wall.

3. When the shades of life shall gather,
Dark the heart may be,
Still the rays of youth and love
Shall linger long o'er thee.

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THE ECONOMIC PROBLEMS OF ARMY LIFE.

NEVER in the history of the world has there been such cause for gratitude; never in the history of the world have the words "Peace on Earth" been so pregnant with meaning; never before has Christmas been celebrated in the hearts of so many people with such whole-souled feeling as in the Yuletide season of this year. And yet through all the gratitude, through all the enjoyment of peace, through all the celebration of victory, runs a deep, vibrant note of determination, that such misery shall never again in this generation mar the lives of so many millions of men, that those who have made possible this peace shall not be forgotten, and that the trenches of autocracy which have been taken at such cost, shall be consolidated against all the enemies of democracy. This determination, manifesting itself in many places and from many voices, has thrown a white light on the details of the panorama, and no feature has been more strikingly revealed than the returned soldier. On him all eyes have turned; just as not long since, toward him all hearts have yearned. The new tasks to which he must set his hand, and with him, the whole world, are the completion of old tasks in which his part was dominant. One of these tasks, pressing for solution, is the economic reconstruction of the world; and to this task he comes equipped or ill-equipped with habits, with an outlook which must be studied in order to be successfully applied.

The economic problems of the soldier may be divided into two parts, the getting and the spending of an income, the one infinitely less troublesome than the other. Aside from remittances which reach many soldiers from more or less indulgent relatives, or from his own resources, the source of all revenue is the paymaster. Getting the income resolves itself into a struggle between the soldier and this despot of the pay office. The great day, whether in camp, hospital or on active service, is pay day, with its early release from drill, its alphabetical arrangements, its lineups, and then the long anticipated trip to the canteen, the friendly poker game, the "sharks" at banker, and the patronage of the crown and anchor board. Next to the bugle

call for cookhouse, the most popular call is pay call, certainly it is not reveille. The question which is more or less dominant in the minds of all soldiers is, "When's pay day?" and the most important part of his possessions is his pay book.

Usually pay day comes twice a month, and the amount of the pay is an algebraic unknown until after the paymaster has been saluted. The factors determining this unknown are, the amount of pay which has been assigned, the regulations of the higher authorities, the generosity of the paymaster, and the number of fines for crimes in which the soldier has been caught. The amount of pay varies occasionally inversely with the number and diligence of military policemen. These varied forces make all forecasts of little avail, and the soldier concludes, under the most favorable arrangements, that the pay is insufficient, and the paymaster is at least not a gentleman. He may be many other things. In France the uncertainty decreases, so far as pay is concerned, and twenty francs every two weeks becomes a matter of routine with a bonus of sixty-five francs for Christmas.

Hospital life is characterized by fairly low pay, an average of ten shillings every fortnight. Always in case of leave, however, the paymaster loosens the purse strings. On discharge from hospital, usually on arrival in England or before going to France, after ten to eighteen months in France, the length of time varying with the character of the individual, leave is granted to travel anywhere in the United Kingdom, or, if in France, to some of the large cities, usually Paris. From ten pounds in England to fifty pounds in France, or in the event of Paris leave, 600 francs, are the amounts granted. Generally these are the items appearing on the wrong side of every paybook. On returning to Canada, all the items are carefully balanced by the Pay and Records office and signed by the soldier. For such a mess of pottage one would be tempted to sign away several birthrights.

The spending of this income is a matter relatively simple and relatively important. Many methods suggest themselves to a soldier. Some prefer buying several packages of cigarettes to last until next pay day, and spending the rest with less care.

Others with an eye to large profits invest in a "hand" at poker. In the rare event of a large pay "stud poker" becomes a favorite game, while with meagre resources, such as one found in hospital, "rummy" at a penny a game is more popular. During periods of confinement to barracks, or on board ship, such pastimes as crown and anchor (in which, "the more you put down the more you pick up," or, as the dealer conscientiously adds, "sometimes"), and banker are found to be more satisfactory. All of these games under the rules and regulations of army life are illegal, but such "illegality" is dispensed with by a careful posting of accomplices of the profits, so that approaches of the military police or of officers become known in time to conceal all evidence. Without attempting to justify any of these devices used to part a soldier from his money there is in all individuals an almost innate gambling disposition, though it is true there are variations among nationalities, the Scotch being good gamblers but poor losers, and the Swede an inveterate gambler, win or lose. Civilians are not immune from this gambling instinct, but there are other names and other games. The instinct seems no less in evidence whether one buys real estate or a ticket to a raffle, or as some married men claim, other articles.

The success of spending the receipts of one pay day satisfactorily until the next pay day is the test of the soldier's financial ability. Invariably after pay day the canteens are crowded, public houses and estaminets are liberally patronized—everyone spends liberally, but some more so than others. Some are "broke" the next day and are frequent borrowers, others, preferring to spread the allowance over the period between pay days, are less flagrant borrowers and more judicious financiers. And there are a few who save money over both pay days. It is much the same on leave,—the reckless, spending the money in the first few days and then returning to camp before leave is up; others, regulating the expenditure over the whole time; and some, having money left. The general recklessness is provocative of evils difficult to combat. The soldier arriving on leave at any of the chief cities has money and is looking for a good time. His

motto becomes "It's a short life, but it's gay." A class of parasites has grown up that gives him a "good" time and is well paid. The Y.M.C.A. and various other organizations have done much to enable the soldier to have a good time and at a reasonable cost.

The economics of army life is largely a matter of subsidy and the dangers and benefits of subsidy are in evidence. The remittance man has always suffered from a lack of that virile spirit of independence found among those who must fend for themselves. He is free from care; his food and his clothing are provided; he has few responsibilities, other than to have shaved, and brushed his buttons and boots every day. Moreover his individuality has been crushed by discipline. The hated subservience to officers, the detested persistence of obedience to orders, the monotony of the bugle, have all alike tended to crush the spirit of independence and individuality which have become so dear to him, since he has been bereft of them.

Life in the army is a series of "waits" in which all the innate instincts come to the fore. Time must be spent in some way, if not in gambling, if not in playing "solitaire," if not in telling stories, if not in the Y.M.C.A., then in doing nothing, and in being subject to the deadening influences of inaction. At any rate, time must be spent, and it becomes a question of spending it most advantageously,—in which the Y.M.C.A. and other organizations have been of inestimable value. The question of spending money is inextricably bound up with the spending of time.

Such are the influences which have been at work on the life of every soldier. Hampered by the habits which these influences have occasioned he is faced with a new task very different from the old work of the army. If he should find it difficult at first to accommodate himself to the new task, it behooves the world to have patience. He adapted himself to army life with the success which has made victory a fact, and this alone gives ample reason for the conviction that he will adapt himself to these new tasks with even more success, because of wider experience.

—Harold A. Innis, '16.

A. SUZOR-COTE, R.C.A.

Le Vieux Pommier.

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1918.

The Vigil.

To watch the old year out, the new year in—
  Here where the firelight falls upon your hair—
We keep our vigil, far from clang and din—
  And clasp our hands in silence and in prayer.

If we can make a song from every hour,
  Wherein we failed or suffered in the past,
If we can learn that peace is sweet as power,
  How bright a radiance o'er our year is cast!

If we can keep the happy hours of life,
  And find the joyous things of every day,
We shall be braver, stronger, in the strife
  To teach a struggling one the better way.

Deep in the glowing depths of your pure eyes,
  I find my strength and courage ever new—
With each new day, and dreaming lover-wise,
  We watch the Old year out and greet the New.

—Amy E. Campbell, '12.

PEACE ON EARTH.

I.

THE fire roared with glee. What *were* they saying? The little old round-bellied man was coming puffing down the chimney that very night! Haw, haw, haw, hee! "Ay—aye!" drawled the unemotional old clock from the darkness; "Com—ing, com—ing, com—ing." "Squee—hee! Squee—hee!" shrieked the nerve-wracked rocking chair, as it wobbled back and forth from the soft dark to the red firelight. And the children, whose bright faces popped out of the darkness every time the chair lurched forward, thrilled with the eerie fascination of the lights and shadows and the joy of rhythm.

They were talking in hushed voices. Christmas! Santa Claus! Fairy wonders in his queer horn-shaped bag!

"Say!" whispered the boy, excitedly, "do you know wot I'd do if he come bouncin' out th' stove-door jist right now?"

"Wot?" asked the awed baby voice.

"I'd go jumpin' out that door lek' a cat, an' I'd climb intuh his sleigh, an' Santy'd leap in, an' we'd go slidin' along over th' snow roun' th' world fas' as fast, an' over th' fences, an' up th' roofs, an' 't last way up th' big w'ite clouds t' th' north! An' I'd drive, an' eat candy all th' time! Gee! Wouldn' I have a great time!"

"'Ou wouldn' wun away an' leave me all 'lone, Woy?" mourned the little voice.

"Naw, you could stay wid ma. Gerls is 'fraid t' go sailin' over th' big drifts an' thro' big fores's wid' howlin' bears follerin' yuh! An' candy makes gerls sick! Aw, don' cry, now! Santy won't come while we're up. Pa saed so! Min', at supper Pa tol' us 'bout seein' Santy wid his sleigh an' reindeers, comin' frum town, an' Santy ast him if he had any li'l' gerls an' boys, an' pa saed, "you bet!" An' Santy saed he'd come in on his way frum down south, w'en we'd be all in bed. Gee! I wish ma'd git th' cows milked an' come in frum th' barn an' light th' lamp! Bet yuh don' know wot I'm goana do!"

"Wot?" eagerly.

"I'm goana build a big barn on th' table wid boxes, an' put stalls in it wid kindlin'. Min', las' Christmas Santy put a lil' pig in my stockin' wid a hole in it to eat coppers! Maybe this time if I make a barn he'll put a horse in it!"

"Me wo't Sa'ty to gib me a pau too!"

"A horse! Gerls don' want horses. They jist want dolls, an' thimbles, an' pictur' books."

" 'Es! me wa't doll, an' pictur' boot an' pau. Will Sa'ty gib me a pau?"

"Oh, maybe he will!"

"Woy, 'ou wo't go 'way wit' Sa'ty?"

"Naw, guess not this year!"

They fell silent, and began to glance furtively at the big shadows that stood in such real shapes about the bare room. That behind the pantry was surely a giant blackman! From the table, where reflections of light glanced on the rude delf supper dishes, twisted grinning faces leered at them as from a bad dream. Worst of all, a mad little demon of flame was dancing wildly up and down, round and round, on the plaster. Was it not real fire?

But at the grinding sound of frozen boots on the crisp snow, and the rattle of tin pails, the tension was broken. Mother was here! 'Twas the night before Christmas! Jingle bells! Jingle bells!

And far away, faint, elusive—surely that was a tinkle of reindeer bells!

II.

"On—e! T—wo!" yawned the old clock from the kitchen. The girl rose wearily and crept along the black hall, her feet shrinking from the death-coldness of its painted floor. Thro' the darkness low rhythmic breathing rose and fell. So with muscles taut she moved stealthily down the creaking stairs.

The kitchen was peopled with shadows. They lurked about the corners, and behind the pantry, and in giant forms round the

circle of light from the fire. Cruel, sinister, helmeted faces leered from about the table. Fitful bursts of light shot up the bare wall like the flare of distant bombs on an inky sky. The girl buried her anguished face in her hands and crouched close to the fire, away from the almost tangible shadows, so hungry, so haunting, so suggestive.

"Roy, brother! Little brother!" she breathed, "Where are you? It's Christmas eve! Your little barn's there on the table, see! and Santy's coming to-night."

Gone! Gone with Santa Claus on his dashing sleigh with bells a-chiming, thro' storms and darkness, and nameless horrors, and at last away with him up the white clouds into the glittering blue and out of sight.

For a while she crouched, living in a confused world of past and present made one by that sense of loss, but gradually the numbed consciousness sank under the narcotic influence of the fire. Yet the senses remained dimly alert, so that, when the mellow light from the last glowing coals was reddening the now softened darkness, they responded vaguely and called forth associations of the past. . . . . .

It was a summer evening. The sun had gone, but its light was streaming back in all the colors of the spectrum. Like a many-mouthed river it was, each widening distributary carrying its own bright liquid until it emptied and blended into the great amber sea of the sky, on which drifted airy cloud-sails. It was an unusual sunset. The whole sky was aflame.

Her feet were on the quiet roadside, following the tranquil ting-tong-tong of the jersies, but she herself was floating with the clouds. Exhilaration, tantalizing joy was in the air.

The cowbell stopped at the Swamp gap. Quickly the bars were thrown down, and as quickly thrown back into place, for thro' the wild liltings of the birds, dull thud-thuds were beating a tattoo down the Swamp road. In haste she turned toward home.

At the hill he overtook her,—the young student minister,—

and in strange quietness stepped down and helped her into the cart. Again hoof-beats cut the silence.

The minister was watching the sunset. "See," he said softly, "the great flaming heart of the west is pouring out its love in pulses that send the clouds a-quiver with red! God made that sunset 'specially for this wonderful night! 'Specially for us. Didn't He, Girl?"

The light faded, and the coals dropped to ashes. The girl woke with a shiver. Not a living spark in the embers! Gone, all gone!

Cold shafts of light from the frozen panes were drifting hazily into the dimness and mingling with it. Rising, she went to the window and with her fingers idly scraped an opening in the frost.

The snowy fields lay blue and softly shining beneath the glittering deeper blue of the sky. Far off above the snowbanks rose the blurred shape of a neighbor's house. Little children lived there—perhaps at that very moment the funny old Christmas man was tumbling around in the darkness feeling after tiny socks. No! A mountain of clouds was piled up behind the blackness of the Swamp, and there racing up its slopes! Yes! it was a fantastic little reindeer sleigh! Santa was away home for another year.

"Peace on earth, beautiful peace, sweetheart! brother! No more war! No more war!"

There! The stairs were creaking! Mother was coming. Mother always knows when one is not in bed.

—Gladys R. White, '19.

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VOL. XXVIII. DECEMBER, 1918 NO. 3

Editorial Notes

"For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

There was once a very small lad to whom Christmas was the most wonderful day of all the year. So eagerly did he look forward to its arrival that for weeks, yes months previously, the almost snail-like pace of its approach was his uppermost and daily thought. Then, when at last the glad day dawned, it was spent in a whirl of delirious joy amid the snow and ice, the music of the bells, the Christmas tree, the family gathering, the merry laughter and the edible delicacies peculiar to that occasion. Truly it was a wonderful day!

But it must be confessed that a great deal of the joy of anticipation and also of the Christmas itself was due to the well-

filled stocking, and the heap of other gifts which good old Saint Nicholas never failed to bring down the chimney, during that mysterious and seemingly interminable night before. And if, perchance, that particular sleigh "that had a real automobile steering-wheel" didn't make its appearance among the array, the presence of just a little feeling of disappointment cannot be denied.

Now this particular lad was fortunate in having a very wise father who had once been a small boy himself; and, in addition, was blessed with the happy faculty of remembering that very fact. Accordingly, realizing something of his young son's feelings, he determined upon a plan. The result was that the next Christmas Day was spent not in selfish and solitary enjoyment, but in a visit to a near-by home for less fortunate children. And here the lad played Santa Claus to a score or more forlorn little waifs who knew very little of the joy of Christmas. A gift was found in his bag for each one, and their expressions of joyful gratitude were a new music to his soul. That day he now looks back upon as his happiest Christmas. For on that day he caught something of the true Yule-tide spirit, the spirit that Gives as well as Gets, the spirit which permeated the whole life of Him who was the centre of all the joy of that first Christmas-tide.

We are indeed pleased to be able to publish in this issue an article on "The Khaki University of Canada," by Major Wallace. Major Wallace was intimately connected with this important institution shortly after its inception. He is, therefore, peculiarly qualified to write upon this subject,—a subject, too, which ought to be of real interest to every university student.

Harold A. Innes, M.A., the writer of "The Economic Problems of Army Life," which we publish herewith, is a graduate of McMaster University who has seen service in France and Flanders. He was wounded in the Spring of 1917, and returned to Canada a year later. At the Commencement Exercises of May last, he received the degree of Master of Arts. Mr. Innis writes

of army life as he saw it and experienced it; which fact makes his article of special interest to the reader.

The decorative sketch at the head of "Here and There" is the work of Miss E. A. Anderson; while Mr. E. W. Pyke is the author of those at the beginning of "College News" and "Women's Department." We are very much indebted to these students for their assistance in brightening the pages of this Christmas issue of THE MONTHLY.

The tune of the College Song which we publish this month is a very popular one among the universities of the United States. We understand that it was used first by Cornell University and later appropriated by several others, among those being Syracuse, Denver and Illinois. The words published are those of the University of Syracuse.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
is our wish to the readers of
the McMaster Monthly.

Christmas, 1918

Glory to God in the Highest! The dark cloud of war has been lifted from the nations and Peace dwells upon the earth. Justice, returned from her long exile, at last has taken her throne and sits exalted in the Council of Civilization. Victory has been achieved through Sacrifice; Life has been perpetuated through Death. We heap the stones upon the cairns of many of our beloved sons as we look into the face of Him who, for the joy that was set before Him, tabernacled among men and endured the Cross. This Christmastide rings with the echoes of well-directed blows which have brought Freedom, Righteousness and Peace to multitudes of men. We humbly lay our trophies at the feet of Him who is the Prince of Peace, the Holy One of the ages, the great Liberator and Savior of mankind.

—A. L. McCrimmon

On Military Service.

EDITOR: FRANK G. McCOY, '20.

"Tyranny breaks not such as you
Who, having Right as close ally,
Freedom's defence dare still renew,
Scorning to live if Freedom die."
—*J. Cartwright Frith.*

SPR. Edgar Cohoe '08, Canadian Engineers, who received a shrapnel wound in the right arm on August 22nd, is progressing favorably.

Lieut. Jenkin H. Davies, '14, was wounded recently. In a letter written in a hospital in France he deseribes his injury as a flesh wound, and anticipates a speedy recovery.

Capt. Gerald W. Guiou, M.C., '18, P.P.C.L.I., is in an English hospital recovering from wounds. Although severely wounded, he is now able to walk with the aid of crutches.

2nd Lieut. Harry H. Wilson, '17, R.A.F., has returned to Canada, having almost completely recovered from the injuries which he sustained on August 24th.

Corp. Homer M. Brownlee, '17, Div. Sig. Coy., was recently awarded the Military Medal. Full particulars are not yet available. During the past two years Homer has been a motor-cyclist in the Despatch Riders' Section of the Signal Company.

Captain J. Dixon Craig, '07, has been awarded the Military Cross for special services rendered during the battle of Amiens. Capt. Craig was until recently Intelligence Officer with the 8th Canadian Infantry Brigade, and is now with the Headquarters Staff of the 1st Canadians. Before enlisting he was well known in Edmonton newspaper circles and was at one time news editor of *The Edmonton Journal.*

Miss Margaret Eaton, '18, has enlisted in the United States Transport Service with the rank of first-class private. She is on duty as one of the head statisticians of the Quartermaster's Corps. She is stationed at the port of embarkation, and her work is connected with the sending of supplies to the army in France.

J. G. Ryrie, ex.-'14, R.A.F., is the Officer in Charge of the Jessie Ketchum School of Aeronautics, Toronto.

Cadets Emile A. Massé, '17; A. J. Coles, '15, and R. V. Howard, '12, are training with the Royal Air Force at Hamilton.

2nd Lieut. H. H. Webb, '20, R.A.F., has returned to Canada as a result of injuries sustained while flying.

Pte. G. H. Mallory, '20, O.T.C., and M. C. Hooper, ex.-'18, have returned to McMaster to resume their studies.

Capt. Thomas M. Dadson, '06, left Toronto on Monday, October 28th, en route to Siberia, as one of the Chaplains attached to the Canadian Expeditionary Force to that country.

A. T. Mercer, '10, is a Y.M.C.A. Secretary with the American Forces overseas.

Sgt. A. Bisset, '09, is with a forestry corps in Scotland.

Cadet Cecil J. Wilkins, '20, R.A.F., England

"I have been wonderfully fortunate since I left the company on September 29th. On the 30th we were examined by a Major of the Royal Air Force in Paris. Two of us from Toronto passed the test and were told to entrain for Etaples, the General Base Depot. We missed the train, so we had to spend the afternoon in Paris. We visited the "Arc de Triomphe," "Les Tuilleries," "Place de la Concorde" and many other interesting places. I know of no city which can compare with Paris for impressive beauty. A great many of the statues and monuments are still protected by sand bags. The debris caused by the shells and bombs is soon removed, but one still notices rows of houses which have parted with their front walls and piles of bricks, glass, furniture and stock from some stores which would dismay any zealous dealer.

We spent three weeks at Etaples, where I met O. H. MacDonald, of Year '19, and had a few chats with him. Our next move was to Boulogne and from there to 'Blighty,' where we received fourteen days' leave."

Pte. Donald McBain, '18, Salonika Forces.

The following letter was written in Corfu before Pte. McBain returned to England from the Salonika front.

"We have landed safely at Corfu, where we expect to stay for some time. It is an island in the Adriatic Sea which was taken over by the Allies early in the war. It is very beautiful. The mountains and blue water and the green foliage are indescribable. From my tent we can see Albania, seven miles distant. When the sun shines from the south the Albanian hills stand out with remarkable color distinction. The sky, both morning and evening, is beautiful.

Our camp is on the outskirts of the city of Corfu. It is very interesting to walk through the narrow streets which are noisy

and crowded—and filthy. I am acquiring a smattering of the Greek language, but French is just as useful.

There are seven nations well represented on the island. One begins to appreciate what it means to be a British citizen when he meets so many foreigners and compares their customs with his own."

LIEUTENANT ALLISON MINOR FROOM.

Flight-Lieut. A. Minor Froom, who met his death when his machine dived into Lake Ontario on September 23rd, was a member of year '15 of McMaster University.

Minor was born at Ormond Ontario, in 1893. He received his early public school education in Ottawa. In 1906 the family removed to Regina, Saskatchewan, where he completed his elementary and collegiate education. He took a keen interest in the athletic and literary activities of the collegiate. In 1911 he entered Toronto University, where he was elected president of the Western Club, an organization of Western Canadian students. At the end of his second year he came to McMaster, from which institution he graduated in 1915.

The year following his graduation, Lieut. Froom entered Osgoode Hall. He completed his first year's work with first-class honors, and at the same time obtained his Master of Arts degree in political economy from McMaster.

In the autumn of 1916 he entered Harvard University Law School, where he showed great ability as a student and public speaker. During 1917 he engaged in Y.M.C.A. work in Boston with such success that he received a special invitation to undertake Y.M.C.A. work in Russia. This offer he declined in order to join the Royal Air Force.

After a course of instruction in Toronto and neighboring aviation centres, Lieut. Froom was about to leave for service overseas, when the accident occurred which caused his death. He had climbed to a height of 2000 feet in order to give a demonstration of target shooting. After firing three shots the pilot turned the machine for a nose dive. Instead of ascending again the machine continued its descent, and crashed into the lake, carrying the occupant to his death.

Lieut. Froom will long be remembered as a brilliant student, a sincere and sympathetic friend, and as one who gave his life in the service of his country.

To the bereaved relatives we wish to convey the sympathy which our words cannot fully express.

LIEUTENANT ALLISON MINOR FROOM
Killed, September 23rd, 1918.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: ARNOLD E. LOOK, B.TH.

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise."

—*Longfellow.*

AMONG the nations of the ancient world, sun-worship held a position of supreme importance. From the sun came light and life with all the innumerable blessings which these gifts meant to people living in primitive dependence upon the seasons. The fruitfulness of the soil, the growth and harvest of their crops,—in fact, their very existence itself, depended upon the beneficent presence of the sun. When, in Autumn, it gradually dropped toward the southern horizon and the semi-famine of the cold winter season approached, it seemed to them that their source of life was leaving them forever. But, as they watched with growing trepidation and ever increasing anxiety, the sun was observed to halt in its southward journey and then to return toward them with all the glad promise of another season of plenty. Consequently, the winter solstice—December twenty-first—was always a time of great rejoicing, and in time came to be a celebration in which happiness, hope, good will and an interest in the welfare of others were frequently manifested. Thus, it appears that Christmas, with its universal message of joy, peace and good will among men, existed among palaearctic peoples countless ages before Christianity appropriated and enriched its content by adding thoughts of a higher life and giving spiritual dynamic to the existing ethical meaning.

For nineteen centuries the Christmas spirit has been striving for mastery in the hearts of men and of nations. With the possible exception of the second sentence in the Lord's Prayer, no other phrase has occupied a larger place in song and sermon than the angel hymn of Galilee, "Peace on earth, good will among men." In the hearts of men, Christmas has been enthroned as a beautiful, instructive and permanent institution, creating ideals of happy homes and peaceful communities, and giving the inspiration for countless deeds of unselfish sacrifice to promote the happiness and welfare of others. In the hearts of nations, also, although the progress is not so easily traced, the Christmas spirit has been steadily gaining in power and authority. And now, as we have seen hostile tribes and feudal states being gradually welded into national unity and peace during the past, may we not look forward to that future time when hostile nations and empires shall be welded into one permanent universal brotherhood, founded upon the basic principles of altruism and righteousness, and directed by the Prince of Peace?

Inquirer, (hearing sound of much splashing in the bathroom).—"What's that in there,—a fish?"

Voice in reply.—"No, it's only Pyke."

Open Lit.

On Friday evening, November 15th, the ancient and time-honored custom of holding an open meeting of the Literary Society was observed. The President opened the meeting with the singing of the National Anthem, and then called upon two talented members of Year '20, Misses Mabee and Shields, for an instrumental duet. After this number, there arose loud shouts of glee from the front row, wherein were ensconced the ringleaders of the Donkey Club, till finally the young ladies were prevailed upon to give an encore.

Then the President arose and gave voice to many exhortations and entreaties, asking the students to honor and uphold the Literary Society by occupying their places in Castle Memorial Hall each Friday night and by meekly acquiescing to any request made by the program committee.

The next performer on the program was one H. N. Stephens, who did tunefully bellow forth a tale of the joys of Gypsy life; after which the occupants of the front seat once more gave vent to their pent-up feelings; for they so admired his courage in attempting to sing that they wished him to repeat the performance.

Then did a certain freshman, Mr. Mabee by name, imitate sundry twitterings and chirpings, on an instrument of music, which verily made the audience believe that spring had come. With this number, the musical part of the program ended, and each stalwart youth sought out ten fair maidens with whom he might promenade. Then, when they had all tired themselves with walking about, refreshments were served yells given, and the gathering broke up into parties of two.

Freshman-Sophomore Banquet

The annual Freshman-Sophomore banquet was held on Monday evening, November 24th, at the Selby Hotel. In addition to the members of the two years, the presidents and vice-presidents of the two senior years and also the honorary presidents were in attendance. The dinner served in no way disappointed the hopes of the most optimistic, and with the exception of those victims who were destined by unkind gods to make speeches, it was devoured with alarming promptitude. After the wreckage had been cleared away, toasts were inaugurated by Mr. A. H. Carr, President of Year '21, who proposed the toast to the King. His witty remarks, interspersed throughout the evening, were a constant source of enjoyment to all. Mr. W.F. Nelson proposed, and Prof. R. W. Smith replied to, the toast, "McMaster Overseas." "Alma Mater" was proposed by Mr. H. W. Lang, and responded to by Professor W. O. Walker. In humorous vein Mr. W. J. Matthews proposed the toast to "The Ladies," whose case was ably upheld in the reply by Miss M. Starr. To Mr. G. P. Gilmour fell the joyous task of indicting the Freshmen and of acquainting them with their noxious characteristics. So persuasively did he perform his task that Mr. W. J. Wylie, '22, head of that species, was entirely won over to the Sophomore point of view and advanced no defence whatever.

The toasts happily completed, an hour was spent in social conversation and exchange of autographs. In conclusion, the school song was sung and the yells of all the years were heartily given.

Fyfe Day

The opening Fyfe Day of the academic year was held on Tuesday, November 19th. Following the devotional exercises conducted by the President, D. D. Hurst, '19, reports were presented by Miss M. L. Moore, '19, and Mr. A. H. Carr, '21, who attended the Summer Student Conference at Lake Couchiching and Brome Lake, respectively. The speaker of the morning

session was Rev. J. B. McLaurin of India. Mr. McLaurin's unique description of Indian agriculture, architecture, commerce, literature, philosophy and religion proved to be exceedingly interesting and instructive. In the evening, Dr. R. W. Smith delivered an address on medical work in India. Few of those present will ever be able to forget the tragic picture which he drew of the ignorance, sin and general prevalence of preventable diseases in India.

Senior Band

The Band Committee of the Y.M.C.A. announces the organization of the McMaster Evangelistic Band under the leadership of Rev. A. E. Look, President; A. H. Carr, Secretary, and D. D. Hurst, Director of Music. Arrangements have been completed for a series of evangelistic meetings at Dovercourt Rd. Baptist Church from January 19th to 26th, inclusive, and notices of other services will be given out later. The band requests the support of every Christian student both by prayer and active participation in its work. Those desiring to do personal work at the services are requested to make a careful study of the booklet "How to Bring Men to Christ," by R. A. Torrey, and if possible to attend the Thursday evening class which is at present pursuing this study.

The source of that strange, mysterious sound, oscillating between the plaintive bleat of a wandering lamb and the lonely, melancholy call of the coyote, has recently been discovered at the western end of the first flat. We publish the words herewith; but when it comes to reproducing that horrible wail, we refer you to the second five minutes in the melodious vocal exercises of any normal infant who, upon being left alone in a dark room, suddenly decides to call for mother.

Ishkabibble, Ishkabibble,
Ishkabibble, Moo. (*a la* cow—Ed.)
I should worry, I should worry,
I should worry, You. (They *do*—Ed.)
Atski, Haberdasher,
Hii, Kee, Zip, (*a la* melancholy coyote—Ed.)
Twenty-two, Twenty-two
Rip, Rip, Rip.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Marjorie Mallagh, '20.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

ONCE again Christmas is with us—but what a different Christmas compared with those of the past four years! To some it will bring the joy of a family united: to others the joy that although not united, loved ones are out of danger; while to others—ah! to *others*! But then perhaps, they are the ones who have the real joy of Christmas, the joy of a victorious sacrifice, the joy of the realization that the measure of life is service.

Victory Bonds

Last year, it will be remembered, the Women's Student Body purchased two Victory Bonds. This year, when a like opportunity was offered, the women again expressed their desire to make a similar investment. This time, however, the money is being subscribed with the purpose of using the principal for the erection of some form of memorial to the McMaster men who have fallen in battle.

Christmas Boxes

This fall, as in the past three years, the Student Body united with the Alumnae and Alumni Associations in sending Christmas boxes to "McMaster Overseas." Saturday, November 9th, was a busy day for those in charge of arrangements, but we feel that they are to be congratulated upon the speedy and efficient manner in which the 125 boxes were packed and made ready for mailing. Although it has been felt a privilege to do this, we are happy in the realization that it was for the last time.

Once again the Women's Literary Society has decided to present a "Big Play." "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has been decided upon, and under the instruction of Miss Stevenson, the girls are already conscientiously practising. A play such as this means a great deal of time and trouble, not only to those taking part but to those in charge, and it is "up to the rest of us to talk it up."

Women's Play

Although for the last two years, the W.A.A. has had the privilege of using the tennis courts of Walmer Road Church, this year for the first time an inter-year tournament was held. The honors were very keenly contested, but finally carried off by the Sophettes, represented by Miss Jean Robertson and Miss Nell Curtiss, who deserve all the praise which their opponents generously handed them. We express the hope that this may be only the beginning of tennis activity among the women of the University, although we regret the fact that no tennis courts nearer than Walmer Road are available for our use.

Tennis

The regular meeting of November 15th was preceded by an informal "sing-song," heartily enjoyed by all. Then the President opened the meeting with an outline and discussion of the purpose of the Association, i.e., "to lead students to a knowledge of God in Christ Jesus and his discipleship in every department of conduct." This was followed by a talk called "Impressions," given by Miss Hilda Berst, in which we were reminded that "only the overflow of our own lives helps others." After a very graphic description of camp life at the Summer Conference at Lake Couchiching by Miss Marjorea Moore, the meeting was brought to a close.

Y.W.C.A.

At the meeting of the W.L.S. on Friday, November 22nd, the first of the series of year programs was given by the Sophettes, and a high standard indeed was set for the other years entering this contest. After a brief business session the judges and expectant audience were greatly amused by Miss Margaret Mason's humorous description of a son-in-law's preparation for a visit from his wife's mother. The usual kindly treatment was to be accorded that much-slandered woman. There followed two scenes from

W.L.S.

Dicken's "Christmas Carol," showing in the first the preparations for Christmas at the home of Scrooge's nephew and in the second the awakening of Scrooge on Christmas morning and the evidence of his reformation.

Miss Rivka Levi briefly reviewed the life of Grieg, and his struggle to realize his ambition for Norwegian national music, preparing us for the excellent rendering of one of his studies by Miss Enid Hounsom.

The Current Events paper, read by Miss Marion Royce, displayed an uncanny knowledge of our unfortunate slips (where guilty consciences troubled we inwardly queried, "How could she have found out that I . . . .?"). We quickly forgot our fears, however, when there before us, in the person of Miss Jean Robertson, we saw our childhood's heroine, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, "as large as life and twice as natural." After having heard her ecstatically describe the exceptional merits of Rose Red and Snow White soap, one could not blame Mr. Aladdin for purchasing three hundred cakes.

A sketch of the life of Lt.-Col. John McCrae by Miss E. Burridge filled us with pride in the life and death of our countryman. Then, to a most impressive setting, Miss Helen Gilmour sang "In Flanders Field." It was a call to service which very fittingly closed the afternoon's program.

Annual Reception

Why was there so much restlessness among the Freshettes in First Year Bible on the afternoon of Friday, November 29th? Oh, that is easily explained! They were to be excused a whole fifteen minutes earlier than usual in preparation for the Annual Reception of the Women's Literary Society and the Y.W.C.A.

After the guests had been received in the Chapel by Mrs. McLay, Mrs. McNairn, Miss McLaurin and Miss Brooks, a program was provided by the Sophettes. Tea was then served in the Ladies' Room, the Faculty Room and the Chapel, where daintily-decorated tables were laden with all manner of delicious refreshments.

The departure of the guests did not bring the good time to an end. Supper, slightly more substantial than that served to our visitors, was enjoyed by both the present Women's Student Body and a number of graduates. An impromptu program followed during the course of which a number of impromptu speeches were given. In one of these we were given some of the reasons why that thirty-five per cent. of women *had* married.

The city was asleep; it was that hour just before dawn when the western world, lying in peaceful slumber awaits the birth of the new day. From that land across the seas where people could not sleep on in that blessed assurance that "all is well" there flashed over the mighty ocean the message that the armistice had been signed, that fighting would immediately cease, that peace would be restored to a world which for four long years had endured the sorrows, the bloodshed and all the other miseries attendant upon war. Before many minutes had passed, every bell and every whistle, every instrument productive of noise had been brought into action; no longer was the city asleep.

Armistice Day

From the street came weird sounds, noises of a strange character; still the whistles blew; still the bells rang out in their ceaseless proclamation of Victory. Small boys yelled; big boys shouted; women laughed or cried hysterically, and even the men, those ever sensible, unemotional creatures, gave vent to their joy in the most boisterous manner.

"Tap, tap, tap," rang the hammers as flags were hung out.

"War Extries! War Extries!" cried the newsboy, and in the midst of the confusion, from the pocket of a small boy, a tiny alarm-clock joyously mingled its "buzz" with the other noises, nor did it possess its usual formidable tone; its owner was already up, and it had only to cheer him on his way.

Upon such scenes the new day dawned and with the passing of each moment the excitement became greater. Soon bonfires lit up the street and blocked the car tracks; excited children (and even "grown-ups"!) paraded back and forth beating old kettles and shouting wildly; grotesquely-decorated automobiles forced their way through the crowded streets; great trucks, filled with men and women, boys and girls, all shouting and gesticulating, crawled slowly through the streets, leaving behind them trails of talcum powder. All sought Yonge Street and the business section of the city. Who would arrive there first?

Not alone on the sidewalk, but right down the middle of the road, people rushed blindly on. Some were singing, some were yelling, while a small minority quietly took their joy in watching the joy of others. A large number carried feather dusters laden with talcum powder; these discharged their contents upon the person of any individual with whom they happened to come in contact, and people ran about in a vain effort to avoid them. Above the city, several airmen were "stunt-

ing'' with their planes as an expression of their joy at the coming of peace.

The hearts of all alike had been freed; a strain had been lifted from their minds and hearts, and they *had* to give vent to their feelings.

Just what did the cessation of hostilities mean to this vast, excited mob of people? To some, the return of loved ones from yonder where they had been fighting; to others the sad realization that their dear ones would never return; to the whole world, and perhaps to Canada, especially, the beginning of a new era.

But does the mob realize its responsibilities in this new era, in the problems of reconstruction? Perhaps not; yet, when on that Monday morning, thousands of voices were raised in praise and thanksgiving to Him ''who is the giver of every good and perfect gift'' our fears were dispelled. The hand that brought us victory in war shall bring us the greater victories of peace, and we shall say with Milton:

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

—'22.

Athletics

Editor: J. B. Smart, '19.

With the following games of soccer, our fall term of athletics closes after a most successful season as far as the players are concerned. The interest taken in the schedule was indeed enthusiastic on their part. Outside of this, only a few students took enough interest to witness a game. This lack of sporting enthusiasm cannot be blamed on the contests, as they were full of ''pep'' and the rivalry was unusually keen. We will leave the reader to analyze his own case.

Seniors and Theologues, 1; *Juniors and Sophomores*, 1.—What was, without doubt, the most interesting and exciting game of soccer which has been played this fall, was staged on November 14th. The championship and cup were at stake, and it was not to be won without a struggle. Although the Juniors and Sophs. were much lighter and swifter men, the weight of their opponents held them well in check. The contest was run in two twenty minute periods with two minutes intermission. From

the blow of the whistle to the end of the period the ball was kept in lively motion, now at one end of the field and then at the other. It was even, steady playing, with here and there a few snappy runs. On the senior team, MacDonald, as usual, held his record as a star defence, while Hurst, Smith and Watson, on the forward line, kept their opponents on tip-toe. Half time was called without a score for either side. With the opening of the second period the men settled down to hard play again. Before long the efforts of the Juniors and Sophs. were rewarded when they made a break, and, speeding down the field, passed the defence line, with a neat pass to Nelles who registered the first tally. For some time now the play was with the heavier team, and it was not long before Watson, coming out of a scramble before the goal, by a little head play, nodded the sphere between the posts. At the close of the period neither team had succeeded in breaking the tie. The line-up was as follows:—Seniors and Theology—Burns, Burgess, Priddle, MacDonald, Smart, Sinclair, Hurst, Smith, Watson, Clasper, and Dennis. Second and Third Years.—Dingle, Pearce, Nelles, Schatz, Doolittle, Gilmour, Carr, Donaldson, McCoy, Oddy, and McLay.

Seniors and Theologues, 0; *Juniors and Sophomores*, 1.—The Seniors and Theologues who met the Second and Third Year team on the following afternoon, appeared some the worse for their strenuous game the previous day. The only change in line-up was Coleman substituted for Priddle on the Senior team. During the first half, the play was fairly even, both sides striving to open up the scoring. MacDonald and Watson put up some good individual work for Theology, while Doolittle, by his long punting, prevented several threatening plays for his team. In spite of the numerous corner kicks conceded, at half time neither side had scored. When play was resumed, the Juniors went off with a bang, but before they could score MacDonald came to the rescue and carried the ball well down the field where the play was held. Once, twice, thrice, the goal posts shivered from the Seniors' blows, but it seemed hard to find the space between. At this stage of the play, Carr accomplished several stops from close range, and really saved the day. For a time wild kicking by both teams somewhat marred the play until the Juniors gathered strength and brought the ball dangerously near Theology goal. It was not until five minutes of full time that Pearce, with a clear shot, registered a point for Second and Third years. The Seniors tried hard to tie the score, but defence proved stronger than attack. The Juniors and Sophs. were victors.

By winning this game, the soccer championship is ceded to the Second and Third Years in Arts. It will be recalled that Theology held the cup last year, and with sincere regret they hand it over to their recent victors.

Wycliffe, 3; *McMaster*, 1.— McMaster responded to Wycliffe's challenge to an exhibition game of soccer on November 26th, and for the first time in over a year Varsity Front Campus resounded to the ring of the McMaster yell as our boys took the field. The line-up was as follows:

Wycliffe.—Golding, Barlow, Lea, Swan, Gillman, Leigh, Lewis, Atkinson, Duddley and Jones.

McMaster—Carr, MacDonald, Doolittle, Hurst, Sinclair, Wylie, Watson, Schatz, Dingle, Nelles and Pearce.

Referee—Geohegan, of Wycliffe.

From all appearance, it looked at first as if McMaster would walk off with the "cake." Our backfielders stood shivering in the cold; but before long Wycliffe came back, and only by hard individual work, did Mac. hold them to middle field. Here the argument was fought until Wycliffe, in full combination, broke away and with a leap and a bound went down the grade to score. Before the goals, MacDonald proved but a temporary check, and Lewis, receiving the ball on his chest, carried the first point for Wycliffe. Wycliffe was exuberant. Mac. didn't care. They seemed to have given up all hope of winning against the Old Country players, and in short order Gillman, of Wycliffe, registered another notch for his team. Our "Dan" seemed to be all over centre field, and broke up several combination plays, which no doubt would have been disastrous for Mac. had they once gained headway. One more rush by Wycliffe and the sphere just dribbled through our men, nor did it stop until Lewis scored the third goal. At half time the standing was Wycliffe 3, McMaster 0. In the second half, the play was much faster and more exciting throughout. Mac. was at her best and kept her opponents in check. On the forward line, Watson exhibited some fine combination work, putting up the best game, and even finding time to correct the referee on several occasions. Wycliffe was busy on the defensive now with our team knocking hard at their goals. A general scramble ensued during which a foul was ruled against the Anglicans, giving Mac. a penalty kick. Watson ticked it off just as he had calculated, breaking the goose-egg. With earnest playing the kick-off was brought once more on to foreign soil. The referee, at this point,

called a foul on McMaster, but the play did not stop until the boys once more saw the ball roll through Wycliffe goal. Of course it could not be counted, but it roused their spirits, and they went hard at it again. With five minutes to play, on Wycliffe fouling before their goal, Watson was given another penalty kick. His shot, this time, unfortunately, was a little high, and at the close of the period we have the score—Wycliffe, 3; McMaster, 1.

The Athletic Association of McMaster has entered a team in the Intermediate series of the O.H.A.. This is a bold move for an association which has been almost dormant for three or four years. It was not done, however, without careful consideration, and the success of our undertaking will depend largely upon the support it receives from every member of the University. It is not enough for only those who expect to make a place on the team to be enthusiastic. We have not undertaken this for the amusement of a few hockey players, but for the purpose of reviving sports in McMaster.

The task of building up a team out of the scant material in McMaster is a difficult one, and the strength of the team will depend chiefly upon two things. Firstly, every man who can skate and handle a stick must turn out. You may think that you cannot play well enough to make the team, but the manager may think differently. The best players are not always those who think they can play. Even if you are not successful your services will be very valuable in helping to train those who are. Let us have a large turn-out at every practise. In the second place the success of the team will depend on how hard the players try. We do not expect to have a championship team, but if each player will get into the best of condition and play with all the energy and enthusiasm of which he is capable, there is no reason why we can not, at least do credit to our Alma Mater.

A meeting of the Athletic Association on November 14th elected N. F. Smith as manager of our O.H.A. team, with A. Sinclair and J. B. Smart as his assistants. At a subsequent meeting of hockey promoters the following officers were chosen to supervise our hockey efforts for the coming season:

Honorary Patrons, E. C. Fox, J. Firstbrook; Honorary President, Chancellor McCrimmon; President, H. W. Lang; Vice-President, Professor McLay; Business Manager, D. D. Hurst; Secretary, S. N. Schatz, Treasurer, A. H. Carr.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

ALUMNI organization in American colleges and universities is a comparatively recent development. Though the graduates of the earlier American colleges had a certain influence on the policies and growth of their Alma Mater, it is only within the last twenty-five years that these organizations have become a factor of any great importance. In fact, this development is so recent that its significance is not sufficiently realized, least of all perhaps by the alumni themselves. When it is considered how vitally alumni influence enters into the life of our colleges and universities at the present time, the small space devoted to these organizations in most university histories and works on higher education in America is significant. It suggests at least just how much of a departure from those long educational precedents which lie behind our college system, is this habit of graduates to organize for fellowship and for the good of their respective institutions."

The above extract is from a survey of alumni organization recently published by The Association of Alumni Secretaries in the United States. It is significant to McMaster Alumni that the past twenty-five years is spoken of as the period of greatest development in alumni organization and influence; this is the period during which McMaster has been developing, and the question naturally arises as to whether McMaster graduates are keeping pace with the trend indicated in the extract. Are not further developments in order, in the way of organization of local branches, and widening of activities on the part of graduates? Both the graduates and the university would benefit by a consolidation and coordination of the sentiments which already exist in the hearts of the graduates towards Alma Mater. Now that the war is practically over, more attention can be devoted to such problems. The editor will be glad to throw open this column for a discussion of practical suggestions.

Items of personal news concerning graduates have not been quite as numerous this month as they sometimes are. That may be an indication that the graduates are not moving as much as formerly, or it may mean that information concerning their movements has not reached this office. The editor will at all times welcome items of interest to be passed on to the other graduates through the medium of this column.

'95.—S. T. Tarr died in Woodstock on November 15th from the effects of an operation. This news will come as a great shock to Mr. Tarr's many friends, in the east and in Winnipeg where his residence has been for a number of years. He was widely known as the editor of *Canadian Finance,* and took a large part in public life in Winnipeg. One of his fellow-citizens says, "I believe there has been no finer personal influence in the business and civic life of Winnipeg." It is hoped that next month a suitable obituary notice will be published in THE MONTHLY. Meantime we would extend sympathy to Mrs. Tarr (nee Miss McKechnie, of Woodstock), and other relatives.

'02.—Rev. David Alexander, Theol., who until recently held a pastorate in Brantford, has accepted a call to the church in Portage la Prairie, Man.

'05.—Rev. O. C. Gray, of Niagara Falls, has accepted a call to the Bruce Ave. Baptist Church, Windsor, Ont.

'05.—Mr. J. B. McArthur had charge of the recent Victory Loan campaign in the Sudbury and Manitoulin districts. A week before the close of the drive his district had reached and surpassed its objective, and at the end was second in the Roll of Honour, having secured 182 per cent., or almost twice the amount expected.

'05.—Rev. E. R. Fitch has become pastor of Lombard Ave. Church, Oak Park, Ill.

'08.—It is our sad duty to record the deaths of two members of Class '08, these being C. A. Curtis and W. Brooks Waters, both of whom were victims of the prevailing epidemic of influenza.

C. Arthur Curtis died on November 15th after an illness of two weeks. Mr. Curtis was a native of Simcoe, Ont. After attending Port Rowan High School and the Ottawa Normal School, he entered McMaster in 1904. After graduation here he took the M.Sc. degree at the University of Alberta. In 1910 he joined the staff of Strathcona High School, Edmonton, taking charge of the science department. He gained a reputation as one of the leading science teachers in the province. For three years he was president of the Edmonton High School Teachers' Association. He was a member of First Baptist Church, Strathcona, in which his last work was the planning of a forward movement. His pastor, Rev. S. Everton, speaks of Mr. Curtis as one of his choicest members. Mr. Curtis is survived by his wife, nee Miss Hattie McCurdy, of Vienna, Ont., and by two brothers and two sisters.

William Brooks Waters died of pneumonia in Calgary on

November 18th. Mr. Waters was the only son of Mrs. Emma Waters, of Guelph. Before taking his Arts course, Mr. Waters had some years' business experience, which stood him in good stead when he took the position of business manager of THE MONTHLY. He held a captaincy in the Royal Canadian Regiment, London. After graduation in 1908 he took the law course, and in 1911 began the practice of that profession in Calgary. He was regarded as one of the promising young lawyers of that city. He leaves a widow and three young children.

To the relatives of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Waters, THE MONTHLY extends sympathy.

'10.—Rev. John Clifford, D.D., on the occasion of his eighty-second birthday, received a telegram from the King, as follows: "Buckingham Palace, October, 16th, 1918. I offer you my hearty congratulations upon your eighty-second birthday and the diamond jubilee of your ministry at Westbourne Park Chapel, which you celebrate to-day. George R.I." On the day previous the Archbishop of Canterbury sent Dr. Clifford a letter of "congratulation and assurance of remembrance in prayers." McMaster University has the honour of having Dr. Clifford's name on her roll of Alumni, he having accepted the degree D.D. in 1910.

'12.—"The Fighting Men of Canada," is the title of a book of poetry recently published by Douglas Leader Durkin, who is an ad eundem graduate of 1912, and who is spoken of as "the Canadian Kipling of the war."

'15.—J.P.R. Marichal, M.A., formerly of the staff of Queen's University, and now residing in Birmingham, England, has published a "Primer of French Literature and History."

'15.—J. H. C. Graham was a member of the Dominion Executive in connection with the recent Victory Loan Campaign.

'16.—A. F. Vollett is teaching at Veteran, Alberta.

'16.—Rev. E. C. Gosnell, Theol., has resigned the pastorate of Ridgetown to accept a call to Kingsville and Brooker.

'17.—Miss Winnifred Grindell, who has been with the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co. for the past year as chemist, has been transferred from Montreal to the Dominion Tire factory at Kitchener, Ont.

'17.—Miss Bessie Cooke and Miss Marion Grimshaw who have been with the British Chemical Co. at Trenton, Ont., have left since Armistice Day and have taken positions as chemists with the American Cyanamid Co., Niagara Falls, Ont.

'18.—Rev. C. E. Dougan, Theol., has settled with the church at Arnprior.

EDITOR: MISS E. MARION STILLWELL '20.

"What matter how the night behaved,
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all thy snow
Can quench the hearth-fire's ruddy glow."
—*Whittier.*

IT'S very becoming to the universe, snow is!" remarks Rebecca, quaintly. And very becoming indeed is the world's new December dress. Gently the sky has been laying a snowy coverlet over the barren earth, busily it has been "heaping field and highway with a silence deep and white." Now we no longer see the last withered leaves of fall, but a blanket of dazzling white, promise of a glorious winter. As we step out into a new and beautiful world we exclaim with Lowell:

"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl."

To us snow symbolizes purity, peace, a veritable Christmastide of "Peace on earth, good will to men." This December for the first time in four years, we may make our preparations for Christmas feeling that in truth dawn comes after the darkest night. Only yesterday we were reading that our Canadian lads will celebrate Christmas on German soil. How better can we express our gratitude than to exclaim with Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one!"

PROGRESS.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten!
For, lo! our day bursts up the sky:
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

—*Massey*

—Written in the night of waiting, appreciated in the glorious day of fulfilment.

The great war has been the inspiration of a burst of poetry, little of it, perhaps, immortal, but most of it possessing a ring of real feeling. In an out-of-the-way corner we have discovered an anonymous poem, written in the "braid Scots," which Bobbie Burns made so dear to us. There is a haunting melancholy in this Highland mother's lament which moves us in spite of ourselves:

My laddie lies awa' frae me,
My laddie lies ayont the sea!
In Holy Land, where Jesus bled,
Folk tell me that my son lies dead.

Gone is the laughter from the glen
And lonesome is my but and ben:
But hovers yet on howe an' hill
The dear old sounds no woe can kill.

. . . . .

Like Mary stand I at the Cross—
Sisters together in our loss;
O Living Christ! I lean on Thee,
For without Thee my he'rt wad dee.

A recent article in the "*Amulet*" throws a very interesting light on the "slang" problem, which is proving such a menace to the very existence of our time-honoured "King's English." The writer's definition of slang is unique. "In the exuberance of mental activity and the natural delight of language-making, slang is a necessary evil. The beloved slang of to-day is a peculiar kind of vagabond language always hanging upon the outskirts of legitimate speech,—a new word that has no reason for being." In our quest for knowledge concerning slang we accompany the writer to a large modern hospital, bearing over the door the inscription, "All kinds of poor English admitted." . . . The hospital is divided into wards, according to the seriousness

of the patient's condition. In the first ward we find football heroes suffering from injuries peculiar to such. Their conversation is decidedly spicy. . . . . "Jolly good care they take of a guy here. Had a stunning glass of milk and a piece of exquisitely tough beefsteak this a.m. Hey, can that stuff, can't you?"

Hastily we pass on to the next ward, hoping to find conditions improved, but we discover a group of thieves engaged in a heated discussion. As we approach, we hear an urgent whisper, "Hey, there, douse the glim; here comes the old Doc. I'm going to try my luck on the old guy; maybe I can pinch the old bag-o'-bones' wad and ticker."

In despair we turn to the room adjacent to this ward, which is occupied by a man whom the authorities tell us is the worst case in the hospital. It is because he has been a waiter in New York and has been accustomed to using so much slang that one day he was overcome by an expression and brought to the hospital in an ambulance in a great hurry. We do not wonder as we hear him giving imaginary orders. "Twelve alive in the shell," (a dozen raw oysters) . "Rush the biddies on a raft," he cries to the man ordering eggs on toast. "Two on a raft, wreck 'em," he roars, (scrambled eggs on toast).

Just as we are leaving our attention is attracted to a very noisy ward, which we are told is the department for college girls. We listen a moment at the door and catch a few expressions. "Oh, do look out the window and see that exquisite, lovely pug dog! That fellow that's leading him looks cold as ice, but what a divine mustache he has!" So familiar does it sound that we are tempted to linger, but our guide sternly hastens on. As we descend the broad steps of the hospital we ask ourselves uneasily, "How long will it be before I am brought to this hospital?"

The "High School Souvenir" from Medicine Hat informs us that "a paper without a humourous touch would be as anachronistic as a circus without an elephant." In view of this fact, we shall continue to print jokes, despite the suggestions of one fair co-ed that "the Monthly jokes be printed on onion skin paper that they may be more easily seen through."

The following are some rules for residents:

1. If the room is too warm, open the windows and see the fire escape.

2. If you wish to practice baseball you will find a pitcher on the stand.

3. As there is no clock in the room, you can hear the bed tick.

4. Don't be worried about your board bill, the school is supported by its foundations.—*The Amulet.*

A story is told of a soldier in a restaurant who asked for hock. "Bring me some hock," he said; "you know what I mean. Hic—haec—hoc." When the waiter did not return he called him and demanded his hock. "Oh" said the waiter, "you asked for hock and then you declined it."—*High School Souvenir.*

College definitions:
Freshmen—Irresponsible.
Sophomores—Irrepressible.
Juniors—Irresistible.
Seniors—Irreproachable.—*The Amulet.*

Mrs. A. (enthusiastically)—My husband is going to buy me such a lot of Christmas presents this year.

Mrs. B.—Why, how do you know?

Mrs. A.—Oh, I've bought nearly all of them already!"—*Ex.*

Edna.—Do you speak to him?

Flora.—No, I give him the geological survey whenever I pass him on the street.

Edna.—What's that?

Flora.—Oh, that's the scientific term for "stony stare.—*Ex.*

Straight from the Front.—One of the 30,000 Y.M.C.A. workers was ordered to report for duty at Eagle Hut, London.

When she reported she was ordered to scrub the floors.

Gathering the necessary articles she began her task. After a while the water became very dirty. Hailing a passing soldier she asked for more water. An electric silence followed; then—

"But, d—n it, madam, I'm an officer!"

This time there was no silence.

"But, d—n it, officer, I'm a duchess!"

(Question.—Did she get the water?)—*Contributed.*

Head of the house (roaring with rage).—"Who in thunder told you to put on that paper?"

Decorator (meekly).—"Your wife, sir."

Head of the house (subduing).—"Pretty, isn't it?"

—*Contributed.*

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Clinging Snows.

An American Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1918.

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CASA LOMA*.

Above the city looking toward the bay,
  Serenely great as if a builder's hand
  From some far-off divinely ancient land,
Had reared its fortress walls of flinted gray,
The castle lifts its stalwart majesty;
  And day by day some beauty-loving band
  Views with delight its towers princely grand,
Cleave the pure air with matchless symmetry.

O brother worker, why so ill at ease,
  Beneath the frowning gaze of costly walls?
The fear within you is the canker-lees
  Poisoning the source from whence all beauty falls.
Lift up your earthward eyes and clearly see
That grace and charm have come to dwell with thee.

—Clarence J. Thoms, '16.

*The name of the beautiful residence of Sir Henry Pellatt, K.B., of Toronto.

RAILWAY RATES AND THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION.*

TO the political economist whose mental processes are quantitatively analytical, railway rates offer a field of useful study which, at the same time, is intricate as chess and interesting as the Secret Service. That is not to suggest that the man who essays dissection of a rate structure should consider his effort unsuccessful or incomplete unless he uncovers proof of trade ruthlessness, violating all canons of human fair-dealing, save charging "what the traffic will bear," that putative *ultima Thule* of competitive business. Dr. MacGibbon has made more than a superficial study of his subject. The book throughout gives evidence of painstaking research; his findings are advanced with that dignity of style, cautiousness of statement, and absence of bias which distinguish the scientist from the more reckless propagandist. The author was peculiarly fitted for undertaking a study of this character. After completing his Arts course at McMaster University, he spent some time in postgraduate work at the University of Chicago. While at the latter institution he accepted an appointment to the staff of Brandon College, but devoted several summer quarters to the continuance of the courses in Chicago. The result is that he received his undergraduate training in an Eastern atmosphere, studied the problem under Western conditions, and completed his dissertation for the Doctorate on neutral soil, in that city where East and West of this continent meet—Chicago. The thesis was awarded first prize by the committee in charge of the Hart, Schaffner and Marx Essay Competition, an annual contest which Canadians have established the habit of winning every two or three years.

The study is in two parts, the first being a background of the rate problem. In this section, Dr. MacGibbon surveys in successive chapters the development of Canadian waterways, the railway policy of the Confederation Provinces, and the era of

*"*Railway Rates and the Canadian Railway Commission*," by D. A. MacGibbon, M.A., Ph.D., Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1917, 8vo.

transcontinentals; analyzes the results of Canadian transportation growth; and outlines the machinery of public control over rates. In Part II is presented a study of actual rate regulation by the Board of Railway Commissioners, from which are deduced the rate theories developed in connection with such regulation. The author shows how the Canadian waterways system was developed with the idea of capturing and controlling the carrying trade and commerce of the West; how the advent of direct and convenient lines of railways into the Middle Western States prompted the building of Canadian railroads, with a view to protecting the heavy capital investment already made in development of the water route; how this national purpose behind the incorporation of the Grand Trunk Railway was thwarted by the English directors and a policy adopted which looked to the complete absorption of through traffic by the rail service; how considerations of political stability and military expediency were mainly responsible for determining the route of the Intercolonial Railway; how the national ambitions to preempt Western territory lest it be won by the United States and to retain Western Canadian traffic to Canadian trade channels provided the driving force responsible for the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and how similar considerations lay behind the construction of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern transcontinental lines.

As the result of this development, Canada to-day has a railroad net in the Eastern Provinces, in close conjunction with waterways, and in the West an expansion resembling in shape a partly opened fan, the Western system lacking complications produced by a competing water route. Dr. MacGibbon points to the vast, undeveloped stretch of non-traffic-producing territory north of Lake Superior and, with qualifications, admits possibilities of agricultural development of the Clay Belt which may improve the railway situation. One may question whether he fully appreciates the potentialities of this 600-mile stretch. It is true that the Canadian Pacific Railway passes through a barren, rocky wilderness but, farther north, both the Canadian

Northern Railway and the National Transcontinental lie within rich agricultural territory. The West developed first, for the reason that it was cleared and ready for the homesteader, but Northwestern Ontario offers land quite as fertile as the prairies and with present prices for pulpwood the cost of clearing should no longer deter the settler. Development of this Clay Belt land is now planned under Government auspices with attractive community features, and such settlement should go far towards overcoming a factor which not only has complicated our railroad system but has also been of tremendous importance in separating East and West. Canada may yet have "Middle States," with "East becoming West by insensible gradations."

Dr. MacGibbon's judgment on the Board of Railway Commissioners is epitomized in his concluding sentence: "It has essentially functioned as a convenient informal court of justice rather than as a regulative commission." It may be added that the analysis of the Board's findings shows that considerations of "expediency" have influenced its pronouncements largely, that the Board's decisions often have been made without exact information, but nevertheless with an approximation to justice, and that the Commission has not always been meticulously consistent or happy in its economic reasoning. The author finds that the natural features of the Canadian transportation system tend to reduce the Board's powers to fairly narrow limits. In the Maritme Provinces, Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia, water competition is adjudged the real arbiter of railroad freight rates, although the carriers are conceded discretionary rights as to whether or not they shall meet water competition. Because the freight tariffs in Eastern Canada are "controlled" in this way, a greater burden of fixed costs is imposed on the West, through high rates on local traffic. In Dr. MacGibbon's own words, "the railways are charging what the traffic will bear, and the only parts of Canada available for this procedure are the Prairie Provinces."

In adjudicating complaints involving allegations of excessive rates, the Board has held that there shall be allowed a fair

return on the funds actually invested in the enterprise, although such decisions suggest some haziness as to the actual capital which the Commission intends to protect. Here then, apparently, is the crux of the rate "problem." Parliament is held primarily responsible for existence of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific systems in the West. The Board, bound by the principle of protecting the capital investment, plainly is powerless to reduce rates below what will give a reasonable return, regardless of the fact that such rates have to be based on the costs of the carrier in the position of greatest strategic disadvantage. The so-called "lame ducks" must be protected, because Parliament authorized them.

Dr. MacGibbon considers the Western demand that there should be a parity between rates East and West and finds that the Railway Board's refusal of the application "can scarcely be challenged"; since the causes of the present disparity "inhere in the concrete physical situation." "Since the Board has failed to settle the difficulty, the duty will devolve upon Parliament to make the attempt," he says. Use of the word "duty" would seem to be unfortunate in this connection, unless Dr. MacGibbon wishes to endorse "the modern neo-mercantilistic tendency to manipulate rates for social ends," a tendency of which he finds complete absence in the decisions of the Board. Why is Parliament bound to give to Western Canada advantages to which geographical position and density of population do not naturally entitle it? Why not also by Governmental action equalize productivity of the soil in different sections, or by *ukase* give to the prospector within the Arctic Circle a daily delivery of pasteurized milk, since such a service is enjoyed by the city dweller? It is true that Parliament has a serious railway problem, resulting from failure of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railway companies to meet their obligations, but Western Canada has no present claim in equity for a reduction of local rates to the Eastern Canada level. Neo-Mercantilism perhaps could make out a better case, but for the Free Trade West to appeal to such argument would seem to involve repudiation of

the economic principles which it evokes religiously in the tariff and other issues

One could wish that Dr. MacGibbon had extended his study to include an examination of the influence of United States rates (and the policies under which they were established) upon the Canadian rate situation, and also a more exhaustive comparison of the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission with that of the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada. But the volume under review does not profess to be an analysis of Canadian rates: rather it is an interpretive review of the rulings of the Railway Board. As such it is valuable, but of even greater importance is the clear vision which it affords of the complicated Canadian railway situation and the latter's far-reaching effects. If the book should go to a second edition, its value would be enhanced by a less confused railway map of the Dominion and by inclusion of the statute from which the Board of Railway Commissioners derives its present powers.

—S. Roy Weaver, '10.

HOPE AILEEN GRAY.

THE class of 1909 of McMaster lost one of its best-loved members on February 4th, 1918, in the death of Hope Gray. Though she had been ill for almost two years, the news of her death came as a shock to her friends and even to her nearest relatives, who believed her to be well on the way to recovery.

Miss Gray was born at Eden, Ontario, on October 17th, 1883. When she was very young her mother died leaving three children; the eldest, Grace, who is now a nurse in England, Hope, and Dwight, who was then a mere baby. Perhaps their loss helped to bind the children more closely together and to their father; for one knows of few families where such a beautiful friendliness and devotion of each member to the others' interests have characterized their life even after they have been long

separated. Perhaps, too, she who later became to them a true mother, did much to produce this rare spirit, for she was always mentioned with the greatest affection by them, and one needed to know only one member of the family to be convinced that they had had unusual advantages of home life and training.

Miss Gray received her High School and Normal training at Woodstock, as the family lived there for a time. Later they returned to Eden where she taught in the public school and

began what proved to be a short but very successful career as a teacher.

In the fall of 1905 Miss Gray entered McMaster and there made for herself a warm place in the hearts of students and professors alike. She entered whole-heartedly into the college life and was especially helpful in Y.W.C.A. and Literary Society meetings. She was an excellent student, almost always obtaining first-class standing in her work.

But as one thinks of her college life it is not her scholarship that comes first to mind, but her influence. In some subtle way she made herself a power in the school. Everyone felt that her judgment was to be relied upon and in a very real way she made herself a friend to all.

After her graduation she spent a year at the Faculty of Education, where her teaching received the very highest criticisms. It mattered not what the subject was—Mathematics, Latin, History—all were as much commended as those lessons she taught in her own special department, Moderns and English.

During her college course she had boarded at Moulton College, and in 1910 she was appointed to the staff of that institution as teacher of Latin and History.

For almost six years she filled that position most acceptably, until in November, 1915, her mother died, and she went west at Christmas time to live with her father. Those who had the privilege of working with her remember well with what wonderful fortitude and cheerfulness she carried on her work from November until Christmas under the sorrow of her mother's death and the loneliness and constant anxiety caused by her sister's absence overseas.

In September, 1916, she resumed her work at Moulton, but she had had a trying summer and was in poor health to begin the term. Shortly before Christmas she became quite ill and was forced to give up her work entirely. She had the good fortune to have her sister home on leave for part of that winter.

From this time Miss Gray's life was a constant struggle against weakness, but she strove so bravely against depression and discouragement that even those who saw her frequently were deceived and encouraged to hope for a speedy and complete restoration to health. She was always bright and hopeful, and at times almost buoyantly cheerful, and although she felt very keenly the necessity of giving up her teaching, which she loved, one never heard her complain.

In October, 1917, her doctors advised an operation, which seemed in every way to have been successful. Miss Gray and her

friends were much encouraged when she was able to take fairly long walks, and with returning strength she began to look forward to joining her father in Alberta. However, a return of the old trouble brought discouragement and the resolve to consult the Mayo Brothers. Her father came to Toronto to accompany her, and they left about the middle of January. From Rochester she wrote very cheerfully, saying that the specialists had assured her that her case had been properly treated and that it was only a matter of time until she should regain her strength.

While travelling farther west she was taken seriously ill at St. Paul, and lived only ten days in utter weariness and exhaustion, but happily with little pain, and at last slept away on Monday, February 4th. She was buried in her much-loved Eden, her old home.

One thinks of Hope Gray as a girl who in every relation of life went the "second mile," gladly, unselfishly, because it was her nature to do so. In work a splendid enthusiasm and zeal carried her far beyond the "absolutely required amount." She had a singularly keen sense of duty, but she brought to each task so much good-will and humour and spontaneous kindliness that no duty was merely a duty.

The same obtained in her social relations. She was one whose frank cordial manner won her many friends; but to those who had known her long and intimately, she was more than friend. To the Moulton girls, her students, she was never merely a teacher, but, unselfish with her time, she became to many a close friend and confidante, helpful and inspiring, and to one and all she seemed to radiate loving sympathy and good humour.

In the Honour Rolls of Moulton College and McMaster University the name of Hope Gray should stand high as one who gave herself generously in the service for the sake of Him "in whom all things consist."

Great sympathy is felt for her relatives and friends and all, who, having loved her,

> "Long for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

TIMOTHY'S COAL PROBLEM.

TIMOTHY Jessup believed that a man should be master in his own house. He expressed his opinion on the subject so frequently and so forcibly that Emma Jessup, a gay bit of girlhood some thirty years ago, had almost forgotten that she was ever other than the drab little shadow who had learned the folly of expressing an opinion of her own.

Not that Timothy meant to be unkind, or that he did not love his wife, after his fashion. It was only that Timothy could not keep from asserting his authority when occasion arose. Now, at the end of thirty odd years of married rule, he and Emma were alone. The youngest son, Timothy junior, had been of the same opinion as his brothers, that life would be more comfortable beyond the parental jurisdiction. Accordingly, he had sought employment at a safe distance.

Emma was restless this evening. Timothy sensed it during the supper, but remained silent. He felt it later from behind his paper, and amid puffs of smoke he resented it. Finally, when he had read twice all in which he could possibly interest himself, he lowered his paper.

"Well, Emmy," he began reproachfully, "ef you'd sit still I might enjoy my paper, but what with yer figeting . . ."

"I'm sorry, Tim, but I thought maybe you'd not noticed the letter from Tim's wife, and how the baby's a girl. Jest think, Tim," she said tremulously, "a little girl, our granddaughter."

The man's face softened. They had never had a daughter and now they had a granddaughter.

"And Tim—she says if we would spend the winter with them—it would be awful nice down there in Californy. So warm and no coal to bother about."

Tim assumed an injured air immediately.

"Emmy," he said, "ain't I told you to stop worrying over that coal? Ain't I purvided coal fer you ever since we wuz married? Ain't I told you it was just them dealers trying to scare folk into paying fancy prices? I tell you we ain't going to Californy. When we goes, we goes in the summer."

"And having finished his remarks with the majesty befitting Paterfamilias, he retired behind the paper to give it a third reading.

Emma resolved many times to freeze rather than mention the coal question again, but when the first of November brought no coal, and no prospects of any, she could control her anxiety no longer.

"Pa," she said, "we're cleaned out o' coal and there's only a few of them wood blocks left. Ef you wouldn't mind I'd like some this week. I can't do much cooking 'thout a fire."

It was the nearest to rebellion she had come in thirty years. It pricked Tim to action.

"Don't you think of coal again," he commanded. "I said I'd purvide it and I will."

Now it happened that Tim had been interviewing hard-hearted coal men all week, and had grown anxious himself. It also had happened on that night when dignity had forced him to read the paper three times, that there had been a humorous account of how one desperate householder had stolen coal, and then paid for it. Gradually an idea was forming in Tim's head. He had declared that there would be lots of coal for his wife when she needed it, but nothing except strategy would get it. He knew that now. The passing days made him more and more uneasy. Finally, when a secret inspection of the wood pile showed only enough wood for one day's cooking, he resolved to put his plan into action.

He already pictured Emma's astonishment when she saw the well-filled bins. His spirits rose and he became quite genial in his plotting.

"Emmy," he said, "you ain't seen your sister for a while. Why not go and stay with her all day to-morrow?"

When he knew Emma had safely departed he came back from work. Putting on his worst clothes he set out for a coal yard, where he had seen a card "Drivers Wanted."

The coal man looked him over and told him to come on next

week. Tim looked so crestfallen that the man asked him if that were too soon.

"Oh, no," said Tim. "I was wanting work now."

And he got it.

When he had loaded his first ton, with strict instructions to collect on delivery, his face fell somewhat, for he learned that the price was thirteen dollars a ton. He had told Emma that he would never pay over ten dollars. Oh, well! Emma need never know. He drove off, however, with a sense of exultation. He was getting coal, even though some one else might be expecting it.

By the time he emptied the last sack of the first ton, Tim felt that he had better go a little easier. A coal heaver's job was not exactly an easy one. He loaded the second ton. When he finally reached the driver's seat all his fifty-six years of comfortable living were protesting against the violent exercise. By the time the second ton was in his bins he felt like an old man. They always used eight tons a winter! Wearily he struggled with the third ton. He paid in the thirty-nine dollars solemnly and walked out of the office wearing the face of a man in pain. He left word with the driver, who had helped him finish loading the third ton, that he'd decided to give up the job, and if the boss thought there was something coming to him to keep it himself.

He dragged himself homeward dejectedly. He washed the marks of his new occupation from his hands and face, and then crawled to the sofa and lay down. By then "there was no more spirit in him."

Emma, coming in from sister's with a new crochet pattern, and memories of a pleasant, peaceful day, was full of anxious enquiry. All that she could elicit from Timothy was that he had "took a sort of a kink in his back."

But when she saw the partly filled coal bin, and Tim had added to his explanation that maybe he had got the kink in his back trying to help carry in the coal, Emma fell to wondering. And when that night he awoke her twice by talking of coal and horses in his sleep, Emma wondered more.

Tim suffered considerably with that kink in his back. It took

him a week to recover sufficiently to go to work. The time spent in bed, however, was not without its good results, for Tim did some calculating. He reckoned that five tons of coal at thirteen dollars a ton cost sixty-five dollars; that Emmy was a good wife, she might have asked him a lot of unpleasant questions; that it would be worth a lot to see Timothy junior's little girl; that he needed a change; and that wintering in California would be very pleasant.

Consequently, after he was up and about, he casually mentioned that things seemed slack at the shop. Suppose they take a month off and go to California.

If Emma experienced any surprise or triumph she did not show it. She merely kissed Timothy, a little after the manner in which she had kissed him when they were first married, then she bustled off to pack Timothy's and her best clothes, and lay out their second best clothes. If she chuckled a bit as she did it, Timothy never knew. Emma Jessup was a wise woman.

—Elsie Wilkins Hill, '17.

McMASTER AT THE FRONT.*

This past month—this month of August, 1918—has been a month of such interest and wonderful happenings, not only to me but to the whole Canadian Corps, that I think I shall start at the very beginning and give you a complete history of it day by day. Of course it will be a personal history rather than a story of the Canadian troops as a whole, for I can only tell of those things that immediately affected me or that came under my direct observation.

To start at the very beginning. It really began a day or two before the first of August. I had had a month or so of the ordinary trench life. Nothing exciting had been happening. My birthday had passed quietly. I had taken two Canadian news-

*Substance of a private letter from Staff-Captain J. Dixon Craig, M.C., who graduated in Arts in 1907.

paper men around the trenches, and had had my first flight in an aeroplane, going over the German trenches opposite our sector. Then we came out of the line, expecting to have a week or two resting. But very soon there was a stir in the air, and we began to feel convinced we were going to do a "show." Nothing definite could be learned, however. Then suddenly orders came through for the brigade to move north. One of the battalions was to go up a day ahead of the rest of the brigade. We saw it off and most of us began to worry for fear we were going to have to fight once more in the Ypres areas. All Canadians seem to hate that particular part of the world. On Tuesday, July 30th, we did a twenty-mile march. We got into our billets about seven o'clock in the evening, and as soon as dinner was over I had some work to do that kept me busy until ten o'clock. Then our orders arrived from Division. We were to entrain early the next morning, and we discovered that our destination was south—which bucked us up tremendously. The Canadians had never been very far south on the battle front, and the farther south it was the happier we would be. I can't explain why we all felt that way, but we did. Possibly it was merely the desire to see what was to us a new bit of country.

Anyway, orders were duly issued for the move. I had to start off on horseback and ride some eight miles before I got to the station at which I was to act as entraining officer, not only for our own brigade but also for engineering, machine gun and ambulance units. I had work that kept me busy until after midnight and then it was too late to think of sleep. I started off at two o'clock with another staff officer, and the ride through the night was really delightful, as there was enough moonlight to let us see where we were going. I got to the station just as it began to get daylight, and very soon afterwards the troops began to arrive. My first train was already made up and on the siding, and so I got the cars and the accommodation totalled up and made by allotment for the first two battalions. As the next train did not pull out for two hours I hustled off to a nearby estaminet and coaxed madame to make me an omelet and some

coffee; then back to the station and busy sending out trains. I went on the last one, which did not pull out until nearly one o'clock in the afternoon. I was pretty tired by that time, and as luck would have it, there were no coaches on this train, nothing but box cars. However, I stretched myself out on the floor by the door and after a bite of lunch went sound asleep and slept for three hours. We had about a four-hour train ride, and I wasn't sorry to learn when I got off the train that my billet was only three miles away. Better still, I found a divisional officer with a motor. He was good enough to give me a lift, and I was soon at the billet, which turned out to be a big chateau with very comfortable beds.

This move by train had one amusing but rather unpleasant result. It happened in this way: we could not take our transport with us by train; so it had been arranged that our mess stuff should be brought along by lorry. As it happened, the lorry did not report until the next day; so there we were, stranded down south without anything to eat. Another officer and I scouted around that first evening and found a place where madame did not object to cooking some sort of a meal for us. Then we went to bed, which operation consisted of taking off our boots and coat and lying down with our trench coat thrown over us. That didn't affect my ability to sleep at all, though. The next day was breakfastless. The general and the brigade major were taken into the great secret and went off up the line to see the area over which we were going to launch our attack. I had to stay at home and look after the office.

Part of my work that day was to go over and see some tank people and arrange for our battalions to practice with them the next day. (Our mess arrived late that evening, and so we all had a good dinner once more, which made a big difference in our outlook on life).

The next morning—that is, on Friday the second—when I got up at half-past five, it was pouring rain. However, the tank practice had to be gone on with, and as I was in charge of the proceedings I was very much for it. And I got it. By noon I

was soaked through to the skin. Fortunately, when I got back about three o'clock in the afternoon I was able to change my clothes and get a hot meal. That same evening we had to continue our travels. This time we marched, and only had a few miles to go; so no one minded. . . .

The next morning, and this brings me to the fifth of the month, I started off bright and early for the line. I took my scout sergeant along with me, and we spent the whole day up forward, going over our own trenches carefully and examining the Boche country as much as we could. And we got some very good views of it, too. By some judicious crawling in No Man's Land we were able to reach points from which a very good view of his trenches and rear defences could be obtained. I was up until three o'clock the next morning getting out maps and information for the battalions. . . . .

The next day was the seventh, and there seemed to be about a million "last-minute" things to be done. Finally, however, the last map was ready, and the last despatch sent. I even found three minutes in which to write two letters. Then there was nothing to do but to move to our battle headquarters and wait for "zero hour" to strike. I had to go to Divisional Headquarters on my way forward and wait there for a certain message to arrive. It didn't come until after one o'clock, and so it was after two before I got to our own headquarters. Of course there was no sleep that night.

Finally the hour came. At four-twenty on the eighth a tremendous barrage opened up on a thirty mile front, and the infantry and tanks went forward. Very soon afterwards the first prisoners began to come in. I examined some of these, and as soon as the word came in that we had reached our final objective, I went forward to make a reconnaisance of some bridges over a river. It was a wonderful sight up forward. By this time we had overrun the Boche artillery positions, and so there was no shell fire to face. I saw a whole division of cavalry go forward, as well as thousands of infantry and tanks of various sorts and kinds. Then also practically all our artillery was on the move.

Our casualties were very light. It was a wonderful morning.

The ninth was another busy and exciting day for us. We started off at eight o'clock in the morning to "go through" the troops in front. We got our orders on the way up. Two of our battalions started the attack about noon, and about two o'clock I went forward with three of my scouts to see what was happening. We were able to go up part way in a motor car, which is much better than having to plod through trenches. Of course there were practically no trenches in the area in which we were now fighting. That afternoon was intensely interesting. I was able to keep close up to the firing line and to see everything as it happened. We were next to the French, and we went about two miles ahead of them. Then the French attacked, and it was a wonderful sight to be able to look back and see them coming up with us. I was able to see the Hun running away, his artillery pulling out, and the roads in his back country filled with transports all bound eastward. By six o'clock that evening the Canadian line was twelve miles from where it had started the morning before, and that is pretty fast travelling for fighting. . . .

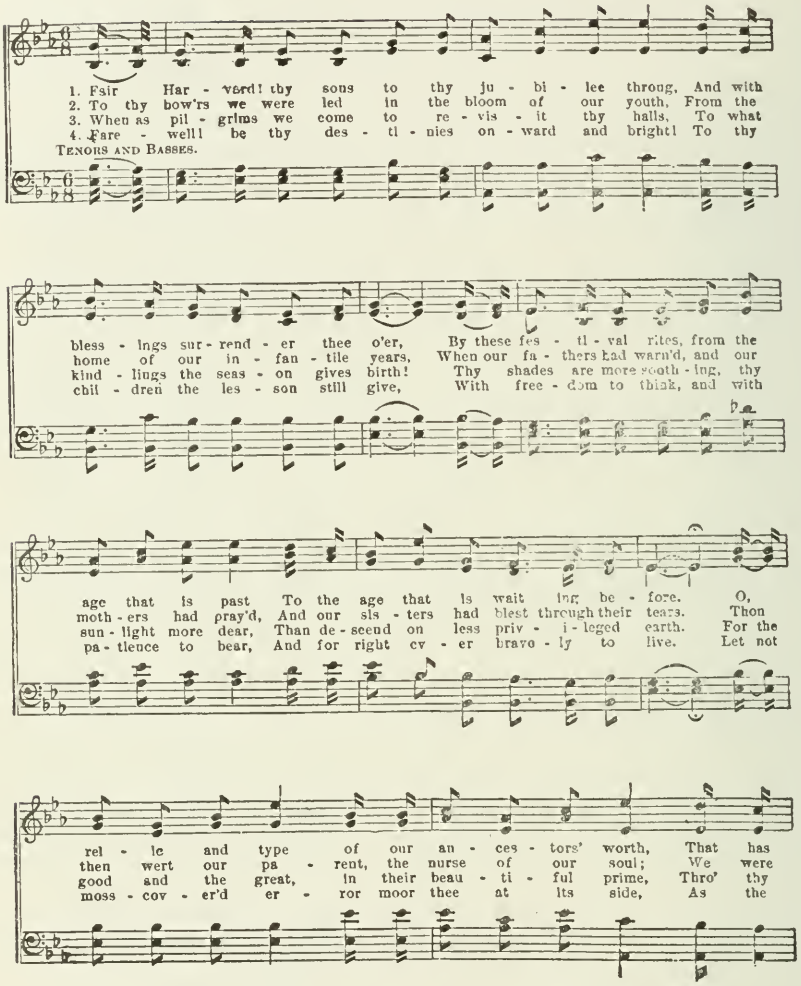
The next day was spent in much the same way. We attacked at three o'clock on the morning of the twenty-sixth, and by seven we held the Monchy-les-Preux, which is on a high hill, and has been a German stronghold for many months past. I was up on this hill soon after seven o'clock, and was kept very busy throughout the day on one thing and another. . . .

We attacked at about noon the next day, and by one o'clock had reached our objectives. There was a good deal of doubt as to the situation on our right; accordingly I went forward soon after two o'clock to find out where our line was. There was one great difference between this battle and the one near Amiens, and that was in the shellfire. Here we were pelted with high explosives all day long, and so the trip forward and around the line and back was far from pleasant. However, I was successful in getting the information required, and got back to headquarters about seven in the evening.

—J. Dixon Craig, '07.

FAIR HARVARD.

Sopranos and Altos.

Arranged by **Karl P. Harrington.**

1. Fair Har - vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with
2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the
3. When as pil - grims we come to re - vis - it thy halls, To what
4. Fare - well! be thy des - ti - nies on - ward and bright! To thy
Tenors and Basses.
bless - ings sur - rend - er thee o'er, By these fes - ti - val rites, from the
home of our in - fan - tile years, When our fa - thers had warn'd, and our
kind - lings the seas - on gives birth! Thy shades are more sooth - ing, thy
chil - dren the les - son still give, With free - dom to think, and with
age that is past To the age that is wait ing be - fore. O,
moth - ers had pray'd, And our sis - ters had blest through their tears. Thou
sun - light more dear, Than de - scend on less priv - i - leged earth. For the
pa - tience to bear, And for right ev - er brave - ly to live. Let not
rel - ic and type of our an - ces - tors' worth, That has
then wert our pa - rent, the nurse of our soul; We were
good and the great, in their beau - ti - ful prime, Thro' thy
moss - cov - er'd er - ror moor thee at its side, As the

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"TRAVEL, NIGGER, TRAVEL!"

THERE may be a few to whom the fervid patriotic demonstration that used to shake "Mariposa" to its foundations in the old *ante bellum*, pre-conservation days on the twenty-fourth of May or the first of July, or the more formal displays in which the patrons of the Canadian National Exhibition find a perennial thrill, stands for the *ne plus ultra* in pyrotechnics. For these an attempted description of the conflagration that wrecked one of the largest and most successful plants employed in the manufacture of explosives, notably, "T.N.T." in the British Empire, may hold some interest.

But already we are unceremoniously interrupted with a request to explain the relation between our topic and our title. It seems that we have attributed too great a degree of popularity to the humorous magazines in our reading room. Here is the story:

A few minutes after a rather sharp report in one of the explosive plants of the South, a coloured member of Uncle Sam's Expeditionary Force rushed into the neighboring railway station and emptied his wallet on the counter before the amazed eyes of the station agent.

"Gib me a ticket for as fur as dat money will take me on de next train," he demanded as soon as he could get his breath.

"All right, Sam," said the man behind the wicket, "but just what is your idea."

"Well," came the emphatic response, "Ah doan't know what T.N.T. stands for with you white folks, but to me it means, 'Travel, Niggah, Travel.'"

We were just in the midst of the feast of season and flow of bowl that characterizes the ideal Thanksgiving dinner in Ontario, when the screech of the siren sent a sinister shiver up our spine. A few moments later a deep rumble told us that the T.N.T. plant, which long immunity had taught us to despise as a source of danger, was about to contribute to our evening's entertainment. The repast was abandoned and we hastened out of doors.

Already the blaze of the burning frame buildings a mile away was made prominent amid the dusky shadows, and a long low stream of light smoke was being carried across the town. The terror of a second Halifax disaster spread like wild-fire and the panic that ensued beggars description. But that is not our theme.

Before any sharp explosions had taken place, we found ourself on the summit of the moraine, which local optimists call the Mountain, a hill possibly two hundred feet in height which commands at the safe distance of a mile or so, an ideal view of the plant and its environs. Just below us lay a part of the town with its tiny homes scattered about in apparent confusion; beyond that was the river, red with the reflected light of the fire that raged beyond it, and spanned half a mile away by the huge girders of the railway bridge. Some distance on the other side of the river the centre of our interest lit up its surroundings as with a great torch while it roared, spat, and hissed like a thing alive.

Why does it not explode? Surely those flames have reached the area of danger by now. The roar of the devouring fire has become almost mechanical and we imagine that in some way the explosives have been saved. But there, what is that new sound, that grumbling which seems to be gathering momentum? A huge white flame like a magnesium flare seems to blind us. Instinctively we fall flat on the ground. A detonation equal in its intensity to a score of thunderbolts sets our ears a-tingling and shakes the very earth beneath us. We look again and the white light has vanished; the yellow and orange flames from the burning wood still leap from one building to another or surround the massive tanks. For a few minutes the steady hum of the fire is the only sound that reaches our ears. Another white flash leaps forth and we involuntarily shrink back in anticipation of the concussion that follows. Another crash, and amid the reverberations that are borne back we detect the tinkling of breaking glass in the houses below us. Half a dozen explosions of greater or less intensity follow at short intervals, but at length the steady buzzing predominates and we feel that the stores of T.N.T. must finally be exhausted.

But suddenly a bright yellow column of flame leaps into the air and people fall prone to escape the force of the explosion. Strangely, it may seem, there is no sound. The yellow flame rises rapidly to an incredible height, seems to burst some invisible band at its apex and instantly the sky is alight with an immense cloud of fire, convolving and eddying, but now apparently self-contained. For a few moments all is as light as a summer day and the wreckage and debris are plainly visible. With equal suddenness the huge torch is extinguished and the mass of black smoke it leaves behind is gradually dissipated. We readily conclude that the large storage tanks of toluol have begun to feed the holocaust, and our conclusion is borne out as a second, third, and fourth tank send up those geyser-like tongues of fire that illuminate hill and valley for miles around before they die away.

Still we wait and watch, but as the fire begins to leave the zone of danger for the wooden buildings that lie beyond it, our interest flags and we are sensitive to the chilly breezes and conscious of the flight of time, for who could find interest in a mere fire after such a demonstration.

We walk through the streets of the town, littered as they are with fragments of broken glass and alive with the returning emigrants of a few hours ago, back to our windowless and delapidated abode, there to dream of earthquakes, volcanoes, lightning and T.N.T.

—M. Cleeve Hooper, '19,

A LITTLE WOODEN CROSS.

No military medal may be mine,
  A private's death is listed, not acclaimed:
I fell too soon upon the firing line,
  Yet of my lowliness I'm unashamed,
For now there stands supreme against the loss,
  Upon my grave—a little wooden cross.

—Margaret Clarke Russell.

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Editorial Notes

The college student often impresses his less favored brother as being a very sedate and composed individual. Seemingly nothing can disturb his equanimity and he appears a veritable machine, finely adjusted and carefully disciplined. But let him be aroused by a goal scored by the school team or some other agency which calls forth all his latent enthusiasm, and he proves himself very human indeed. The veneer of civilization drops for the moment, and he yells! Like his barbaric and savage forefathers he gives vent to his feelings in weird and uncanny cries. For the college yell is a seemingly necessary adjunct of the college student; and peculiar indeed would be the institution without an ancient and honourable war-cry.

But to our humble and untutored mind the McMaster yell

can lay claim neither to being particularly "ancient" nor "honorable." For it has not been in existence long enough to come under the former category; and it can be called honorable only in consideration of the glorious occasions upon which it has been uttered, or because of its position of hitherto "splendid isolation," no person daring to attack it openly. Certainly it cannot boast of a particularly honorable origin.

We, among others, always held a rather suspicious attitude toward its uncouth strains, and our feelings were amply justified when a McMaster graduate related to us not long since, the circumstances attending its composition.

It seems that an occasion arose a few years ago for which the need of a McMaster yell was keenly felt. A meeting of enthusiasts was held forthwith, and the chairman, in introducing the matter, wished to set forth some idea of the object desired. Accordingly, he concocted a jumble of words and told the would-be "yellers" to take these as a pattern for their endeavors. But the assembled brethren, suffering from much weariness of the flesh, or other cause, refused to exercise their originality and began to yell the example instead. And McMaster student bodies have been yelling it ever since! This was the noble origin of our immortal "Oski Wow Wow!"

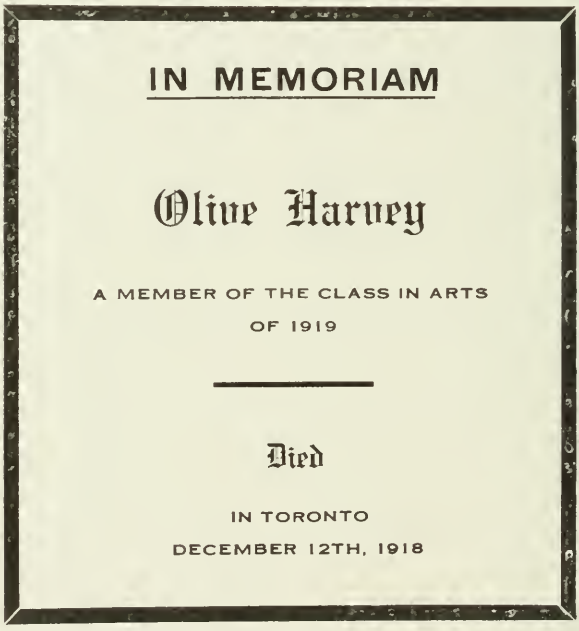
Our first objection, therefore, is that the present effusion is only a substitute, and never was meant to be the yell of McMaster University. Secondly, it is so long and such an incoherent conglomeration that rare is the man and marvellous his lung capacity who can complete it as energetically as he began it. Moreover, it is unintelligible to the hearer, and, until the harsh and discordant maze of the introductory cantos are traversed in varying time, and the final line is gasped faintly, it conveys no idea to him as to whether its utterers represent the choral society of Timbuctoo or the orphans' home at Walla Walla.

The ideal college yell is short and to the point. It stands out in sharp incisive notes. It compels attention, and leaves no doubt as to the identity of those who yell. It is distinctive; and once heard it is never to be forgotten.

So up ye bards and let us have a new McMaster yell!

We publish this month a review of Dr. MacGibbon's prize essay, "Railway Rates and the Canadian Railway Commission," by Mr. S. Roy Weaver, B.A. Mr. Weaver is well qualified for the task which he has so capably performed, and we are much indebted to him for his labors.

Miss Hope Aileen Gray, a tribute to whom we publish herewith, was a graduate of McMaster University of the year '09. For several years she served on the staff of Moulton College as teacher of Latin and History. Her death on February 4th, 1918, was a distinct loss to this institution; and we are grateful to one who knew her personally, as a friend and associate, for the present tribute.



On Military Service.

Editor: Frank G. McCoy, '20.

"They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God."

—*Winifred M. Letts.*

WORD has been received by the Rev. John Elder, of Chelsea Green, London, Ontario, that the Military Cross was awarded to his son, Lieut. J. A. D. Elder, '17, who died of wounds on October 30th, 1918.

Capt. Stanley Wilkins, M.C., '18, has been for for some time Intelligence Officer of the 4th Middlesex Regiment of the British Army.

Lieut. J. Palmer Kent, '18, has rejoined his battalion in Palestine, after spending some weeks in the hospitals in Cairo and Alexandria, having been ill with fever.

Spr. Rob Roy McGregor, '16, was with the Canadian forces that captured Mons just before the armistice was signed.

Pte. G. P. Kurilovitch, Theol., has returned from England and is stationed in Toronto.

H. E. Wintemute, '19, E. L. Quirk, '19, L. A. Walker, '19, W. D. Hinman, '19, H. S. Hillyer, '20, A. S. McGrath, '19, F. C. Hartley, '18, and W. O. White, ex-'20, have been discharged and have returned to McMaster to resume their studies.

H. E. Groom, '19, has returned to Toronto from Quebec. He is now awaiting his discharge from the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Spr. J. G. VanSlyke, '18, is in an English hospital recovering from the influenza. He hopes to return to Canada at an early date.

Spr. C. M. McIntyre, '17, returned from overseas before Christmas, and is now at his home in Winnipeg.

Corporal J. D. Jamieson, '16, who was wounded in April, 1917, has returned to Canada and received his discharge.

Lieut. Frank G. Lawson, a former student of McMaster, is at home after several months in German prison camps. He was captured in May, 1917, and was repatriated shortly after the signing of the armistice.

Lieut. D. J. Russell, '20, who has been a prisoner in Germany for some months, has returned to England.

LIEUTENANT R. W. EWART CHRISTIE.

Lieut. R. W. Ewart Christie was killed in action on September 21st, 1918, and buried on the following day in a British military cemetery at Cherisy, which is not far distant from Arras. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Christie, of Aylmer, Ont., and was twenty-two years of age. After graduating from the Aylmer High School he entered McMaster University as a member of the class in Arts of 1918. In the spring of 1916, at the end of his second year, he enlisted for service overseas. After a course in signalling at Niagara and Camp Borden, he obtained his signaller's certificate and joined the 177th Battalion as a lieutenant. However, wishing to get overseas as quickly as possible, he resigned from his battalion and went to England in September, 1916. After further training he was assigned to the Canadian Engineers Training Depot at Shorncliffe and Crowborough where he remained until the summer of 1917. On completing a course in equitation at Aldershott, he was sent to France in November, 1917, and for some time was engaged in laying cable for signalling purposes, and inspecting communications. He later transferred to the Canadian Field Artillery of the Fifth Brigade, and had charge of a portion of the lines of communication from August 6th until September 21st, the day of his death. On this day he had set out from brigade headquarters with his sergeant to visit one of the batteries, when the enemy started to shell the area. As they were nearing the battery a shell exploded near them, mortally wounding the sergeant and instantly killing Lieut. Christie. A small piece of shrapnel pierced his heart, and death was instantaneous.

A letter from his commanding officer describes Lieut. Christie as an exceptionally bright and popular officer, of whom his brother officers and men were very fond.

During the brief period of his attendance at the university Ewart was held in the highest esteem by his professors and his fellow-students. His death is mourned by many friends who learned to know and to love him at McMaster, and to the bereaved parents we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

A. D. Campbell, '17, Can. Inf., France.

"I left Witley Camp, England, on November 4th, and was soon in France. As our battalion needed reinforcements we were speeding eastward before very long. We crossed the old trench system and the Hindenburg line during the night, and towards daylight we dismounted east of Arras at a small village called

LIEUT. R. W. EWART CHRISTIE.
Killed in Action, September 21, 1918.

Semaine. When daylight came we could see evidence of the hasty departure of the Germans. Shells were piled in heaps like cordwood, and steel helmets, rifles and bombs were lying everywhere. Their notices and signboards still decorated the walls of the almost deserted village. The inhabitants had been taken away to work in Germany. . . . .

The next day we marched towards Valenciennes. The Germans retreated along the highway, using the ditches on either side of the road as trenches, while in every little hamlet their machine gunners had been placed. Working from the tops of the houses or behind the brick walls surrounding the gardens, they made their last stand. The ditches on the sides of the roadway were strewn with gas respirators, shells, steel helmets and rifles. The machinery of the coal mines, which were situated alongside the highway, was blown up. We entered Valenciennes towards nightfall. Here also the same signs of destruction were everywhere visible."

A. O. Millions, '17, *Returned.*

"I landed in France on November 13th, 1916. After about two weeks' training we were sent to our battalion, which was holding a sector at Vimy Ridge, just in front of Neuville St. Vaast. We kept this frontage until the battle of Vimy Ridge on April 9th, 1917. We then held a part of the line just to the right of the Lens-Arras road. On the morning of June 28th we were ordered forward to the next German line on the right of Avion, a suburb of Lens. It was here that I was wounded with a bullet through the left lung. I had to lie out for nearly twenty-four hours before a stretcher party came along, and then I was taken to the British 23 C.C.S., having contracted gangrene and septic pneumonia in the meantime. After about six weeks at the clearing station I was sent to the 7th British General Hospital at St. Omer. I sailed for Canada on March 12th, 1918."

O. H. MacDonald, '19, *Sig., R.C.H.A., France.*

We are now staying for a few days at Mont-Saint-André, a little Belgian village about fifteen miles north-east of Namur. Two of us have a "très bon logement" here with an elderly couple who are only too good to us. They are Walloons, but speak French just about as fluently (?) as we do, and consequently we are getting along famously. They give us a very warm feather bed at night and hot coffee in the morning—"active service" conditions, forsooth. Yes, it is a real home, and I only hope we stay for a little while."

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Arnold E. Look, B.Th.

"See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing."
—*Milton.*

ANOTHER year, long in anticipation, but momentary in retrospection, has passed away and we stand at the portals of nineteen hundred and nineteen. Behind us stretches a variegated panoramic view of the old year. All along the way, we see the dying embers of wasted energy and of lost opportunities, interspersed not infrequently with views of noble aspirations and worthy achievements. Regret, disappointment, the rankling sense of failure, all give way to thankfulness and a renewed determination to transform the successes and failures of the past into mere stepping stones on the path to future efficiency. Let us therefore linger no longer in retrospection but knock boldly, that Janus may open the portals and admit us across the threshold of the New Year.

And what a motley crowd we are! Here comes a Freshman. Last autumn he emerged from the gloom of the tall pines for the first time into the full glare of McMaster. Study? No, indeed! During the first few months, he wandered aimlessly about the halls and streets, avidly drinking in all the strange sights. Then came examinations and life began to be a serious reality to him. Tiny rays of light from "Math." gradually penetrated his well-nigh impervious cranial structure. And now see him stride manfully across the threshold with the eager flush of anticipation and resolution upon his youthful brow. He has found himself! But look at that Sophomore who follows so closely with a watchful eye upon the Freshman. The future holds no terrors for him, for is not all the wisdom of the ages held in conscious possession behind that noble brow? And who are those two hilarious, happy-go-lucky individuals, singing with such jocular nasal twang? Slowly, Janus replies, "Oh, one is a Junior who takes a vocal exercise Around the Hall between all the lecture periods, and the other is a theologue, who gets up at 3 a.m. to practice next Sunday's sermon."

And finally, our vision travels to the end of the train where, with measured tread and in all the transcendental exaltation of

glorious majesty, comes the crown of creation—a Senior. Gone are the Freshman follies, the Sophomore sophistries and the Junior jauntiness, and in their place appears that ideal of self-realization, that perfectly reconstructed individual, which Dewey and Tuft had in mind when they prophesied the graduating class of nineteen hundred and nineteen.

During the first week in December we were privileged to have with us for a few days, Rev. H. H. Bingham, of the Talbot St. Baptist Church, London. While with us, Mr. Bingham delivered three addresses, and also led in one of the chapel services, besides having personal conversations with many of the students on topics of vital interest to them. The addresses were on the subject of "Evangelism." At his last meeting he spoke to a very large number of the students and the faculty on "The Value and Power of Personal Evangelism." These addresses were greatly appreciated by all who heard them. Mr. Bingham spoke so earnestly that we could not fail to be inspired with higher ideals of service than ever before.

Big Lit.

Following the custom inaugurated by Daniel Webster during his student days at McMaster, the Literary Society programme of December 13th was largely composed of impromptu speeches. Such old timers as "The Ladies' Room," "8.15's," and "Suggested Improvements Around the Hall" were included as a matter of course. The remaining subjects covered the entire range of human knowledge from our "Fish" ancestors to our present "Anti-Fussing League" condition. Indications of a future state also were seen in such subjects as "The Matrimonial Bureau" and "The Next War." Remote topics such as "Hair" and "Talcum Powder" on the one head, and "Toronto Street Railway Straps" in the other hand, were vividly impinged upon the fringe of our consciousness again and again. Slides were then thrown upon the screen to illustrate a silent lecture entitled "The Total Depravity of the Human Mind, as seen by the author of Current Events." A vocal solo rendered by Miss Marjorie Starr, '21, and an instrumental duet by Miss Marion Stillwell, '20, and Miss Marion Robertson, '19, saved the situation and completely mollified the ruffled feelings of all present.

Now it came to pass in the year that the war ended, in the twelfth month, in the sixth day of the month, at the setting of the sun, came the word of the Scribe unto the Children of McMaster, saying, "Come ye and let us assemble in the Castle, and let us give ear unto the second inter-year debate." Then the twelve tribes of the sons of Mac after their families: the Cainites, the Carrmites, the Mallorites, the Campbellites, the Russellites, the Ruttanites, the Teeterites, the Smartites, the Oamerites, the Stephites, the Clasptites and the Groatites lifted up their voices and sang the National Hosanna. And there came a maiden from the realm of the thirty-five per cent., and when she had come, she communed with the piano of all that was in her heart. And then arose a prophet from the midst of the Oamerites and said," Hearken, O ye people and give ear unto me, for I proclaim unto you a mighty contest between the Ruttanites and Teeterites."

Second Inter-Year Debate

And it came to pass at the rising of the moon, that Schatz and Ruttan did valiantly uphold the Law and the Prophets even as it is written concerning the sacrifice of guinea pigs and rats upon the altar of Science. And Teeter and Dennis were exceeding wroth and did hold forth in defence of flees and microbes. Each spake with wisdom and understanding, insomuch that the multitude did say, "Surely some one will win this debate." Then arose the High Priest and said, "Why halt ye between two opinions? Hearken unto the voice of the Ruttanites and bow down to them all ye people, and observe to do all the commands of the law." And when McLean of the Campbellites had accompanied the Teeterite weeping and gnashing of teeth, the multitude departed, every man to his own house.

In the recently published announcement of awards of the Carter Scholarships three McMaster names appear. In Lanark County Colin S. Farmer won the first scholarship. In Leeds and Grenville, Miss Gertrude Rourke was the winner of the first scholarship, and Miss J.A.K. Robertson the third scholarship. All the above were also winners of McMaster Scholarships offered on the same examination. The Carter Scholarships are awarded by the Education Department under the will of the late J. I. Carter, of Sarnia. In Toronto and in each of twenty-four counties or groups of counties three scholarships are awarded to the three highest candidates on the Upper School examinations. The

Carter Scholarships

first, second and third scholarships are of the value of $100, $60 and $40 respectively.

Soph. Party

On December 12th the members of Year '21 were entertained at the home of Miss Enid Hounsom. The evening was a most delightful one, and every minute of it was enjoyed, from the time the partners were chosen for the first game until the last strains of "Thy Praises, McMaster" had died away.

Among the many games enjoyed on that memorable occasion, carpet balls deserves mention as having specially interested and amused the massive minds of the noble Sophomores. Opinions as to the best mode of approaching the "kitty" varied. There were those who, believing that "might is right," heaved their carpet balls with a strong right arm, thereby causing great dismay, as their missle hit the end of the room with a resounding boom. Others suspected the "kitty" of possessing magnetic power, and consequently did not attempt to take aim. Still others, however, by a combination of a long breath, careful aim and luck, came within a reasonable distance of the object. Ottawa, Brantford and Perth were represented in the final series, but Perth proved itself the home of the champion carpet bowler. As a result of this museular effort a considerable appetite was developed in time for the delicious refreshments. After having thus reinforced their spirits with food and drink, many of the shining lights were induced to tell jokes, and all joined in singing college songs, energetically led by W. F. Nelson. At length, hoarse, tired, but happy, the throng took leave of their host and hostess. Thanks to the presence of two Fords, the possessions of two worthies of '21, the journey homewards was made in decidedly speedy fashion, and all arrived at their destination in time at least to get their books and rush for an 8.15 lecture.

(On their way home for Christmas).
She.—"There ought to be a Main car along soon."
He.—"Why?"
She.—"Because this is Main Street."
He.—"But there isn't any dog in dog biscuit."

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Marjorie Mallagh, '20.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."—*Emerson.*

NOTHER milestone in the journey of years has been passed and we have entered upon a new year with all its possibilities before us. In the past four years we have developed for the emergencies of war hitherto latent and undiscovered energies and talents. Although this emergency has now passed, we are still living in the midst of circumstances which require every effort we are able to put forth. But, because the glamour attendant upon the duties of wartime has passed, shall we let those discovered energies and talents lie idle and thus become forgotten and useless, or shall we adapt them to some new sphere of usefulness? It may require a great deal of enthusiasm to apply war efforts to what are now apt to appear to us as the very commonplace affairs of everyday life. But is not this same enthusiasm a great part of the heritage of youth?

We have often heard it said that the university students of to-day are the leaders of to-morrow—and is not enthusiasm one of the primary qualities of leadership? Is it not one of the most important functions of a leader to be able to instil in his followers the desire and longing to reach that goal for which all are striving? It is not enthusiasm which stimulated the leaders of yesterday and of to-day to greater achievements? Is it not, therefore, likely that this same enthusiasm will be equally necessary to the leaders of to-morrow? Let us accordingly strive to meet with enthusiasm, back of which are energy and courage, every task which lies before us in the New Year.

At the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association, of which Mrs. E. J. Zavitz is President, an active committee, with Mrs. Harry Stark as the energetic convener, was appointed to look into the feasibility of providing in the near future a temporary women's residence in connection with the university. The committee has already met to discuss ways and means, and hopes to hold very shortly a joint meeting with the Board of Governors. It is unnecessary to dwell here upon the need of such a residence, and the Alumnae Association may feel that they have the hearty appreciation of the present women's student body for the active efforts they are making in this direction.

Y.W.C.A.

The last meeting of the Y.W.C.A. for the year 1918 was held on Friday, December 13th. After the formal opening of the meeting a duet was sung by Miss Marion Stillwell and Miss Helen Mabee. It was then our privilege to hear from Miss Aikenhead of the work of the Association among factory girls. Having no organization among themselves, the need is immeasureably great, and will be met, Miss Aikenhead told us, only by Christian education and keen minds inspired by loving hearts. In the majority of cases the home life is not an influence for good, as we know it, and the conditions under which the girls work are most unsatisfactory and often unhealthy. She described only too realistically the deadening monotony of the work with no goal in sight. We learned how the self-governing clubs are established and classes organized in any subject in which a sufficient number are interested; how these new interests make the girls increasingly healthy in mind and body, and change their outlook on life. In the contrast between their lives and ours we were impressed with our responsibility, and Miss Aikenhead was so vitally in earnest that we could not but receive from her overflowing store of enthusiasm, and hope to share, as she is sharing, in the happiness that rewards service.

Bible Study

Although, like so many of our other activiites, the Bible Study Class was late in getting to work, ye are enjoying, under the able leadership of Dr. Farmer, an intensely interesting study of the Epistle to the Romans. The class will be continued through the spring term, and it is to be hoped that the splendid attendance and interest of last term will be maintained.

W.L.S.

Freshettes, we are proud of you—even the Sophettes are! Everyone who was at the meeting of the W.L.S. on December 6th will know the reason, but for the benefit of those who were not present be it known that the girls of Year '22 presented their splendid year program. The curtain rose for the first time upon five Japanese maidens. One of them, Mrs. Mahaffy, sank sweetly a "Jap Love Song," while the other four charmed the audience by the drill through which they interpreted the song.

Hardly had the romantic figures disappeared when the President announced the next number to be "Some Scenes from 'Henry IV.'" The prologue was delivered by the page, Miss

Florence Kirkpatrick, while in the scene that ensued Miss Alice McDougall ordered her servants around in a truly royal manner. All the members of the audience were surprised and some not a little bewildered by the next scene. It was an exceptionally clever dialogue in French between Katherine, the French princess, Miss Ida Robert, and her lady-in-waiting, Miss Florence Marlowe ;and it portrayed Katherine's attempt to master the English language that she might converse with her lover. Between this and the next scene Miss Beatrice Hubert favored us with a delightful piano solo. Henry's wooing of Katherine was the last scene, and what tender feelings were aroused in our hearts at Henry's "Do you love me, Kate?" and how gladly we welcomed Katherine's father and mother as they pronounced their blessing on the betrothed pair. Since the Freshettes have aimed so high and have begun by presenting scenes from Shakespeare, may we not expect that by their fourth year they may even aspire to present some scenes from the plays of Euripides?

On the afternoon of Tuesday, December 3rd, the professors' wives were the hostesses of a delightful tea given for the women students of the University in the rooms of the Women's Art Association. Mrs. McCrimmon, assisted by Mrs. McLay and Mrs. Smith, received the girls, who then wandered through the rooms and found much to interest them in the various displays of work in hammered brass, textiles, bookbinding, china-painting and the other fine arts. Afterwards, dainty refreshments were served and through the tea-gossip the girls were given an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with their hostesses.

"God's Hand Beckoned Unawares."

It was with a deep sense of regret and loss that the members of Year '19 heard of the death of their classmate, Olive Harvey. Her illness had been so very brief, that the news came as a great shock. Just one week before she had been in the University making arrangements to join us after Christmas, and we had looked forward to having her with us again.

Olive began her course in the fall of '15, and during the three years which she spent with us made a great many friends among her fellow-students. Her home was always open to the members of the year, and whether we came as a class or individually, we were always sure of a warm welcome.

Olive was favored with an exceptionally bright and sunny nature, and always had a cheery smile for those around her. We shall miss her greatly; and, although she has gone from us, her memory will always live in the hearts of her fellow-students of the fourth year, and of her many other friends at McMaster.

Athletics

Editor: J. B. Smart, '19.

ON December eighteenth, the Athletic Association sent a representative to the Executive meeting of the O.H.A. at Hamilton to draw up the group schedule. Fortunately our first game was arranged for the fourteenth of January, neatly tiding over the examination period. The following are the games to be played:

January 8.—Burlington at Hamilton.
January 14—McMaster at Burlington.
January 16.—Hamilton at McMaster.
January 21.—Hamilton at Burlington.
January 23.—Burlington at McMaster.
January 29.—McMaster at Hamilton.

The Jennings Cup Executive met on the same day to draft their schedule. Our second hockey team plays in its group of this league, Junior Meds., S.P.S., and St. Michael's. These games will be staged at Varsity rink.

Question.—Why not form a Rooter's Club?

McMaster 10, *Dents* 2.—By the kindness of the Dental Athletic Association an exhibition game of hockey was arranged with their Jennings Cup team on Saturday, January the eleventh. Our Intermediates had been showing good form for the past week in their daily practices, but they had not met an outside team. This was a splendid opportunity to prove their condition for the game with Burlington the following Tuesday. At first it looked as if the teams were well matched and were in for a good struggle, but scarcely ten minutes of play had passed before the Dents yielded to the better team. The first period gave Mac. a score of three to Dents'. one. The second and third periods meant a walk over. With full time the standing read McMaster 10, Dents 2.

Burlington 4, *McMaster* 3.—Our first Intermediate O.H.A. game came off on Tuesday, January 14th, at Burlington. The play all through was as fast as could be expected owing to the condition of the ice. All went well until the middle of the first period, when Burlington registered the first goal. Upon facing off, our forwards made a spectacular rush. It was Sellers who carried the sphere through the defence and tallied our first point. For the rest of the period the play was all Mac's way,

but Burlington possessed a phenomenal goal-tender, or "luck was his way," as the boys would say. He managed to ward off the many shots with which he was assailed. The period ended one all. In the second stage of the game the teams appeared very evenly matched. Our team played to perfection, and it was they who opened the scoring. However, Burlington was not long in squaring the bill. Before the period closed, Mac. had brought the standing three to two in their favour. For ten minutes in the last round, neither team succeeded in getting away. Then the break came. The play went to Burlington and they passed through our defence with another notch to their credit. Shortly before the close of the game, Sellars was penalized on a charge of tripping. Burlington had their opportunity now and they used it by scoring the winning goal. The game was not without a few mishaps. In the last period Fisher dislocated his knee and Doolittle had the misfortune to break a rib, which prevents his playing in our next game with Hamilton. The line-up was Burlington—Goal, Cole; defence, Galbraith and H. Walker; forwards, J. Walker, Page and P. Fisher; subs., A. L. Fisher and Osborne. McMaster—Goal, Lepofsky; defence, Brown and Doolittle; forwards, Mabee, Dingle and Pearce; subs., Cowie and Sellars. Referee—Waghorne, of Toronto.

On January fifteenth we have to record another one-sided game with Junior Meds. in the Jennings Cup series. Three fifteen minute periods were agreed upon with the usual five minute intermissions. Within five minutes of play, Meds. had scored three goals. Our opponents had a forward line working hard for a good combination, but the rough surface made individual playing the rule. It was not long before every one was after the puck, resulting in many mix-ups. There were only a few sprints of real hockey during the whole play. Froom and Mallory managed a few long shots, but Meds'. goal was well guarded. In the second period our defence was greatly strengthened when Jamieson kept the scoring down for a brief spell, but they could not stem the tide for long. In the hope of spoiling the white-wash, Mac. played the game to the finish. From some one who busied himself in counting the goals, we learn the final score was calculated as Junior Meds. 15, McMaster 0. Our line-up was as follows:—Goal, Nelles; defence, Mallory and Farmer; forwards, Gilmour, McLay and Dodge; subs., Froom and Jamieson.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

A VERY successful gathering of graduates and friends of the University was held on January 17th under the auspices of the Alumni Association. It took the form of a supper in Castle Memorial Hall, so timed as to occupy the intermission between the afternoon and evening sessions of the Convention which was meeting in Jarvis Street Church. President McKinnon occupied the chair, and the audience heard from ex-Chancellor Wallace, Chancellor McCrimmon, Mrs. Zavitz, the President of the Alumnae Association, Mr. G. C. McEwen, and the chairman. Among the matters discussed were the formation of local branch Alumni Associations, and the need of a Women's Residence for the University. Activities on the part of the Alumni along other lines were also foreshadowed by the President. It is hoped that an Alumni supper will become a regular feature of the annual convention program in future.

Following are the items of news which have come to the Editor's desk since last issue:

'90.—Rev. A. J. Vining has resigned the pastorate of College Street Church, Toronto, on account of ill health, and will retire from the ministry for a time to recuperate. Mr. Vining recently returned from a year's service overseas with the Y.M.C.A., and it is thought that it was during that time that his health became undermined.

'97.—Rev. W. J. Pady, lately of Sault Ste. Marie, has received and accepted a hearty invitation to St. George, Ont., in succession to Rev. L. S. Haverstock, '10, and has already entered on his pastorate.

'98.—Rev. M. C. Maclean, B.A., the Director of Memorial Institute, Toronto, has received the appointment of General Secretary of Social Welfare at London and vicinity, under the Social Service Council of Ontario, and enters upon his new duties about the middle of January.

'99.—Rev. J. D. McLachlan, B.A., for eight years pastor of the church at Strathroy, Ont., has resigned his charge, and is to become successor to Rev. R. E. Fitch, '05, at Waterford, Ont.

'00.—Rev. Judson Macintosh has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Sterling, Illinois. For the past three years Mr. Macintosh has been acting pastor of the church in Owen Sound, in the absence of Rev. H. S. Mollowney, '09, overseas.

'00.—Rev. O.C. Elliott, Theol., who has been the Evangelist for the Home Mission Board for some time past, has accepted a call to Danforth Avenue Church, Toronto. He has already entered upon his duties. His address is 29 Browning Ave.

'01.—F. M. Armstrong has, for the past three years, been Mathematical Master in the High School at Bridgeport, Conn., an institution of 1800 students and eighty teachers. He is also Director of Religious Education of the United Church, which has a membership of 100. Mrs. Armstrong was Miss Leila Eberlee, who spent some time in McMaster as a member of Class '13.

'02.—Rev. H. D. Riggs is now living in Kelowna, B.C. He will supply the church in Peachland for the winter.

'02.—Rev. W. E. Bowyer, who recently left Brantford to become pastor of Warren Ave. Baptist Church, Detroit, should now be addressed at 1069 Fourth Ave., Detroit, Mich.

'03.—Rev. C. G. Lamont, has moved from Coldwater, Mich., to Michigan Avenue Church, Saginaw. He began his new labors on December 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Lamont spent Christmas in Toronto, with Mrs. Lamont's people.

'04.—Rev. H. H. Bingham, B.A., of Talbot Street, London, has resigned his pastorate in order to accept the invitation of First Baptist Church, Calgary.

'05.—Rev. W. E. Matthews, B.A., of Broadway Church, Winnipeg, has been elected President of the General Ministerial Association of that city for the ensuing year. Mr. Matthews is again directing the Bible-study course of the students of the Manitoba Agricultural College.

'05.—Rev. E. R. Fitch, B.A., B.D., formerly of Waterford, Ontario, should now be addressed at 544 South Cuyler Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois, U.S.A. Mr. Fitch is taking work in Pastoral Theology and Sociology in the University of Chicago, and is also pastor of the Baptist Church in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago. He hopes to return to Canada after finishing his present course.

'05.—Rev. J. B. McLaurin, is now on his way back to India, sailing from San Francisco on December 14th.

'05.—H. B. Parker, of Westmount Collegiate Institute is Corresponding Secretary of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of Quebec.

'08.—N. S. McKechnie, who for the past five and a half years has been Manual Training Master in Woodstock College, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of Wortley Road Church, London, Ont., succeeding Rev. W. M. Walker, '86. Mr.

McKechnie was formerly in the pastorate, having resigned the church in Fonthill to join the staff of the College.

'09.—Dr. C. A. Detlor will have much sympathy in the death of his wife, who passed away in California on December 12th. As Miss Gladys Jackson she was well known in McMaster, having filled a large place in the University life when she was a member of the Student Body.

'09.—J. L. McLaurin has left Ridgetown Collegiate Institute to become Science Master in Fort William Collegiate, succeeding A. J. Madill, '02, who has joined the staff of Peterboro Normal School.

'11.—Dr. F. H. Jeffery is now located in Paris, Ont. Mrs. Jeffery was Miss Maude MacLaurin, '12.

'12.—Rev. H. S. Cross, ad eund., is on furlough from India and may be addressed at 11 St. Nicholas Apartments, 762 Hartford Ave., Los Angeles, California. Mr. Cross is hoping soon to settle with a church.

'14.—Rev. N. W. D. Davis is home on furlough from Nigeria, and may be addressed at 996 St. Clarens Ave., Toronto. He reports that influenza was raging on the African coast when he left, but he escaped the epidemic and is in excellent health.

'14.—Rev. E. D. Renaud, of Fort William, will have the sympathy of his many friends in the death of his wife, which occurred on January 5th. The funeral service was conducted by professor Keirstead in Woodstock, on the 9th inst.

'15.—C. S. V. Hawkings has been appointed Chemist in the Laboratory of the Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa. Mr. Hawkings was on the staff of Woodstock College, but has latterly been engaged in war work, first in an explosives factory and more recently in artillery training. The laboratory to which he has now been appointed was formerly under the Department of Inland Revenue, and is the one in which G. E. Grattan, '15, and J. A. Gunton, '16, hold similar appointments.

'15.—P. K. Hambly is now Classics Master in Lindsay Collegiate Institute. He was married on December 28 to Miss Dorothy Dayfoot, daughter of Rev. P. K. Dayfoot, '94 ad eund. The MONTHLY extends congratulations.

'16.—Rev. Stewart G. Cole and Mrs. Cole are both taking graduate work in the University of Chicago, and are enjoying the experience very much. They may be addressed at 575 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. Mrs. Cole was formerly Miss Nina Bremner and was a student at McMaster for some time.

Here and There

EDITOR: MISS E. MARION STILLWELL, '20.

"His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbled by."

—*Gray.*

IN the past weeks of flurry, pleasant bustle of Christmas time, and less pleasant hustle of preparation for examinations, we have often longed for a little leisure, a little time in which to do things slowly. What a contrast does George Eliot's pen portrait of Leisure present! . . . "Old Leisure was a contemplative, rather stout gentleman, of excellent digestion—of quiet perceptions, undiseased by hypotheses; happy in his inability to know the causes of things, preferring the things themselves. He only read one newspaper, innocent of leaders, and was free from that periodicity of sensations which we call post-time. Life was not a task to him but a sinecure." Such a picture reminds us of the "little rock, a' settin' on a hill and doing nothin' all day long but just a settin' still."

But leisure is gone—"gone where the spinning wheels are gone, and the pack horses, and the slow wagons, and the pedlers, who brought bargains to the door on a sunny afternoon. . . . Even idleness is eager now—eager for amusement."

After all, do we really wish for the return of such a leisure as we find described here? We often repeat the wish and may believe that we are sincere in wishing it, but in the final analysis, we must confess that we are proud of our steam engines, our motor cars and our crowded stores; happy in our manifold activities, our busy days, yes, even in our very lack of leisure.

"*The Message from Mars,*" a greeting from our splendid 4th Canadian Division, contains many interesting and unusual articles. We were especially attracted to a sketch of "Canada Juniors in 'the Blues.'" The writer shows us Young Canada as a hero. "Heroes are disappointing for show purposes. In books and in poems they express noble sentiments, in language that would satisfy any professor on earth. They take fond farewells of their dear ones in touching and well-punctuated sentences of some length, and they tell of great deeds on the field of battle in stirring terms which children afterward learn at school as part of their literature lesson. In real life they do none of these things. Nor are they, as a rule, seven feet tall. . . The heroes are neat, well-brushed, quiet persons lying in white beds, and

looking as unlike the great warriors they are as it is possible to imagine. And as to getting them to talk of their experiences and their great deeds, it is hopeless.'' That is a portrait of Canada's heroes. And be they four feet tall or seven feet we are proud of them one and all!

As we passed from the old year into the new, we paused a moment on the threshold of the future, to look back into the past; and in that moment we were reminded of Helen Hobart's beautiful poem, ''*My Rose Jar.*''

A year's a rose;
And unto the rose-jar on my shelf
I have added the petals of this,
Last bloomed;
Now it rests above the sister roses,
Holds still the faint, transparent pink of recent glow,
And as I scan each last leaf so lovingly
I read in each a story . . . . and here
Two thorns lie mingled with the rest.
But ere long this rose will mingle her petals
With the others,
And their soft dull amberness will claim these, too,
And all combine to permeate that garden
Where the new rose blooms,
With a magic fragrance—
Which shall lend a deeper pink
To flush the new-born's cheek:
And it in turn shall diffuse
A fragrance more lovely than its sisters,
For they have breathed their beauty upon the new.
And in my rose-jar on the shelf
The thorns sift to the bottom,
All forgot.

''*When in doubt, don't*''—translate Latin. Here are some striking examples of desperate attempts to ''unscrew the inscrutible.''

Arma virumque cano—Arm the man with a cane.

Post equitem sedet atra Cura—After horse exercise, the black lady sits down with care.

Assuetos tauri saltus, assueta leones Atra petunt—The lions seek their accustomed provender, the usual salt beef.

Leges Romanorum severae erant.—The legs of the Romans were severed.

Infandum regina, jubes renovare dolarem.—Infamous queen, thou biddest me change a dollar.

"*Schoolboy howlers*" are not confined to the youth of Western countries alone, nor are the Eastern races a whit behind us in their enjoyment of them. In his book, "India Awakening," Sherwood Eddy gives us a refreshing glimpse into the struggles of a Hindu boy with the English language. Here is a Bombay high school student's essay on the horse:

"The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry, he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foots on the stirrup and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives his animal to the meadow. He has a long mouth, and his head is attached to the trunk by a long protuberance called the neck. He has four legs; two are in the front side, and two are afterwards. These are the weapons on which he runs and also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction towards his foe. But this he does only when in a vexatious mood. . . He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at night time, but always standing awaken. . . There is no animal like the horse. . . They have got tail, but not so long as the cow and other such-like animals."

Another instance is told of an Indian, who was very proud of his idiomatic English, and who came in haste one day to announce his mother's death in these terms: "The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

The special "After Xmas" sale sign read, "Great Bargains, Woollen mufflers reduced to 18c." The old lady paused awhile before the counter, then beckoned to a shop-girl.

"Are these good mufflers?" she inquired.

"Yes, madam," replied the girl, "they are very good for the price."

"But I don't mind the price," said the old lady sharply. "I wouldn't mind paying as high as 25c. if I could be sure of getting a *good* one!"

We acknowledge with thanks "Queen's Journal," and "T.C. D." which have come to us regularly. Others received are "Trinity University Review," "Bessie Tift Journal," "Acadia Athenaeum," "Argosy," and "Acta Victoriana."

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CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.

(From a photo taken shortly after the Crimea.)

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXVIII. FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 5

ENGLAND'S WARRIOR-SAINT.*

IN a brief way, we are to approach the life of one second only to Nelson in the veneration of the British people, a Christian soldier to whom inaction was intolerable, and to whom the sight of selfishness and injustice was as the red rag to a bull. A warrior-saint such as Mohammedans fondly expect from God; a mighty general whose military genius was directed solely for the good of the downtrodden and helpless; a philanthropist whose tenderness of heart, self-sacrifice, and unquestioning generosity have never been equalled; an Englishman, small in body, but great and noble in mind and spirit; Charles George Gordon has been said to be a nearer approach to the example of our Saviour than any other man that ever lived.

Born at Woolwich Common, on the twenty-eighth of January, 1833, Gordon was descended from a long line of gallant soldiers, from whom he inherited soldierly talent, a quick sense of honour, and a clear vision of the path of duty which he trod so faithfully throughout his life. While at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, Charlie was distinguished for his mischief, rather than for his scholarship; but once out in the world, he quickly earned the reputation of an intelligent, hard-working subaltern, and was engaged in fortification work at Pembroke for the short time that remained before the Crimean war.

In 1855 he went to the Crimea, and was present at the siege and capture of Sebastopol. Here he distinguished himself for

* An address delivered in Castle Memorial Hall.

his natural aptitude for war, his accurate knowledge of field works, and his remarkable coolness under fire, and was rewarded by the French government with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. For a year after his return to England in 1858, he was occupied as Field Work Instructor at Chatham, but in 1860 he volunteered for service in China, reaching that country at the close of the China war.

Ever since 1830, a rebellion in China had been simmering, which now was sweeping all before it, threatening the throne of the Manchus, and the safety of the British in Shanghai. The dilatory measures adopted to meet it had, by this time, brought an uprising, at first insignificant, to a stage where only a firm hand could avert disaster. At the urgent request of the Chinese government, Gordon took command of the so-called "Ever Victorious Army," an ill-trained, corrupted, and mutinous force, which his steady discipline soon changed into the most efficient corps in China.

But even the high-minded Gordon grew discouraged. His repeated successes brought only opposition from his jealous compeers. He was continually faced with mutiny and desertion; his officers were incompetent and always wrangling among themselves; and his troops were not being regularly paid. He resigned, and only the gravity of the situation, backed by the entreaties of the Shanghai ministers and the promises of the Chinese for improvement, induced him to resume command. This time he was able to push forward successfully, and the fall of Soochow, the chief rebel stronghold, gave him the upper hand.

Gordon's career of three years as a Chinese general was marked by numerous miraculous escapes, and his men grew to believe that he bore a charmed life. His sole weapon, even in the thickest fight, was a rattan cane, and his remarkable courage was a great example to the Chinese. Never, in all the annals of war, has there been such a striking example of human heroism combined with spiritual fervour. He was rewarded by being made a Companion of the Bath, and China made him a Field Marshal. Refusing all presents of money, Gordon left China

as poor as when he had entered it, but with the satisfaction of knowing that, through his weak instrumentality, upwards of eighty thousand lives had been spared, and years of civil war prevented.

His extreme, and perhaps unfortunate, modesty led him to look on all attempts to lionize him, and on the efforts of the War Office to find him suitable employment, as that favoritism which he abhorred. Consequently, England's best soldier, who might quickly have risen to the highest commands, was passed over, and his next six years were spent constructing fortresses at Gravesend.

These were the happiest years of his life, and marked the transition from the Gordon of China to the nobler and deeper Gordon of the Soudan. Philanthropy came to occupy chief place in his mind; and his home grew to resemble that of a missionary, rather than that of an English officer. His great love for children led him to care for numbers of homeless boys, and to teach in the ragged schools, explaining the Bible, and teaching geography to the eager pupils. His distribution of clothing amounted to several hundred suits a year, and boots by the gross; and, as all this came out of his officer's pay, he was frequently penniless. The aged poor, too, came to love him who was called the "visiting chaplain." They had the privileges of his beautiful garden, and benefited by a number of small pensions which he instituted. Small wonder, then, that "God bless the Kernel" was chalked up here and there by the boys, and that all Gravesend mourned when this noble philanthropist was called back into active service in 1871.

The Soudan, to which Gordon was to devote practically all the rest of his life, had come into Egyptian possession in 1819. The trade in ivory had changed to a slave traffic that, under the leadership of merciless Arabs, had grown to such diabolical proportions that whole districts had been depopulated. The anger of Europe was aroused, and the Khedive of Egypt offered Gordon £10,000 a year to re-establish authority over the now defiant slave-raiders. Gordon accepted the post, refusing, however, more

than £2000 a year, and, in 1874, was in the Soudan. He succeeded in rescuing hundreds of slaves, but his difficulties were greatly multiplied by the treachery of his own subordinates, and of the Cairo officials, who were hand-in-glove with the enemy. His staff was dying from the climate, his troops were the worst he ever had to command, and he felt that his task was impossible till he had the real support of the Egyptian government; so he resigned in 1876, and returned to England.

His sense of honour forced him to return at the urgent request of the Khedive, and a few months later he was again in Egypt, this time as Governor-General of the whole Soudan. He now bent all his energies to the expulsion of the slavers, and hunted them down mercilessly, seeming to be everywhere at once. His kind heart was touched by the appeals of the blacks, and in the first three days of his governorship, he distributed more than £1000 of his own money. Gordon was faced with serious rebellions among the slavers, but by brilliant and prolonged campaigning he succeeded in quelling these. He then felt that the back of the slave-trade was broken, and that a continued active policy in the Soudan would enable Egypt herself to crush it out. His resignation is 1879 was just in time to save his life, his health being completely broken by overwork and the terrible climate.

The four years that followed were spent in various diplomatic missions, and, after his return from the Holy Land, Gordon was approached by the King of the Belgians to undertake the suppression of slavery in the Congo. All arrangements for this had been made, when the call of the Soudan came again, and Gordon returned, to undertake the last and crowning mission of a life wholly devoted to the leading of forlorn hopes.

As had happened in China, so in the Soudan had a religious leader arisen, claiming to be the Mahdi, the Long-Expected One. To him flocked all the discontented people of the district, and the growing revolt was helped rather than hindered by the troops sent to suppress it. By 1884, the Mahdi's power was supreme, and the few remaining garrisons, such as that of Khartoum, were

thinking only of flight. After a fatal delay of two months wasted in bickerings, Gordon was called to save the situation in that barren land where lay his heart. Well might any brave man have shrunk from the task, but Gordon did not hesitate, not even taking precautions to protect himself from betrayal by his own government. On reaching Africa, he saw that the complete overthrow of the Mahdi was the only solution of the problem, and that the policy of evacuation, urged upon him by a government anxious only to be rid of all responsibility, was useless. Had the English government seen fit to recall him for his change of policy, all well and good, but instead they left him single-handed to cope with the situation, and handicapped by uncertainty as to what steps they might take to support his actions.

His arrival in Khartoum in February, 1884, calmed the growing panic, and scattered the fears of the unreliable garrison, who now drew together for one of the most brilliant and heroic sieges in history. Gordon sent away to safety twenty-six hundred people before the siege closed in, but in April his communications were cut and the world heard no more of Khartoum. Stores were laid in, the steamers made bullet proof, and paper money issued, that business might go on. Food supplies began to run low, and in September the steamers were despatched half-way downstream to meet and assist the expected relief, taking on board Gordon's only white companions, and leaving him to face the untold dangers alone. Day after day he would sweep with his glass the long stretch of sand and river; night after night he spent in prayer and supplication, communing in a lonely tower with the God he loved. For two days at a time he would go without food to relieve the sufferings of others, and by his unwavering courage he strengthened the whole weakened garrison.

After many delays, however, a large force was on its way under Lord Wolseley. Ten thousand of England's finest soldiers were being sent to take the place of the two hundred men that Gordon had so vainly requested; £10,000,000 were being spent instead of the hundredth part of that amount, which had

been refused earlier in the siege. But this slow-moving, unwieldy, albeit magnificent, expedition was too late, even its advance guard arriving thirty-six hours after the fall of the doomed city on the twenty-fifth of January, 1885. The relief force retired, leaving the dervishes masters of Khartoum, and the mutilated body of Charles Gordon in the hands of the Mahdi.

This was the tragic, though perhaps not unsuitable, end of an unselfish life. We have seen in the career of Gordon the numerous military and administrative problems which he had to solve; and the extraordinary dearth of trustworthy help, and favorable circumstance which he had to face. Never was such a good workman supplied by Providence with such unlikely tools, and yet, never did human being so uncomplainingly put his shoulder to the wheel, and so successfully wrest victory from the jaws of defeat. No military commander ever so combined spirit, discernment, energy and capacity, with the fear and love of Almighty God, and was so unspoiled by success. No comparatively poor man ever distributed such large sums of money to the poor, or refused such enormous sums as a just reward for faithful service. Missionaries there have been, whose devotion to the Father of all men has led them to consecrate their lives to the uplift of downtrodden peoples, yet no one of them ever more completely won the hearts of a strange race, than did Gordon Pasha, by his Christian brotherliness, gain the love of the dusky sons of the Soudan.

In the now peaceful town of Khartoum, recaptured by Lord Kitchener, there stands the Gordon College; and in one of the city squares is Gordon Pasha, seated upon his camel, looking, with eyes of longing, across the desert for the help that never came. But no statue is needed to keep him dear to the hearts of the blacks of Africa; no noble bust can more richly endear to us the memory of Charles Gordon, which is as sweet, and pure, and fragrant as the roses which his hands planted in Khartoum, and which the Mahdi forgot to destroy.

—George P. Gilmour, '21.

HALL we put him out, boys?'' It was Big Mac, the brawny Highlander, who spoke, and although his words were rough, none of us could mistake the note of pleading which he attempted to conceal. ''Aw, let him stay,'' said Andy, the cook, '' 'Tis no night for even a dumb beastie to be out in the cold. Besides, this place may belong to him. 'Tis we who should be asking permission to stay.''

In the meantime, the subject of this conversation stood blinking in the beams thrown by the corporal's flashlight, and appeared to have been aroused from peaceful slumber. His long, white beard and well-shaped head combined to give him a dignified and benevolent aspect, which was somewhat belied by the long, twisted horns which curved backward over his shoulders. His fleece was remarkably fine and white. In fact it would have been difficult to find a handsomer goat on the continent.

''No, Billy,'' continued Big Mac, ''We'll no' put you out in the rain, and if it please Your Honour we'll share your apartments for the night.'' So Billy stayed.

A tiny sheet-iron stove, which Andy had smuggled in with his kitchen supplies, was soon set up in a corner, and a warm glow began to dispel the gloom of the low-roofed shack. The warmth was welcome, for our outer garments were drenched with the rain from which not even our water-proof capes could protect us. Early that afternoon, our small party had left the trenches and tramped through the mud to the rear, where it was our duty to prepare the billets for the battalion which was to be relieved that night. The mist, which had enveloped us all the morning, was changing to rain as we emerged from the communication trenches, and the steady downpour had dampened the enthusiasm of even the new recruits before our destination was reached.

Our supplies had preceded us and we were soon busily employed in unloading rations and cooking utensils and setting up our improvised stoves. Not until the battalion arrived and each man had received his allowance of tea and rations, did we cease work. We had chosen our quarters in this tiny outhouse on ac-

count of the pile of straw in one corner, and it was not until we examined the interior that we discovered that we were intruders.

The words of Big Mac met with general approval and Billy retired to his place in the straw. The little party was soon sleeping the sleep of oblivion. Shortly after daybreak we were rudely awakened by a howl of dismay from Andy. As we opened our eyes and gazed sleepily around the shack, the sight which greeted us was one which I shall never forget. In the corner stood Andy, holding in one hand the remains of what had once been a woollen muffler, the pride of the cook's heart. His look of dejection aroused much good natured banter, but we soon found that Andy was not the only victim. Belts and other equipment bore traces of sharp teeth, shoe-laces had been gnawed off, and Big Mac even complained that his huge clasp knife had disappeared. Many and various were the epithets showered upon Billy, but Billy was entirely unconscious of any sense of wrong-doing. He lay peacefully on his bed of straw chewing his cud, which must have consisted of yarn and leather. His little eyes twinkled with unfeigned joy and seemed to say, "Good morning, boys, you are quite welcome, make yourselves as comfortable as you please." After these expressions of good-will, he rose to his feet, displaying a can of sardines and Big Mac's knife, which he had evidently carried away for future examination. Even those who had suffered most could not lose the humourous side of the situation. "You old rascal," said Andy, "if your manners were not so attractive I would be pulling your beard for you."

It was not long, however, before Billy retrieved his good name, and won the lasting esteem of the cook. Andy was cutting up a quarter of beef on a table outside the cookhouse when he was suddenly called inside by his assistant. During his absence, a huge dog, one of the hungry, wolf-like mongrels which abound in Flanders, strayed into the camp and instinctively sought the kitchen. There lay the meat on the table as the cook had left it. Looking around him for signs of danger, he crept across the yard. There was no one to bar his progress. He gained the table, placed his forepaws upon it, and was reaching for the

meat when Billy spied him. There was a flash of white across the yard, a dull thud, and, as Andy rushed to the door, a badly bruised dog rose to his feet, only to be bowled over again and again. It was not until the brute lay still that Billy recovered his composure and allowed the cook to express his fervent, if somewhat picturesque, praise.

From that day Billy's position was firmly established. He was at once the hero and the mascot of our company. Gradually he acquired a liking for all the mud-stained, khaki-clad men whom he met, but Big Mac and Andy still remained his favourites. He learned to fall in on parade directly behind his Highland protector, and as he appeared day after day in the supernumerary rank, he soon won the title of Sergeant. During the winter, when the company moved into the trenches, our mascot was left behind with the transport section, but as the warm days of summer approached, he began to take short trips into the reserve trenches with the men. He took great interest in all the activities, but seemed to doubt the wisdom of the sentries when they refused to allow him to scale the parapet. It could not be denied that Billy was not a success as a trench fighter.

So the months wore away and our mascot became a familiar figure throughout the entire division. When on the march, he attracted more attention than a brigadier. Women and children would crowd the doors of the low Flemish houses to catch a glimpse of the beautiful white goat, and part of the fame which our battalion enjoyed was directly due to our pet.

Then came one of the many offensives which marked the campaign on the western front. For days the distant roll and thunder of artillery warned us that an action of unusual violence was in progress on our right, and rumors came daily of trenches captured by the allied troops. "We'll soon be in it ourselves," said Big Mac, and he voiced the opinion of all. None of us were surprised when we were relieved from our trenches, and, after a brief rest, received orders to march to the south. Two days of marching brought us to the scene of the recent battle. All objectives had for the present been gained and an oppressive calm

brooded over the scene of desolation. As night drew on we took up our packs once more and moved forward. Far ahead we could see the white flash of the enemy's rockets, which rose, burst into an incandescent ball of fire, then floated slowly to earth. As we approached we could catch an occasional glimpse of moving forms and knew that somewhere in the darkness men were digging new trenches in preparation for a counter-attack.

Our headquarters had been located in a ruined farmhouse half a mile behind the lines, and here we were ordered to hold ourselves in reserve. The house and barn were built in true Flemish style, forming three sides of a rectangle and enclosing a paved courtyard. The buildings, which were of brick, had not been damaged by shell fire, but much of the interior wood work was charred by fires which the retreating Germans had kindled. In the centre of the courtyard was a well, filled to the brim with water, in which a few charred sticks still bore evidence of the curbing which had been burned away. In an alcove by the door of the barn stood the remains of a huge dog-wheel by means of which the water had formerly been pumped into a nearby trough.

To the left the land sloped gently away for several miles, but on our right and in front a small hill interrupted the view and also protected us from enemy observation. With the view of strengthening our position we erected barricades of sand-bags at the windows and doors and placed machine guns at points of vantage. This done, we attempted to snatch a few moments of repose. On my way to the barn, where I intended to sleep, I passed the dog wheel, and there I saw Billy lying upon a bundle of straw which one of the boys had placed there for him. I stopped to pat his head and talk to him a moment before seeking my blankets.

It seemed as if I had slept only an instant when I was awakened by the sentry, and at the same time there came the order to "stand to." From the trenches on our right came the rattle of musketry and the sharp staccato of machine-gun fire. The counter attack had begun.

There was confusion for a moment as each man rushed to his appointed place. In the grey dawn, very little could be seen of

the engagement. The sound of fighting was constantly coming closer and we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of the enemy. Suddenly, around the base of the hill and directly in front came a straggling line of grey uniforms. The Germans had broken through. Immediately, our machine guns began to sputter and rifles to crack and the air was filled with tiny, whispering messengers of death. Had the distance been slightly greater, none of the grey-clad soldiers could have reached our defence. As it was, only a few gained the shelter of the thick brick walls. For a moment they were among us, and then, seeing themselves outnumbered, they turned and sought to escape.

All this had happened in a few moments. Our attention had been directed toward the side of the house facing the enemy. Not one of us had noticed a grey-uniformed officer hidden in an angle of the wall, nor had we noticed the absence of Mac. When, a few minutes later we returned to the courtyard, the sight which met our eyes will never be forgotten. Propped against a water-cart sat Big Mac, binding up an ugly wound in his arm from which the blood was flowing, while at the brink of the well stood Billy with horns lowered in threatening attitude. Just out of reach of his horns something was bobbing up and down in the water. This something we soon discovered to be the head and shoulders of a big German who was panting and sputtering as he attempted to evade the horns of his captor. It was a subdued and docile Hun that we finally dragged from the well after removing Billy to a safe distance.

The rest of the story was told by Big Mac amid exclamations of admiration from the men. Mac had been crossing the courtyard when he was wounded by a stray bullet. As he was examining the wound, the German officer had rushed at him from a corner of the barn. Taken by surprise, he would without doubt have been despatched, had not Billy been near at hand. "He couldn't have gone down quicker if a 'whizz-bang' had struck him," declared Mac, "and as for keeping him down, why, boys, a 'whizz-bang' couldn't be compared to our Billy."

So this is why our mascot is now the proud possessor of a collar on which are engraved the words, "Billy, D.C.M."

—Frank G. McCoy, '20.

GLADYS JACKSON DETLOR.

"Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares."

McMASTER graduates, especially those of year 1911, will be shocked to learn of the death in Los Angeles on December 19th, of Mrs. Calvin A. Detlor (née Gladys Jackson). Mrs. Detlor had gone to California for her health with her daughter, Zilla, and there died suddenly from heart failure.

No one, who attended McMaster during the four years that Gladys was a student there, will ever forget her winning personality. Nature had endowed her with an unusual number of gifts, all of which she used generously for the good of the University.

Gladys had real talent for writing. In the year '09-'10, she edited The Women's Department of *The Monthly*, and never has that section of our college magazine been more interesting. In the old files of the paper, you will find many a charming little story or article signed by her. In fact, if one knew Gladys, one would recognize them even if unsigned; for her style was so natural, so "just Gladys all over." Since her marriage, she has been a frequent contributor to the *Toronto Star Weekly* though ill-health has prevented any definite literary work.

Then, too, Gladys had a really beautiful voice, and responded graciously to our repeated requests to sing at meetings of the Literary Society and Y.W.C.A. One can never forget the expression she put into all her songs and the way she made it known that she felt what she was singing.

No decorating committee was complete without Gladys. She was artistic to her finger-tips, and just as original. Year '11 owed to her the ideas for the truly distinctive rendezvous on Founder's Nights.

Gladys was only a partial student, specializing in English; and yet she seemed to be a vital part of the year. She was interested in all the college activities. Her home was ever open for year frolics. None knew her but to love her; for a kinder,

more gracious girl than Gladys never attended McMaster.

After graduation she married Calvin Detlor, '09, and has resided in Toronto, which has been her home since her family moved from Petrolea, a number of years ago. Ill-health handicapped Gladys greatly, but her indomitable spirit refused to give in to a weak body. She has always kept in touch with McMaster, and has remained a girl at heart even when assuming the added duties and graces of wifehood and motherhood.

For her little daughter, we can wish nothing better than that she may grow to be like her mother. To her husband and her relatives, we extend our heartfelt sympathy. Gladys is not dead, for

> "To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die."

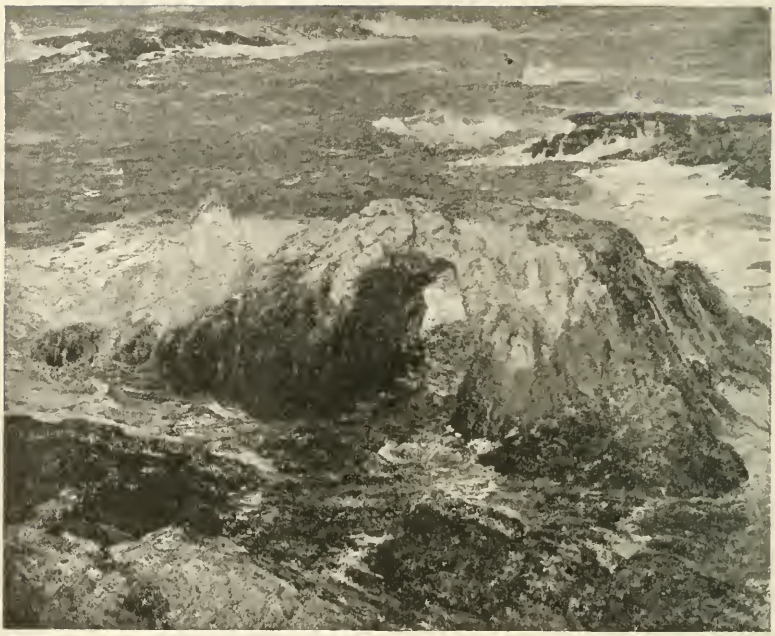
—M. Y., '11.

MELODY.

I am so glad for all the lovely things
That find their way to me in busy hours,
For sunset's glory, and for birds that sing,
For revelations from the sun-kissed flowers.

For written thoughts that linger in my heart,
For tender words said unexpectedly,
These make me glad and strong to do my part,
And fill my days with haunting melody.

—Amy E. Campbell, '12.



WILLIAM RITSCHEL, N.A.
Blue Depths (California).

An American Painting Exhibited at the
Canadian National Exhibition, 1918.

THE INDIAN STUDENT.

HE Christian worker who goes to India fresh from a course in a Canadian college or university, and finds himself in a large town or city under new and intensely interesting conditions, will soon number among his acquaintances, if not friends, a group of the Indian students who are also treading the hard but alluring paths of learning. A comradeship of interests and tastes draws them together, and often one or other of them will accompany him as he walks beside the quiet waters of a canal in the twilight; or through the odorous gloom of a jasmine-lined path; or join him at tennis; or sit in conversation on his veranda.

In the golden age of India's past,—for most Hindus persist in regarding the past as their age of glory,—the ideal of the student was, in many respects, a high one. The teacher was more or less of a recluse, living in some retired spot on a hillside or in a clump of woods near a well-known shrine. Here he gathered about him a small band of disciples, who sat at his feet day by day, and learned to repeat by rote the words of wisdom that fell from the teacher's lips. Occasionally one, more receptive than the others, might also catch something of his spirit, and achieve a name among the roll of India's philosophers; and so, in due course, a small niche in India's boundless pantheon, and a tumble-down temple by the roadside, where an occasional peasant may bow before this particular one of her three hundred million deities. But one and all, the pupils held the teacher in the greatest reverence, and were supposed to attend to his every want. The little band led the lives of hermits, and their simple needs were supplied by the begging-bowls of the scholars. The traditional spot is still pointed out where the renowned Ramanuja, one of south India's greatest thinkers, daily toiled with his water-pot up the sandy banks of the Sarasvati river, and where he plodded his daily three miles to the Vaishuara temple in Congeeverain, while he was a student at the nearby village. All this may seem very crude in contrast with the imposing piles of brick and stone one sees in a university city to-

day, but it produced some great minds, and the time is not so long past when in America a university was a fallen log, the professor seated on one end, and the student on the other.

The Indian student of to-day is very dissimilar to the picture that has just been drawn. The isolated groups of learners with their leisurely and monotonous duties have been replaced by thousands of eager young men and women in the different centres of learning, frantically preparing themselves for the oncoming examinations, greedily devouring each bit of western custom and thought that comes their way, and showing a tendency to be led into all sorts of wild enterprises of a "nationalist" or so-called social reform type. It is the student's desire to better himself in the English language, in which almost the whole of the high school and university work in India is done, that will probably first draw him into the westerner's company. He is particularly keen on acquiring what he calls "English idioms," and the results are often startling. Thus one of our lady missionaries, on the eve of her departure for Canada, received a letter beginning, "Dear Madam,—I grieve to hear that you are on your last legs in this country." Another student was heard shouting at his antagonist in a wordy quarrel, "If you call me that evil name again, I'll blow your nose!"

Another noticeable characteristic of the village lad sent up for higher education is his predilection for sundry articles of English dress. It is a wonderful day for his native town when this hero returns for his holidays, arrayed in the gaudiest and giddiest that the sacrifice summer sales of the large Madras houses can show. I well remember the advent of two of these gentry into the Akidu church one Sunday morning. In bright yellow and deliciously creaking shoes, socks with fancy garters showing up nicely against their brown legs, and brilliant Manchester shirts in addition to the usual native dress, they sauntered slowly up the centre aisle, and then, greatly daring, walked across and occupied one of the benches reserved for the deacons and other great ones of the congregation. This unseemly pride soon met the inevitable fall, however, for at the entrance of the

pastor they were consigned to the common level by a remark from him to the effect that, if necessary, their new-found glories could be exhibited to the congregation outside at the close of the service. It seems a pity that the picturesque, inexpensive, and altogether suitable native dress should so often be discarded in favour of a grotesque and often comic combination of eastern and western styles, an irritation to the fervent Hindu, and a laughing stock to the foreigner.

Another characteristic of Indian students that soon discovers itself is their spirit of literary professionalism—a marked distaste and even contempt for manual toil of any sort. For centuries, under the caste system, the Brahmans, a priestly class, have never condescended to soil their hands with labour of any sort, and this prejudice has developed until to-day all who receive an education are too apt to believe that some benign Providence—preferably the Government—owes them an easy livelihood. This tendency is controlled in our mission schools with excellent results by a system by which the boarders do their own laundering, cooking, and much other work. But there is dissatisfaction even here, and I remember the astonishment with which I heard one of our pastors arguing, in a session of the Kistna Association, that the boarding children should be carefully guarded from any taint of manual labour, and brought up as little "Baboos," sort of second-rate Brahmans. This whole question forms one of India's great educational problems to-day, and an effort is being made to meet it by a lavish expenditure on technical and industrial schools. Whether a technical education will instil a love of toil into the mind of a high-caste Hindu or not, is a subject on which there may be a great difference of opinion, and the results of this policy will be watched with interest.

The new nationalist spirit which is stirring educated India to-day finds among the students one of its chief classes of supporters. The visit of any violent agitator to a university city or town usually leaves the students in a ferment of fervid excitement and very noticeable impudence for a few days, dur-

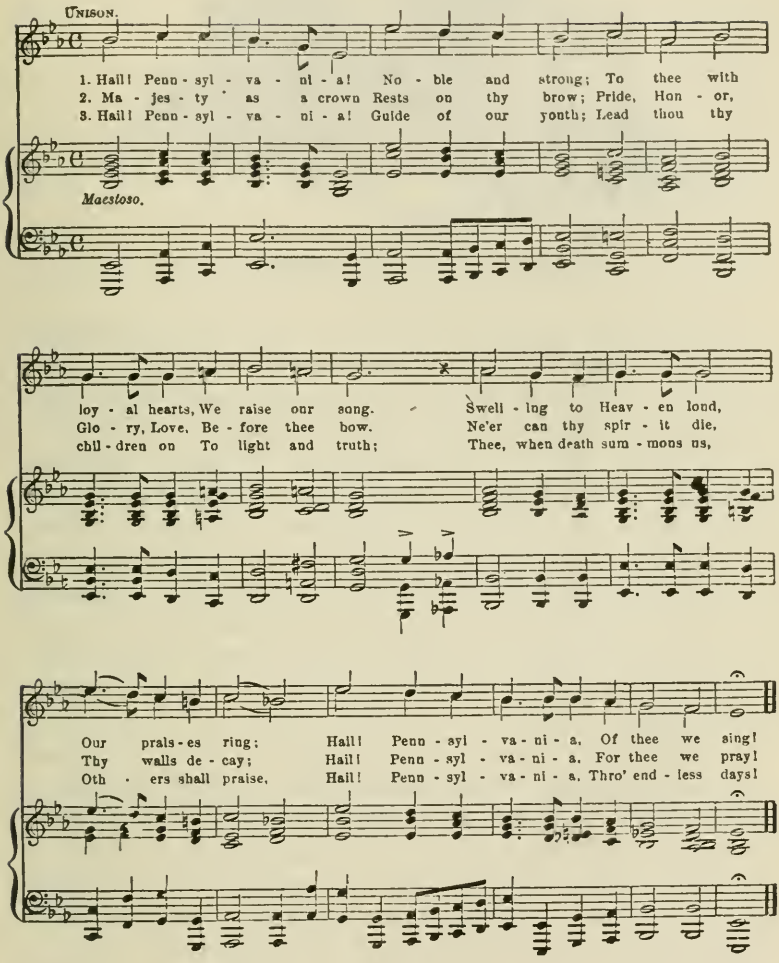
ing which time they frequently amuse their "foreign" teachers by prophecies of sudden death, such delicate attentions being conveyed by anonymous letter, or painted on the whitewash of a wall or gatepost. Incited by Mrs. Besant, that priestess of notoriety, a number of Madras University scholars attempted to force their way into a compartment of a railway train reserved for Eurasians. The result was a fair-sized riot, some broken heads, and a number of police-court convictions on each side. Such excesses, however, usually occur only at long intervals, and the blame is to be laid at the door of those who make the scholars their dupes and tools, and not of those whose youthful enthusiasm, misdirected and misled, tends to lead them astray. Properly influenced and guided, this same enthusiasm and sense of unbounded loyalty will be a tremendous force in India's regeneration.

Indeed, it is difficult to exaggerate the interest and possibilities of the contact of the missionary, new or old, with the students whom he meets. If he is sympathetic and helpful, he will be rewarded with a wealth of appreciation and confidence at times embarrassing; will open for himself treasures of love and trust; and will have found an open door to the heart of a fellow-student in some ways separated from him by wide gulfs of thought and purpose, and yet bound to him by ties of mutual esteem and love. And, in a suitable time, he may have the joy of leading this scholar, this searcher after Truth, to the One who is the Truth, and "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

—John B. McLaurin, '05.

HAIL, PENNSYLVANIA!

Words by
EDGAR M. DILLEY.


UNISON.
1. Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a! No - ble and strong; To thee with
2. Ma - jes - ty as a crown Rests on thy brow; Pride, Hon - or,
3. Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a! Guide of our youth; Lead thou thy
Maestoso.
loy - al hearts, We raise our song. Swell - ing to Heav - en loud,
Glo - ry, Love, Be - fore thee bow. Ne'er can thy spir - it die,
chil - dren on To light and truth; Thee, when death sum - mons us,
Our prais - es ring; Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Of thee we sing!
Thy walls de - cay; Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, For thee we pray!
Oth - ers shall praise, Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Thro' end - less days!

From "Songs of Harvard."

RECORDS IN TREES.

If a piece of metal is driven into a tree, its position, for all practical purposes, changes no more than if it had been driven into a post. The reason for this will be understood readily when it is remembered that trees grow in height only at the ends of their branches. The vertical position of trunk and branches remains the same throughout life, but the circumference of the trunk and branches, increases in diameter annually. During each growing season the leaves combine material brought up from the roots with material obtained from the air into "digested food." This is spread in a thin layer, under the bark, over the entire woody structure of the tree, and is popularly known as an annual ring. By counting these one may tell approximately the age of a tree.

It is plain then, from the foregoing, that a record of any kind left on a tree never changes its position. It will be covered gradually as the new growth surrounds it, but its relative position on the stem remains the same. Consequently, because of this method of growth, trees, unlike any other living organisms, have a way of imbedding material securely in themselves, which to relinquish often means the forfeiture of life itself.

And like so many other things that remain with us from the past, it would be interesting if all the records found in trees could in some way reconstruct for us the circumstances of their being there.

Last autumn, at the end of an afternoon in the forest, I came upon a small portable mill. It was owned by two brothers, one of whom lived in a little cabin which always accompanied the outfit. I thought the sawyer of such a mill might be able to furnish me with interesting data about records in trees, and so I stopped to chat with him. The cabin at this setting was among some oaks and chestnuts under a low hill, and as I sat in the compact enclosure of the solitary room, and saw the view from the door, I knew that the shelter of the hill was not the only reason for selecting that particular site, but also, the view of the forest-covered hills and mist-filled valleys for sixty miles to the west. In answer to my question about finding material in trees, the sawyer's eyes brightened with the remembrance of dodging flying saw teeth when the big circular struck something harder than wood and refused to cut; and in the native way replied, "I reckon I've well nigh cut into a box-car load of hardware in my day." I asked him if he could recall some of the articles he had encountered and this is the list he gave me: stone and metal arrow heads, hammock hooks, nails, railroad spikes, steel wedges, a six inch boulder, a hoe, a scythe blade, horse shoes, ox shoes, and a ten inch file. Where did these things come from? Each had its own tale. But these were not all. There were many records on the logs that passed through the hands of the sawyer which he did not see: broken tops caused by storms in the forest; ice-scars; fire scalds; wounds made by marauding insects and property marks now long forgotten.

In one of the few pieces of virgin forest which remain in this part of the country, I came upon some very large trees. It was pleasant fun to speculate about the age of these trees; trees which were growing there before the white man landed a few miles to the east. A sugar maple, not one of the biggest, had been thrown by the wind and gave me the opportunity I desired. Breast high on the trunk I cut it through and counted the rings. There were two hundred and twenty-five, which, allowing three years for growth below the cut, made the tree two hundred and twenty-eight years old. But that was not all. The cut revealed

a record of former days. On the one hundred and tenth ring was a spile which had been used to draw the sweet sap from the bole—a simple homely record. In the early spring of 1803, a settler had come a little farther up the valley and, while spying out the land, had made some maple syrup.

Not far from where I write there is a pine tree which at one time helped to form the edge of a farmer's mowing. Now, this tree holds a record, which, although not left perhaps in so unique a manner, has been repeated recently in many parts of the world.

A young man toiled in his father's hay while his companions one by one joined in a righteous war. The time came when he too felt that he must go. One day he returned to the house for dinner and told his father he was going to join his friends. "I have left my scythe in a tree by the field," he said. "Leave it there until I come back." There the scythe still hangs. But the tree now has tripled its girth, and the blade is firmly imbedded in the trunk. The handle has long since rotted off.

One of the most common records left in trees—records which are just as lasting as any, although they may be overgrown with bark—are those mutilations which will be made, I suppose, as long as young people wander through the forest.

A wood-chopper was engaged in cutting into fire-wood the remains of a few large pine trees which at one time had formed a park around a colonial house. As his blade cut a straight crisp piece, the wood separated evenly and revealed the two letters H K as clearly as if they had been burned in with an iron. Many years ago the bark and wood of this tree had been scarred deeply with a knife. The tree promptly had filled the cavity with resin, and this, as the bark covered the wood, had turned black and preserved the original lines of the wound.

Many may wonder what these two initials stood for. Some may say that they were the work of an idle wood-man whose name perhaps was Hiram Kelly. Others may contend with just as great a degree of accuracy, that they stood for such a suggestive combination as Helen and Kenneth, or something similar.

—R.

The McMaster University Monthly

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Editorial Notes

It will be remembered that a Prize Story Competition, open to undergraduates of the University, was announced in our issue of October last. We are glad to say that the response to this contest was gratifying indeed, six stories being submitted. Thereby was contradicted any idea that literary aspirations are a negligible quantity among McMaster students. But what is even more pleasing to us, is to see this evidence of genuine interest in one of our important student organizations. We take this opportunity to thank heartily the six contestants who helped to make this competition,—the first for a number of years,—a real success.

The stories were read carefully by a board of judges composed of Prof. McLay, Dr. Gilmour and Major Wallace, to whom

the authorship was unknown. The result of their deliberations was submitted in the following decision:—

First Prize ....Frank G. McCoy, '20.
Second Prize .....Miss Frances W. Trotter, '22.
Third Prize .....Miss Corinne C. Moskowitz, '21.

We congratulate the successful contestants, and desire also to express our appreciation to the board of judges for their labours. The prize stories will appear in early issues of *The Monthly*.

Well done, McMaster! Again, as always, the student body of the University has successfully accomplished its aim in two distinct undertakings. Vastly different as were the objects of these, the students nevertheless displayed equal interest and enthusiasm in each, and have the satisfaction of knowing that each fulfilled a purpose. Our Intermediate O.H.A. team was an undertaking which caused a gasp even from some of the most optimistic. The extremely dormant condition of enthusiasm in athletics hereabouts during war years, together with the lack of necessary facilities, seemed insurmountable barriers. Yet, the management and players persevered—and the result? Not a group championship, not even a victory; but four clean hard games of that grandest of all sports, keenly contested, enthusiastically supported, and worthily lost; and, best of all, a revival of that interest in clean athletics which is so large and important a factor in our University life and spirit. Here's to the management and players of our hockey team!

The second undertaking had for its object the subscription by the students of McMaster of the sum of six hundred dollars, this money to be used to found a scholarship at Madras University, for students from the McLaurin High School in India. Again there was considerable apprehension as to the outcome, but again we counted too little on our own abilities. For, when a two-day campaign was enthusiastically launched in the first week of this month, and the excitement had finally subsided, it was discovered to our great surprise and joy that an amount had

been subscribed sufficient not for *one* scholarship, but for *two!* This interest in missionary activity is a cause for much satisfaction, and has left a permanent impress upon all who took part in the campaign. Again we say, "Congratulations!"

"*How Billy Won the D.C.M.,*" which is published in this issue, is the story written by Frank G. McCoy, '20, and awarded first prize in the recent competition. It will no doubt be of additional interest to our readers to know that the author spent some time in France and Flanders, and that certain incidents in the story are drawn from his own experience.

In view of the establishing by McMaster students of scholarships at Madras University, the article by Rev. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., B.Th., entitled, "The Indian Student," should prove of timely interest to our readers. The writer is fully conversant with his subject, having spent a number of years in missionary work in India, and we are indebted to him for this interesting picture of student life in that country.

THE WONDER-GATE.

To some Death seems dark terror of the night;
To some blind bitterness that warps the soul;
And some regard it as a glorious light,
Of life's bewildering trail the shining goal;

To some it means retreat for coward's shame,
A blank oblivion beneath the sod.
And yet, throughout all time, Death is the same,
The fair and fateful wonder-gate of God.

—Evelyn Davis Graham, '15.

On Military Service.

EDITOR: FRANK G. McCOY, '20.

"Brothers, across the wrack that seems
Your valour's only fruit to-day;
Fraternal, pure compassion streams
To light, to succour, and to stay."
—*J. Cartwright Frith.*

IEUT. B. E. Gilbert, '16, R.A.F., has returned to Canada. He has been discharged from the Air Force and has returned to McMaster for post-graduate work.

Corp. L. S. Cutler, '14, who was granted a scholarship in St. John's College, Oxford, has been asked to undertake a lecturing tour among the English soldiers along the Rhine; the subject of the lectures to be, "Reconstruction of the Empire after the War."

Capt. W. C. Riddiford, Theol., '04, has returned to France after a three weeks' tour of Italy.

Lieut. Reginald H. King, '17, R.F.A., who was seriously wounded in the autumn of 1917, is again in Canada, and is in attendance at the Faculty of Education, together with Cadet W. S. Way, '17, R.A.F., and Sergt. F. E. Foulds, '16, C.A.M.C.

D. G. Munro, '05, after serving for some time as inspector under the Imperial Munitions Board, enlisted with the Canadian Engineers. He is now with the Canadian troops in France.

Spr. A. W. Chisholm, '16, Div. Sig. Coy., has returned to Canada, and is awaiting his discharge.

Capt. R. D. Moyle, '08, of the 2nd Field Ambulance of the C.A.M.C., has been awarded the Military Cross "for conspicuous courage and devotion to duty." The official statement in the London *Times* says: "He followed the infantry into the open while it was still under machine-gun fire. Owing to the condition of the ground, it was impossible to get transports up, but he organized bearer parties, collected all wounded into a place of safety, and succeeded in securing dressings, food and water for them, saving many lives. He set an example to all ranks under him."

CAPTAIN STANLEY HOWSON BROCKLEBANK, M.C.

"Obey your orders, cling to your posts,
Don't grumble, stick it out!"

This quotation, taken from Captain Brocklebank's diary, reveals one of the many characteristics which prompted the sacrifice which he has made.

CAPT. STANLEY HOWSON BROCKLEBANK, M.C.
Died of Wounds, September 20th, 1918.

On September 20th, 1918, Captain Stanley H. Brocklebank died of wounds in No. 3 General Hospital, Le Treport, France. Another of Canada's noble sons has passed from our sight, but the record which he leaves will be cherished by his many friends.

Stanley Brocklebank was born in Arthur, Ont., on November 19th, 1889, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. David Brocklebank. He received his early education in the Arthur Public and High Schools, after which he came to Toronto and entered the Central Business College, with the intention of entering upon a business career. Upon the completion of his course he was for a short time connected with the business management of the Toronto *Star*, and for two years held a position with the Canadian Northern Railway. He then decided to enter the profession of law, and, with a view of obtaining a higher education, he entered the University of Toronto with the class of '14. His popularity among his fellow students is shown by the fact that in 1912 he was elected president of his class. He entered McMaster in his fourth year and received his degree in the Spring of 1914. His sincere and genial manner won him many friends during the one short year which he spent here. He entered Osgoode Hall the following year and passed his first year's work with honors.

When the war broke out he saw the need for trained men, and, although much of his time was taken up by his studies, he managed to qualify for a commission. In August of 1915 he was appointed to the 71st Battalion, with the rank of Lieutenant. He went overseas in March, 1916, and in August of the same year he crossed to France. His ability soon won promotion, and his captaincy dates from November, 1916.

Among the prominent battles in which he participated were those of the Somme, Vimy Ridge, Lens, Hill 70, Paschendale and the final Allied advance. On one occasion his personal bravery and good judgment enabled his company to consolidate ground captured from the enemy, and the trench which they constructed was officially named the "Brocklebank" trench. He also received personal congratulations from General Currie, when his company, for the second time, was awarded the prize for efficiency at the annual sports day. In December, 1917, he was mentioned in despatches and was later recommended for the D.S.O. He was wounded four times—on March 12th, 1917; April 9th, 1917; July 11th, 1918, and again on August 10th, 1918, the last wound proving fatal.

The news that Capt. Brocklebank had been awarded the Mil-

itary Cross was not officially announced until after his death. The official statement says: "He directed the formation of one of the assaulting companies, and, after personally 'mopping up' some enemy gun emplacements with his company headquarters, led the assaulting platoons to their objectives until fatally wounded. His courage and leadership were of a high order."

THE MONTHLY joins with Capt. Brocklebank's many friends in extending the deepest sympathy to his parents in their sorrow.

D. J. Russell, '20, R.A.F., England.

"I will try to make up for lapses of correspondence while in Germany. I want to forget all about Germany and all the insects (literal as well as otherwise) that therein dwell. On the 17th of May, a number of us were up with an observation party and ran across a detachment of the late Richtofen's Circus; a dog-scrap ensued. I got on the tail of an Albatross scout that promptly went into a spin. I followed him down from 18,000 to 12,000 feet, where he stopped spinning. I got in a burst at close range and he fell in flames. In the meantime I had been followed by four Huns, and while trying to get back under my own formation, I got a bullet scratch on my cheek and most of my instruments were shot away. I switched to the emergency tank, and made for home, but another good burst finished my engine, and I finally landed in a heap of shell holes.

The next I remember was in a field hospital near Bapaume, where I recovered consciousness with a bandaged head and a knee somewhat bunged up. About the first of June, I went to Karlsruhe with six German sentries to keep me company. At Karlsruhe we were put in solitary confinement for eight days, after which they tried to get informatian from us regarding our machines. After several days of vain questioning, we were sent to the main camp. Here the Red Cross provided us with enough food to enable us to live, with care. Two weeks later eighteen of us were sent to Landshut. On the way five of us plunged off the train, near Elm, and with thirty biscuits apiece tried to reach Switzerland. After five days in the open we could go no further, and gave ourselves up. At Landshut we were sentenced to eight days solitary confinement on bread and water. Later we were allowed to have our meals sent up from a restaurant by the kindness of a Danish government agent."

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Arnold E. Look, B.Th.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

—*Gray.*

THE term "problem" is a favorite in the average college student's vocabulary. Contact with men from all spheres of life and from all parts of the country, each having been reared according to a slightly different standard and each having a more or less distinctive view-point from which he approaches every question, is certain to result in a clash of opinions and a consequent re-examination of the basis upon which individual criteria rest. For instance, the new arrival becomes enmeshed in an argument with a special philosophy student and begins to question for the first time, not only the infallibility of his immediate knowledge of external reality through sense perception, but even his own conscious existence itself. Or, because the course in Bible teaches him that human beings do not become actual angels in the after life, as he had always believed, doubt is apparently cast upon his entire religious faith.

This arousal from dogmatic slumber usually reacts upon the subject in one of three ways. In some cases,—happily few,—the individual resolutely shuts his mind against the new influences, withdraws into a shell of extreme conservatism, and adopts an attitude of obstinate, intolerant devotion to a traditional dogmatism, admitting only such truths as accord with his particular set of presuppositions. In other cases,—somewhat more numerous, it is to be feared,—the maze of conflicting views produces a psychological chaos, with the result that conviction is modified into colourless uncertainty regarding all issues of life.

Ordinarily, however, the renunciation of erroneous beliefs is accompanied by an intelligent adoption of definite conceptions, which are of incalculably greater value, because they are founded upon an unbiased and thorough examination of the truth that they embody. Where this does not occur, the unfortunate dogmatism or practical agnosticism is justly attributed to individual idiosyncrasy rather than to the university influence which merely gives opportunity for its expression.

The second Fyfe Day session was held on Wednesday afternoon, February 5th, in Castle Memorial Hall. The meeting was well attended and proved a source of blessing and inspiration to all present. Coming, as it did, upon the eve of the Students' Missionary Campaign, all the addresses had been prepared with the view of promoting this movement. **Fyfe Day**

After devotional exercises, led by Mr. D. D. Hurst, Miss Hamil, secretary of the National Students' Council of the Y.W.C.A., gave a short address on the origin of the campaign and the motives which prompted it. She explained that Canadian students had adopted as their slogan, "The Students of Canada for the Students of Asia." She then gave a few instances from the efforts in other colleges, illustrating the element of sacrifice which must accompany a successful campaign.

Dr. J. G. Brown was then called upon to explain the objective which McMaster students had adopted. He outlined the policy of Canadian Baptist Missions in India and emphasized the need of trained native workers on the mission fields.

We were also favoured with a few words from the Rev. Norman Davis, a graduate of McMaster, who has been for four years among the natives of Northern Nigeria. His earnest appeal for help was most impressive, and his enthusiasm in missionary enterprise was contagious.

The Rev. Chas. H. Schutt, of Century Baptist Church, then delivered an address on "Spiritual Growth and Development." His message was an appeal for fuller consecration to Christian service.

The effect of the session was evident in the group prayer meetings which followed, as well as in the campaign for missionary funds during the next two days; and we believe that this Fyfe Day will prove a landmark in the life of our University.

The Students' Reunion held on Friday evening, January 31st, has been aptly described by one young lady as a "howling success." Some doubt exists as to whether the reference was intended for the two orchestras, one in the chapel and one on the second floor, or to the general prevalence of tearful apologies after the second promenade. The Hall, having been decorated especially for the occasion, appeared as attractive as a mediæval castle during a garden fête, and, although there was no real garden, the flowers were all represented. Wondrous divinities **Students' Reunion**

clad in celestial array outvied the most delicate shades of the rose; all the virtues of the lily were blended in pleasing perfection, while an ambrosial aroma, excelling the subtle fragrance of the fairest flowers, was wafted hither and thither.

The guests were welcomed into the spacious chapel by Chancellor and Mrs. McCrimmon, Miss Moore and Mr. Priddle. After an hour of social intermingling, including a vast amount of writing on sundry small cards, the promenades began. The Science Hall and men's residence had been lavishly decorated in preparation for the guests of the evening, but the finishing touch was added by the cheerful, cozy grate fires in the Faculty room and on the second floor. Nevertheless, a large number insisted on descending to the dismal depths of the dining-room, inspired no doubt by the rumour that a brick of ice cream had been seen in that region.

During the evening, a large portrait of Mr. J. Short McMaster was presented to the University by Mr. J. N. Shenstone and accepted by Chancellor McCrimmon. Mr. McMaster was present in person and gave a brief address.

McMaster Band

Sane evangelistic methods, a deep conviction of the regenerating power of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and an intelligent, prayerful spirit, were the three outstanding characteristics of the recent series of meetings held under the auspices of the McMaster Evangelistic Band at the Dovercourt Road Baptist Church. Twenty-four students in Arts and Theology co-operated in the eleven services. The work was greatly facilitated by the condition of prayerful, trustful expectancy before God, and the large number of experienced personal workers in the Dovercourt Church. There were fifty-one definite decisions for Christ, in addition to many others who were greatly influenced. There has also been a very beneficial influence from the campaign upon the devotional life of the University.

Soph. Party

On the evening of Monday, January 13th, the Sophomore Class gathered at the home of Miss Florence Loney to release the pent-up wrath which had been gradually acquired during the mid-year examinations. They played games, of course,—"The sports of children satisfy the child,"—but neither these nor the delectable regalements which followed served to divert the conversation from those "horrid exams." "All the papers were too long." "Most of them were too hard." "One professor just wanted to

make us all flunk." "That other one asked such funny questions." "I think the professor should tell us beforehand what he is going to ask." "Why don't we have exams before Christmas?" "I don't believe in exams anyway." "Just look at the famous people like Shakespeare and Chaplin who never went to college." Etc., etc.

Sometime in the wee sma' hours, one member of the class happened to hear the milkman's whistle, and, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in attracting the attention of all present from the one general topic of conversation, long enough to convey the gratitude of the class to the host and hostess. A few minutes later, the rustle of a morning paper being thrown against the front door, brought about a certain disturbance of neural process in the cerebral cortex of another member, which ultimately resulted in the departure of all for the 8.15 lecture in Biology 2.

Inter-Year Debate

January 17th will long be remembered by local racing enthusiasts as the date of the first McMaster Derby. Two teams were entered in the race, one from Theology, driven by Messrs. Upham and McDonald, and one from year '21, driven by Messrs. Carr and Matthews. The goal was that "Canada should own and control a mercantile marine." While the drivers were examining their equipment, Mr. G. E. McLean, of S.P.S., favoured the grandstand and bleachers with a pianologue. At the end of the first quarter, the Sophomore team was far in the rear but rapidly gained ground during the second heat. Loud cheering and singing from the spectators encouraged the various jockeys as they passed the grandstand each time. At the end of the third lap, a weakness became evident in the Theology team, due to lack of proper and sufficient feeding during training. Mr. Carr's skilful driving came into play in the last five minute lap and the Sophomore team finished well in the lead. Prof. Findlay, Rev. O. C. Gray and Mr. E. J. Bengough, were the judges. They were called upon for short addresses and each spoke very encouragingly about the work of the local association. Prof. Findlay proposed a short mathematical problem over which the freshmen are still losing sleep in a vain attempt to reach a solution. The meeting closed with "Thy Praises, McMaster," after which the winning team, with their supporters, pastured sumptuously at the Regent Inn.

Lit. Skating Party

Anticipations of that long-delayed Lit. skating party were finally realized on Friday evening, February 7th. For some unaccountable reason the attendance was comparatively small but the three most important requisites,—an ideal evening, good ice and an equal number of elfs and nymphs,—were all present. The chief feature of the occasion was, of course, the "eats." Contrary to usual custom, the ladies were allowed to come down and eat in the dining room. W. E. Atkinson, Theol., acted as High Kakiak and carried off the honours very gracefully. After dinner speeches were next in order, but it can be truthfully said that there was little order during any of them. The general confusion was increased by drawing lots for partners, but the atmosphere was cleared at last by the McMaster yell. When last seen, a certain Senior was proceeding west on Bloor Street, his goal being east of the University.

Frosh Party

To non-participants in the Year '22 skating (?) party, this event might have had the appearance of being a failure; but to the members of the Freshman class it was a decided success, in more ways than one. In order to clear up any misunderstanding, as to the necessity of the interrogation mark above, we might elucidate by explaining that, although originally planned to take the form of an outside celebration, it was found necessary to change it to an indoor event. This occurred to the extreme chagrin of certain individuals, but certainly not to the Freshman class. The party was planned for Monday evening; the afternoon saw all things in readiness; 'Varsity ice seemed in good condition; anticipation ran high; but, with the setting of the sun, came a rise in temperature and a proportional sinking of youthful hearts. Occult influences from the '19th, '20th and '21st planes had removed all '22 skates and overcoats to the realm of mystery. Then, to add insult to injury, 'Varsity would not open to accommodate such a noble gathering. To those who were responsible for the success of the party, the outlook was anything but hopeful. A postponement was out of the question, and a theatre party was arranged. Accordingly, the participants went en masse to the Madison Theatre and there enjoyed a delightful photoplay. The party then repaired to the Regent Inn, where, in spite of certain persistent, organized counter activity by upper years, a delightful supper was served.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Marjorie Mallagh, '20.

"Life's but a means unto an end."
—*P. J. Bailey.*

MUCH has been said and written lately about sacrifice, but during the Missionary Campaign of the second week of February, the word took on a more real and more personal meaning to every member of the University, when all had the opportunity of giving concrete expression to the abstract idea.

When the women of the University were assigned two hundred dollars as their objective, they at first gasped and declared it impossible; but when assured that the men had determined to raise a similar amount, they resolved to attempt the task.

This attitude soon changed, however, as from day to day we heard the various speakers tell of the real sacrifices made by workers in the foreign field; and gradually the little that we were able to do seemed so trivial that it was in a new spirit of humility that we offered our mite.

For the purpose of organization, the four years were divided into two teams, the one, composed of second and fourth years, captained by Miss Hilda Berst, with the slogan, "Give until it hurts"; the other made up of first and third years under the leadership of Miss Marion Stinsell and having for its incentive the motto, "Save or Sacrifice."

From day to day as we heard of the great need of the Orient, and the share we might have in filling that need, the missionary fervour grew, until, on the final night of the campaign, it had reached a frenzy of enthusiasm, and the monetary objective had not only been reached but more than doubled.

For the time being every corner of the Ladies' Room was filled with a group of girls discussing, not the good time they had had the night before or the good time they were going to have the following evening, but ways and means of raising money and still more money—and many and varied were the solutions found to this important problem.

Over two hundred pounds of candy were made by a number of the girls and found such a ready sale that several of them are apparently contemplating the establishing of a Kandy

Kitchen during the summer vacation. A few others believe fancy needlework to be a paying business, while two at least are willing to recommend the position of nursery governess as an interesting and lucrative calling and one requiring all the knowledge and wisdom of a university education.

This is the most ambitious undertaking of the McMaster Y.W. and Y.M.C.A. and the leaders are to be congratulated for the enthusiasm they instilled in every student, and the high standard set for succeeding years. The success of the campaign cannot be measured by the financial results, highly satisfactory though they were, since it is surely to be expected that the united effort and sacrifice which characterized it throughout will give added impulse to the future work of the Associations.

W. L. S.

Since, in these days, so many women are taking such prominent positions, and may hope in time to aspire even to Parliamentary Labor, it was thought wise to hold on January 17th, a Mock Parliament.

Speaker Brooks exercised her authority in a stern manner, one look at the House through her goggles inspiring terror in every heart, and one tap of the gavel reducing even the noisiest members to silence. First and Third years formed the Government with the Honourable Member from Pearce as leader; Second and Fourth years the Opposition under the leadership of the Honourable Member from Gilmour.

Keen interest was shown in the first bill brought before the House, "Resolved that when McMaster plays hockey at Hamilton the McMaster girls should attend in a body and have all expenses paid by the Hamilton team." The Honorable Member from Kerr strongly opposed the measure, declaring that she herself had once been in Hamilton and it had almost been too much for her.

Yet another bill of vital importance was, "Resolved that Freshmen be not granted a special course in manners." Among the strong supporters of this policy were the Honourable Members from Marlowe, Smith and Robert. Their arguments, however, were completely refuted by the lucid statements of the Honourable Members from White and Wilkins.

Perhaps the most practical measure was, "Resolved that the Ladies' Room should have no more pictures." After much discussion the Honourable Member from Stillwell conclusively

proved the wisdom of the government in advocating such a bill, by recalling to the minds of the assembled members the fact that no room should ever hope for more beautiful decoration than the artistic register which now occupies such a prominent place in the McMaster Ladies' Room. Wearied by these and other heated discussions, the House adjourned at 5.30.

McMaster attended, en masse, the Inter-Collegiate Debate, which was held between Victoria and McMaster at the Lillian Massey School on the afternoon of January 24th. Miss Lois McLaurin presided, and, after welcoming the audience and reading the rules of debate, announced the subject, "Resolved that Canada should own and control a mercantile marine." The affirmative was upheld by Victoria, represented by Miss Myra Smith and Miss Marie Thornton, while Miss Marion Stillwell and Miss Marion Royce spoke for McMaster.

While the judges were having their own private debate on the subject, Miss McCullough entertained the audience with a guitar solo which was heartily encored. Although the decision was given in favour of the affirmative, all realized the justice of the appreciation given by the judges to our representatives for their eloquence.

It was very unfortunate that, because of the festivities in the evening, so few were able to attend the meeting of the W.L.S. held on the afternoon of January 31st, when one of the best programs of the year was given. After a piano solo by Miss Annie Gordon, a splendid paper on "Sororities," was given by Miss Norah Tribe. Miss Marjorie Starr then sang a solo which was followed by a very comprehensive paper on "Openings for Women," by Miss Frances Trotter, who pointed out the variety of vocations open to women to-day in comparison to the narrow field open to our ancestors. A very lively Current Events paper by Miss Florence Marlowe brought the meeting to an end.

Y. W. C. A.

The first meeting of the Association for the New Year was held on February 7th. After a short song service and the President's encouraging report of the Missionary Campaign, Miss Marjorie Hedges sang "The Song of Ruth" in a most sympathetic manner.

Miss Armstrong then told us of Burma and her work there. We learned something of the conditions to be met with and the great need of Christian teachers. The possibilities of educational work, Miss Armstrong told us, are inestimable, and whatever has been done in the past has brought large returns. We were as-

sured of this when we heard the essays and letters of some of her former pupils.

Her endeavour has been to give to her students a larger view of life with its privileges and responsibilities. In this character-building, Miss Armstrong emphasized the fact that living is more important than talking, that "The man should not be shadowed by the artisan." We know that her life of service cannot but leave its impress upon all who come within the scope of her influence.

Athletics

EDITOR: J. B. SMART, '19.

OUR Intermediate O. H. A. hockey series closed with the game on January 26th in Hamilton. We wish to express in this article the sincere gratitude of the University to Mr. N. F. Smith for his untiring efforts in the management of our team. No doubt much criticism has been directed, from outside sources, at his "hair-net" sextette; but we feel assured, realizing with what haste the material was gathered and their exceptionally short period of training, that the McMaster O.H.A. players under his direction put up a splendid showing. It is to be remembered that the Arena was not at our disposal, which meant we had no home ice, and that the few work-outs, which the weather man was kind enough to allow, were not sufficient to put the players into fit condition to stand the rigors of O.H.A. hockey. Understanding these drawbacks we look at their record and feel justly proud. Let us be looking forward to another Intermediate team next season. The good work must be kept up. It will be of interest to note that Hamilton has won out in our group, defeating Burlington by one goal in a closely contested game on the latter's ice.

Hamilton 7, *McMaster* 4.—On Thursday, January the sixteenth, McMaster met Hamilton at Toronto. Neither team proved exceptionally strong, failing to show any team play. Our defence missed Doolittle, for time after time they opened up before the attacking forwards who would have tallied a heavier score

had it not been for the goal-keeping of Lepofsky. Cox and Smith showed the best form for the Tigers, while Lepofsky, Cowie and Mallory were in the limelight for McMaster. An innovation in headgear was sported by two of our players, who retained their flowing locks with hair-nets. One of the local papers had it, that they were borrowed from some of the lady undergraduates who attended the game. It proved a novel achievement in advertisement, and soon became the talk of the sporting circles. On facing-off there was a spell of earnest playing during which McMaster was on the offensive, but it was not until four minutes of play had elapsed, that Cowie broke away, and, with a clean, well-directed shot, secured the first goal. In short order Hamilton tied the score only to have Cowie again come to the rescue with another point. This forced Hamilton to tie the score again, before the first period ended with the standing two all. From the opening of the second set-to, McMaster pressed their opponents. Dingle, followed by Froom, gave us the lead by two notches. A shift came in the Hamilton team. Mitchell coming back on the ice tallied almost from the face-off. We were still in the lead, but Morgan succeeded in squaring the bill for Hamilton before the period closed. For fifteen minutes of the final session they battled without a tally. Condition was bound to tell, and when Mitchell scored the fifth goal for Tigers, McMaster failed to come back. Hamilton ran in two more in quick succession, thereby cinching the game. The Tigers played:—Goal, Runions; defence, Douglas and Smith; centre, Le Sage; right wing, Morgan; left wing, H. Mitchell; subs., J. Mitchell and Cox. For McMaster:—Goal, Lepofsky; defence, Brown and Mallory; centre, Sellars; right wing, Cowie; left wing, Pearce; subs., Dingle and Froom.

Burlington 4, *McMaster* 2.—Burlington defeated McMaster on January the twenty-third, at Toronto, in a very spectacular game. The visitors only obtained the decision after ten minutes of overtime play. The Burlington boys had the most reserve, and came through winners by notching two goals in the last half of the overtime period. Our team wasted many opportunities to score because of their short acquaintance with the Arena surface and their inability to shoot straight. The Burlington players used their weight all through the game and broke up most of our combination play. Luck seemed to have been against us on several well directed shots, but McMaster never gave up until their condition failed them. Doolittle and Sellars put up a hard

fight for the losers, while Galbraith and Osborne were their chief opponents. The first period closed with no scoring, but five minutes after the second session started, Cowie came forward and placed McMaster in the lead by hammering the puck into Burlington's net. H. Walker four minutes later tied the score with a long, chance shot. The period closed with the standing one all. Within a minute after the face-off in the last set-to, Osborne gave Burlington the lead by notching another goal. As the game drew to a close it looked as if this tally would prove the winning one, but Doolittle, out-skating his opponents, broke through the visitor's defence and evened matters. The first half of the overtime play told on McMaster's condition, but they managed to prevent Burlington from scoring. The telling goal was registered for the visitors after two minutes of play in the last half, while two minutes later Beckett made the victory safe by tallying another. The following line-up was played:—Burlington—Goal, Cole; defence, Fisher and Galbraith; centre, Beckett; right wing, Sheppard; left wing, Osborne; subs., J. Walker and H. Walker. McMaster—Goal, Lepofsky; defence, Brown and Doolittle; centre, Sellars; right wing, Cowie; left wing, Pearce; subs., Mallory and Dingle. Referee, Fred Waghorne.

Hamilton 7, *McMaster* 4.—The O.H.A. Intermediates went down to Hamilton on Wednesday, January the twenty-ninth, determined to place at least one victory to their credit. They started out to give Hamilton a trimming, and at the end of the second period the Hamiltonians were pale with fright. In spite of the fact that the score stood 4 to 3 for Tigers, they could easily see that our boys had the better of the play. The third period started with a rush. After ten minutes' play Sellars notched the tying goal, and excitement was at fever heat. Both teams battled furiously until there were only five minutes to play and then our boys, as they had done in previous games, had to quit. They were completely played out and Hamilton scored three goals with ease. For McMaster Cowie was best, securing three of the four goals. Sellars and Pearce were both good, while Dingle worked well as substitute. Brown and Doolittle played strongly on the defence, and in keeping with the rest of his team Lepofsky put up a wonderful game in the nets. The boys are out of the O.H.A. running but they have some interesting exhibition games in view. The line-up was as follows:—Tigers—Goal, Lehman; defence, Smith and Anderson; centre, Le Sage; wings, Cox and H. Mitchell; subs., J. Mitchell and Ironbergs. McMaster—Goal, Lepofsky; defence, Doolittle and Brown; centre, Sellars; wings, Cowie and Pearce; subs., Dingle and Mabee. Referee, Waghorne.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

THAT our graduates are very much alive to the interests of the University is a fact that receives frequent demonstration. One evidence that came recently to light was in connection with the Christmas boxes being sent to our boys overseas. The Students, Faculty, and Alumni co-operated in preparing and despatching the boxes. Letters were sent to the Alumni asking for contributions towards the expenses, and the responses were still pouring in when the time for mailing the boxes arrived. The amount required was oversubscribed by something more than a hundred dollars. The committee considered for a time the sending of further boxes, but owing to uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the men, and the fact that many are on their way home, if not already here, it was decided that this course was impracticable. It is probable that the balance will be diverted to some project in the way of a war memorial as most nearly complying with the intention of the donors when the money was given.

The Alumni Lectureship Fund was by action of the Association last Spring changed to a Library Endowment Fund, to be closed up during 1918 and handed over to the University. The Fund has now been brought up to the desired sum, $5000, and is being handed to the Board of Governors for investment, the income to be used to supplement the usual annual grant to the Library. A small balance in excess of the round sum aimed at, will be used this year by the Library Committee for current expenses.

PERSONALIA.

'85.—Rev. Samuel H. Cain, of West Fitchburg, Mass., is reported deceased. Further information would be welcomed.

'86.—Rev. W. M. Walker, Theol., who resigned the pastorate of Wortley Road Baptist Church, London, Ont., after twenty-seven years' service, has become pastor of the Church at Perth, Ont. On his departure from London he was tendered a dinner by the Baptist ministers of the city, where there were many expressions of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-ministers and the citizens generally.

'94.—Prof. George B. Foster, Ph.D., of the University of Chicago, died on December 23rd as the result of a serious operation. Prof. Foster at one time held the chair of Philosophy in Mc-

Master, and in 1894 he was admitted to the degree of M.A. ad eundem gradum.

'94.—Rev. Jas. McEwen, B.Th., on Sunday, February 2nd, began duty as stated supply of the Church at Barrie.

'94.—Rev. Douglas Laing, Theol., ad eund., who was for many years pastor in Kingston, is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Beachville.

'95.—Capt. Chaplain W. S. McAlpine had a most appreciative audience to hear his address on Thursday, December 12th, in connection with the Westbourne Guild Meetings (Westbourne Park Church, Dr. John Clifford, Pastor Emeritus). Mr. McAlpine's subject was "England in the Eye of a Canadian."

'96.—W. P. Cohoe, former Professor of Chemistry, is reported to be prospering as a consulting chemist in New York. He has done a great deal of work in the construction of chemical plants for war work.

'98.—Rev. M. C. MacLean, who was reported last month as leaving Memorial Institute, Toronto, to take a position with the Social Service Council at London, Ont., has reconsidered his decision and will remain Director of Memorial Institute.

'99.—D. B. Harkness, Secretary of the Social Service Council of Manitoba, is lending his services to the Dominion Prohibition Committee, as General Secretary, until legislation is secured. His office is in the Kent Building, Toronto.

'00.—F. N. Goble should now be addressed at 299 Madison Ave., New York City.

'00.—S. E. Grigg, of Detroit, was a welcome visitor at the University recently. He has been in business for some years, but is now returning to the ministry.

'00.—Capt. Dr. F. J. Snelgrove is now to be addressed at the Military Orthopaedic Hospital, Christie St., Toronto.

'00.—Rev. R. G. Blundell, of Medicine Hat, has been appointed Probation Officer of the Medicine Hat District under the Children's Aid Department of the Alberta Government. He has already assumed his new duties.

'01.—A. T. MacNeill, who is with the Dominion Life Assurance Co. at Woodstock, was recently elected Vice-President of the Oxford County Life Underwriters' Association.

Ex.-'02.—Wilson P. McDonald has published a book of poems under the title "Songs of the Prairie Land," which has been well received. Mr. McDonald is a man of ability along a number of lines. We learn that he recently arranged a musical en-

tertainment in Peterborough, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire, for which he wrote the words and music, and in which he took the leading part.

'06.—Rev. A. Stewart Woodburne, of Chicago, formerly missionary to India, has for some time been in the employ of the American Red Cross, and is at present stationed at Camp Dodge Base Hospital, where he is Associate Field Director.

'09.—Rev. J. L. Sloat has resigned the pastorate of Eglinton Church, Toronto, to become pastor of First Baptist Church, Niagara Falls, Ont., succeeding Rev. O. C. Gray, '05, who has moved to Windsor.

'14.—T. F. McWilliams has been for the past year a law student in Vernon B.C. It will be remembered that Mr. McWilliams went overseas early in the war, and was invalided home and discharged.

'14.—A.V. Mitchener is now on the staff of the Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

'16.—Miss Muriel Stillwell is teaching Moderns in the High School at Smithville, Ont.

'16.—G. E. Reaman, ad eund., the Moderns Master in Woodstock College, is the author of a textbook "English for New Canadians," which is being published by the Y.M.C.A., for use, as its title indicates, in the education of foreigners. The manuscript of the book was endorsed at the recent meeting of the Social Service Council of Canada.

Ex.-'16.—Miss Margaret Newton, of Plaisance P.Q., who spent one year with the Class of '16, afterward went to Macdonald College, where she graduated with high honors. It is now announced that the Advisory Council on Scientific Research has awarded Miss Newton a studentship of the study of rust-resisting varieties of wheat, with a view to breeding some variety that will minimize the present enormous annual loss from rust.

'16.—Rev. P. G. Buck was present at the Baptist Convention in Toronto last month to give his farewell address before leaving for Bolivia as a missionary. He and his wife look forward with eagerness to a life of service in that country, and they take with them the best wishes of all their friends at the University. Practically the whole staff of the Bolivian Baptist Mission are graduates of McMaster.

'17.—J. F. Twiss has been discharged from military service and is now a demonstrator in the physics department of the University of Toronto.

'17.—G. W. Robb is now in Walkerton.

'18.—Rev. C. E. Dougan, Theol., is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Arnprior.

Here and There

Editor: Miss E. Marion Stillwell, '20.

"There is nothing new under the sun."

S usual, we have spent an unprofitable month in racking the editorial brain for something new, bright and startling to say or quote, and alas, as usual, we are forced to give up in despair. We might write of the weather, but that is the most hackneyed subject in the "memory of the oldest inhabitant." We might discourse learnedly on recent literature, but with Bacon, we would be forced to say, "If a man read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not." We might speak of the latest modes in dress and speech, but there, we fear, we would speedily find ourselves out of our depth, borne out to sea by the flood of new expressions coined by the rising generation. We might tell of the newest fads, but the question arises—*are* fads ever new? We all remember the fad of carrying long, crisp pickles to school, in our earliest days; then, later, the rage for stamp and coin collecting which seized us; still later, the importance of possessing a "birthday book"; again, the fad for talking slang; and very recently the fad for appearing learned in military matters, speaking carelessly of being wakened in the morning, not by the rising bell, oh, no! but by the "revally"; of going to "th' barracks to see the colon'l in charge," and of retiring with the "Last Post." But all of these date back to prehistoric ages. We might write long, serious essays on the problems of the day, but really, Lloyd George and President Wilson don't seem to need our help.

So we will write of none of these, but will say with the *Tattler*, from Pawtucket High School, in whom we find a kindred spirit: —

"Maybe you think it's easy,
Maybe you think it's hard,
But writing exchanges
Is some job, pard.

. . . . . .

"To always say something different,
To try and say something worth while,
Makes us wish for a little gray matter
To say something bright with a smile."

In a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*, there appeared a striking poem by the dramatic critic Dorothy Parker, entitled "Bohemians; a Hate Song." There are four different types of Bohemians mentioned: the Artists, the Writers, the Actors, and the

Radicals; but all alike are held up to ridicule. The following are some quotations from the poem:

"There are the Artists;
The inventors of the Nude.
They are always gesticulating with their thumbs,
And sketching, with forks, on table cloths,
I do hope Gibson never learns what they think of him;
It would simply break his heart.
They say that James Montgomery Flagg may stoop to mere success,
But as for them,
Let them starve first!

. . . . . .

"There are the Writers;
The Press Agents for Sex.
They find their fullest expression in free verse;
They call it that
Because they have to give it away.

. . . . . .

"There are the Actors,
They always refer to themselves as 'Players.'
They are eternally leasing vacant kitchenettes
And presenting their own dramas—with Woolworth scenery.
They know that they'll never be appreciated—
They don't know the half of it.

. . . . . .

And then there are the Radicals;
The Table D'Hôte Bolsheviki.
Their one ambition is to get arrested,
So that they can come out and be Heroes.
They are always longing to go far away—back to the Real—
I wish they'd get started!

"Can you tell me what an epistle is, my little man?"

"Wife of an apostle, mum," squeaked the young hopeful.

Then it was that Jimmy's mother turned to her next door neighbor and murmured in tones of supreme maternal admiration:

" 'E do be a smart lad, my James. 'E gets it from's father —'e's a wannerful bibulous man!"

—*Contributed.*

We would suggest the following poem from the *Harvard Crimson* as an answer to "Why university women do not marry."

"There was a young girl in a college
Who thirty-one languages knew;
With one pair of lungs
She worked thirty-two tongues;
I don't wonder she's single, do you?"

The familiar line, "And like the Arabs, silently *steal* away," is amply confirmed by Mr. A. T. Clark in his book, "To Bagdad with the British." Says he, "I can easily believe any story that I may hear about the Arabs as thieves. During the year I lived among them, there was plenty of proof that nothing was beyond the sly fellows. Always barefoot, always prowling round, they seemed to have as part of their make-up the knack of getting away with stolen goods.

One day I met some Tommies who were telling stories about the first days of the campaign. Their tales of the exploits of the Arabs were enough to commend the fellows to a circus.

'I woke up one night and thought I'd been touched,' said one of the soldiers. 'In a deep voice I says "who's there?" There wasn't anything movin', so I thought I'd take my rifle and see if there was anything up. I felt under me, for I was sleepin' on the gun, but it wasn't there. I thought mebbe I'd moved in my sleep, so I felt toward my chum on the right to make sure. By mistake I stuck my hand in his face, and by the variety of his language I knew I was in the right place.

"Have you seen my gun?" I says, but he hadn't anything more to say about the rifle than he had for the punch in the face. Then all of a sudden he let out a shout and says, "Where's mine?" We knew there was something up then, and we woke the rest of the chaps. There was nine of us in the tent and nine rifles missing. Most of us had 'em under us, too. We never did find the loose-wallas'."

Valentine letters seem to be the order of the day, and Henry Ford gets his fair quota, among which is found the following:

Dear Henry,—Two years ago I purchased one of your touring cars. Ever since, I have suffered severely from flivver complaint and skidney trouble.

Yours lovingly,

Ima Nutt.

—*Vanity Fair.*

Professor (in special German).—"Fraülein, you remind me of the Garden of Eden—Ignorance and Bliss."

In connection with the characteristics of the various years, printed in a previous issue, it has been suggested that the stones should be given also:

Freshman—Brimstone.
Sophomore—Moonstone.
Junior—Grindstone.
Senior—Tombstone.

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CHANCELLOR McCRIMMON.

Our Honour Roll

The Fallen

Pte. Henry Harold Allen
Lieut. William Kay Anderson
Capt. Stanley Howson Brocklebank
Pte. Alexander H. Brodie
Spr. William Alexander Chisholm
Lieut. R. Ewart Christie
Lieut. John Andrew Dow Elder
Gnr. John Harris Fairchild
Pte. Wilfred John Jones
Pte. Robert Charles Kerr
Pte. Clarence Mackenzie
Lieut. Wilfred Earl McKissock
Corp. William Sydney Rice
Lieut. Bernard Freeman Trotter
Lieut William Jonothan Wright
Lieut. Charles Arnold Grant
Lieut. Almin Minor Froom
Gnr. Harold Grant Masson
Capt. William Ernest Hindson
Corp. David Hughes
Sgt. Roy Clarke Steckley

Decorations

Military Cross and Bar.

Guiou, G. W. Willcock, R. E.

Military Cross.

Brocklebank, S. H. Elder, J. A. D.

Moyle, R. D.

Craig, J. D. Wilkins, S. R.

Military Medal.

Bates, J. E. Brownlee, H. M.

Mentioned in Despatches.

Philpott, G. M.

Service Roll

Allen, B. R., B.A., 1903, Can. Inf.

Allen, H. H., B.A., 1915, Can. Inf., Pte., died in training, June, 1916.

Anderson, W. K., B.A., 1914, Can. Inf., Lieut., transferred to R.A.F., accidentally killed, January, 1918.

Ashall, E. R., B.A., 1912, Lieut.

Atkinson, R. G., Arts, 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut., transferred to R.A.F.

Baker, A. H., B.A., 1904, C.A.M.C., Capt.

Bates, J. E., B.A., 1916 Div. Sig. Coy., Spr., Military Medal, January, 1918; returned to Canada and discharged.

Barclay, R., Can. Inf., Lance Corporal.

Bartlett, R. D., Can. Inf., Pte.

Bensen, R. C., B.A., 1906, Major, Chaplain, Can. Inf.

Biggar, E. L., Arts, 1916, C.A.S.C., Lieut.

Bisset, A., B.A., 1909, Can. Forestry Corps, Sergt.

Black, E. G., B.A., 1913 C.F.A., Corporal.

Blackadar, W. L., B.A., 1910, O.T.C., American Army.

Bray, C. E., Theol., Can. Inf., Pte.

Brocklebank, S. H., B.A., 1914, Can. Inf., Capt., wounded March, 1917, April, 1917, July, 1918, died of wounds September, 1918; awarded Military Cross Sept., 1918.

Brodie, A. H., Arts, 1915, Can. Inf., Pte., killed in action, June, 1917.

Brown, J. M., Arts, 1914, Can. Cavalry, Driver.
Brown, F. L., Arts, 1920, C.F.A., Gunner.
Brownlee, H. M., Arts, 1917, Div. Sig. Coy., Corporal, Military Medal.
Cameron, W. A., B.A., 1906, Can. Y.M.C.A., Capt., returned.
Campbell, E. D., B.A., 1912, C.A.M.C., Lieut., wounded, Sept., 1918.
Campbell, A. D., B.A., 1917, Can. Inf., Pte.
Campbell, R. D., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Chave, E. J., B.A., 1906, Military Y.M.C.A.
Chisholm, A. W., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr., returned.
Chisholm, W. A., Arts, 1917, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr., died of wounds, March, 1917.
Christie, R. W. E., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Lieut., transferred to Div. Sig. Coy., killed in action, September, 1918.
Clarke, G. A., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., transferred to Can. Y.M.C.A., Capt.
Clendenan, D. G., B.A., 1915, Can. Inf., Pte., transferred to Motor Transports, returned to Canada and discharged.
Cohen, J. W., Arts, 1919, Can. Inf., Pte., discharged.
Cohoe, E. F., B.A., 1908.
Coles, A. J., B.A., 1916, R.A.F. Cadet, discharged.
Craig, J. D., B.A., 1907, Can. Inf., Capt., Military Cross.
Crowe, C. B., B.A., 1913, Div. Sig. Coy., Corporal.
Cutler, L. S., B.A., 1914, Can. Inf., Corporal, wounded.
Dadson, T. M., M.A., 1906, Capt. Chap., Siberian E. F.
Dales, L. W., Arts, 1912, C.A.M.C., Lieut., attached to Can. Inf.
Davies, J. H., B.A., 1914, R.N.V.R., transferred to Imperial Inf., Lieut., wounded.
Davies, Gordon, B.A., 1915, Can. Inf., Lieut., gassed Nov., 1917.
Davis, J. W., B.A., 1914, B.Th., Div. Sig. Coy., Corporal.
Davis, G. H., Arts, 1917, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Dearborn, L. E., Arts, 1917, R.A.M.C., Pte., returned to Canada and discharged.
Demaray, J. F., B.A., 1917, R.A.F., Cadet.
Dobson, H. E., B.A., 1912, R.A.F., Lieut.
Dodds, I. L., Arts, 1903, Engineers, Spr., wounded, April, 1917.
Duncombe, G.M., B.A., 1912, C.F.A., Gunner.
Duncombe, K. L., Arts, 1919, C.F.A., Gunner, gassed, Sept., 1917, returned to duty.
Dunn, C., Arts, 1913, Can. Inf., Pte.

Eaton, J. W., 1919, Can. Inf., discharged.
Eaton, Miss M. E., B.A., 1918, U. S. Transport Service, Pte.
Eberle, I. H., Arts, 1918, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Elder, J. A. D., Arts, 1917, Can. Inf., Lieut. Military Cross, died of wounds, November, 1918.
Ellis, G. H., B.A., 1913, Lieut.
Farmer, C. V., B.A., Div. Sig. Coy., transferred to Can. Y.M. C.A., Lieut.
Farmer, G. W., Arts, 1918, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Fairchild, J. H., Arts, 1916, C.F.A., Gunner, killed in action, November, 1916.
Fawthrop, J. M., B.A., 1917, Can. Eng.
Field, F. W., Arts, 1917, Div. Sig. Co., Spr.
Firstbrook, J. H., Arts, 1917, R.F.C., 2nd Lieut., Prisoner, July, 1916, repatriated September, 1917.
Fitch, I. F., B.A., 1912, Can. Inf., Lieut.
Forgie, A. W., Military Y.M.C.A., Capt., returned to Canada.
Foster, R. L., B.A., 1917, Can. Inf., Lieut.
Foulds, F. E., B.Sc.Agr., 1916, C.A.M.C., Sergt., discharged.
Fox, J. H., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Fraser, E. H., 1920.
Fraser, R. M., B.A., 1913, B.Th., Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Freeman, R. E., B.A., 1914, M.A., R.F.A,, Lieut.
Froom, A. M., B.A., 1915, M.A., R.A.F., Lieut., accidentally killed, September, 1918.
Gilmour, J. L., B.Th., B.D., 1899, Capt. Chaplain, returned.
Gilmore, C. O., Arts, 1913, R.A.F., Cadet, discharged.
Gilbert, B.E., B.A., 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut., transferred to R. A.F., returned to Canada and discharged.
Gooderham, G., Arts, 1914.
Grant, C.A., B.A., 1902, Can. Inf., Lieut., wounded, September, 1916, Sept., 1918, died of wounds, September, 1918.
Grigg, E., Theol., 1890, Military Y.M.C.A.
Grimshaw, J. B., Theol., 1903, Major, Chaplain, returned.
Groom, H. E., Arts, 1919, R.C.D., Trooper, discharged.
Guiou, G. W., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Capt., Military Cross, July, 1917; bar to Military Cross, November, 1917.
Gunton, G. E., Arts, 1919, C.F.A., Gunner, invalided to Canada.
Hambly, P. K., B.A., 1915, Can. Inf., Sergt., discharged.
Harkness, L. C., B.A., 1908, Can. Inf., Sergt., wounded, returned to Canada and discharged.
Harkness, N. A., B.A., 1904, Capt. Chaplain.

Hartley, F. C., B.A., 1918, C.F.A., Gunner, discharged.
Hawkings, C. S., B.A., 1915, C.F.A., Gunner, discharged.
Hicks, W. L., Arts, 1918, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Hill, L. R., Arts, 1913, Can. Inf.
Hillyer, H. S., Arts, 1920, R.A.F., Cadet, discharged.
Hindson, W. E., Arts, 1901, Capt. Chaplain, attached to Can. Inf., died of pneumonia, September, 1918.
Hinman, W. D., Arts, 1919, R.C.D., Trooper, discharged.
Hooper, M. C., Arts, 1918, C.F.A., Gunner, discharged.
Hope, C. P., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., Corporal.
Houlding, L. M., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., transferred to Y.M.C.A., Lieut.
Howard, R. V., B.A., 1912, R.A.F., Cadet.
Howes, J. E., B.A., 1912, Can. Inf., Corporal, wounded and returned to Canada. Discharged.
Hughes, D., Arts, 1919, Can. Inf., Corporal, died of wounds, October, 1918.
Hyde, E. E., B.A., 1913, Imperial Army.
Innis, H. A., B.A., 1916, C.F.A., Signaller, wounded, April, 1917, returned to Canada and discharged.
Ives, C. L., Theol., 1917, Univ. Base Hosp., Pte.
Jamieson, J. D., Arts, 1916, Can. Inf., Pte., wounded, April, 1917, returned to Canada and discharged.
Jamieson, E., B.A., 1913, Can. Inf., Sergt.
Jenks, A. N., Arts, 1913, C.A.M.C., Sergt., transferred to R.A.F., Lieut.
Jones, W. J., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Pte., M.G. Coy., killed in action, July, 1917.
Jones, C. D., B.A., 1906, Can. Inf., Pte.
Jury, G. S., B.A., 1909, C.A.M.C., Sergt.
Kemp., F. W., B.A., 1916, R.A.F., 2nd Lieut. Inventions Board, British Admiralty.
Kent, J. P., Arts, 1918, Imperial Inf., M.G. Corps, 2nd Lieut., Egyptian Expeditionary Force.
Kenyon, W. A., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Kerr, R. C., Theol., 1915, killed in action, March, 1918.
King, R. H., B.A., 1917, R.F.A., 2nd Lieut., wounded, November, 1917, returned to Canada.
Kingdon, K. H., B.A., 1914, Div. Sig. Coy., Inventions Board, British Admiralty.
Kingdon, W. L., Arts, 1912, 11th Can. Siege Battery.
Knott, J. E., B.A., 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut.

Kurilovitch, G. B., Theol., Can. Inf., Pte., returned to Canada and discharged.
Lang, R. J., B.A., 1916, R.A.F.
Lauchland, L. C., B.A., 1900, Capt., C.A.M.C.
Lawson, F. G., Can. Inf., Lieut., prisoner of war, May, 1917, repatriated and returned to Canada.
Lester, A. J., B.A., 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut., wounded, July, 1918.
Levy, D., Arts, 1921, C.F.A., Gunner.
Lewis, E. P., B.A., 1909, R.A.M.C., Capt.
Long, J. A., B.A., 1915, Div. Sig. Co., Sergt.
Lorymer, W. T., Capt. Chaplain,.
McAlpine, W. S., B.A., 1895, B.Th., B.D., Can. Inf., Capt. Chap.
McBain, D. G., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Pte., transferred to Motor Transports, Salonika forces.
McCormack, H .A., 1911.
McCoy, F. G., Arts, 1918, Can. Engineers, Spr., invalided to Canada and discharged.
McCrimmon, B. V., B.A., 1913, Motor Boat Patrol, R.N.V.R., Lieut.
McDonald, D. G., Arts, 1919, R.G.A., 2nd Lieut.
McDonald, O. H., Arts, 1919, R.C.H.A., Gunner.
McDougald, O. C., Arts, 1918, C.F.A., Gunner.
McGrath, A. S., Arts, 1919 R.F.C., Cadet, discharged.
McGregor, R. R., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Co., Spr.
MacGibbon, D. A., B.A., 1908, M.A. Tank Battalion, Lieut.
MacIntosh, D. C., B.A., 1903, Capt. Chaplain, returned to Canada.
McIntyre, C. M., Arts, 1917, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr., returned.
McKay, W. L., Theol., Capt. Chaplain, attached to Can. Inf.
Mackenzie, C. Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., M.G. Coy., killed in action, April, 1917.
McKissock, W. E., B.A., 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut., transferred to R.F.C., killed in action, June, 1917.
McLaren, A. J., B.A., 1908, Can. Inf., Lieut., transferred to Canadian Engineers, wounded, Sept., 1917.
McLarty, H. R., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Co., Spr.
McLay, S. M., B.A., 1903, R.A.M.C., Capt., wounded, returned
MacNeill, J., B.A., 1896, Can. Y.M.C.A., Capt. returned.
McWilliams, T. F., B.A., 1914, Can. Inf., Pte., invalided to Canada.
Mallory, W. S., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.
Mallory, G. H., Arts, 1920, O.T.C., Cadet, discharged.

Massé, E. A., B.A., 1917, R.A.F., Cadet, discharged.
Masson, H. C., Arts, 1919 C.F.A., Gunner, died, July, 1918, as result of shell shock and gas.
Mercer, A. T., B.A., 1910 Y.M.C.A., American Army.
Millions, A. O., B.A., 1917, Can. Inf., Pte., wounded, June, 1917, returned to Canada.
Mills, W. A., Arts, 1915, 10th Can. Railway Troops.
Morris, G. H., Arts, 1921, C.F.A., Gunner.
Morrison, J. D., B.A., 1914, Div. Sig. Coy., transferred to C. F.A., Lieut., transferred to Y.M.C.A.
Moyle, H. B., B.A., 1906, R.A.M.C., Capt., Salonika forces.
Moyle, R. D., B.A., 1908, C.A.M.C., Capt., Military Cross.
Moyle, W. D., Arts, 1915, invalided to Canada.
Mullowney, H. S., B.A., 1909, B.Th., M.A., B.D., Capt. Chaplain, attached to Can. Inf.
Munro, D. G., B.A., 1905, Can. Engineers.
Newcomb, H. C., B.A., 1900, Capt. Chap., returned to Canada.
Newman, H. W., B.A., 1899, Capt., Chap., Siberian E. F.
Newton, L. P., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., transferred to R.A.F., Lt.
Nobles, H. R., B.A., 1906, B.D., Capt. Chaplain.
Noble, C., Theol., 1915, Lieut.
Oliver, E. H., ad eundem, 1906, Capt. Chaplain, attached to Can. Inf., President Univ. of Vimy Ridge.
Orsborn, V. E., Theol., 1917, Pay and Records Office, Corporal.
Orth, C. C., Arts, 1917, C.F.A., Gnr., returned and discharged.
Parry, A. O., B.A., 1916, C.A.M.C., Corporal, discharged.
Philpott, G. M., B.A., 1915, C.F.A., Lieut., wounded, May, 1917, mentioned in despatches, January, 1918.
Pinnock, H., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., M. G. Corps, Corporal.
Poole, F. G., B.A., 1912, Capt. Chaplain.
Price, S. L., Arts, 1916, Can. Inf., Lieut., returned to Canada and discharged.
Price, W. D., Arts, 1916, C.F.A., Corp., invalided to England.
Price, V. W., B.A., 1911, M.A., Can. Inf., Capt.
Pyke, E. W., Arts, 1915, C.F.A., Gunner, wounded, April, 1917, returned to Canada and discharged.
Quirk, A. R. B.A., 1913, R.A.F., Cadet, returned to Canada.
Quirk, E. L., Arts, 1919, C.F.A., Lance-Corporal, discharged.
Raithby, W., B.A., 1908, B.Th., M.A., Can. Inf., Sergt.
Rice, W. S., B.A., 1916, Corp., died, March, 1916.
Riddiford, W. C., Theol., 1904, Capt. Chaplain.

Robertson, W. A., B.A., 1917, C.F.A., Gunner, discharged.
Robinson, W. L., B.A., 1909, C.A.M.C, Capt.
Rosser, G. L., Theol., 1916, Can. Cav., Capt.
Russell, D. J., Arts, 1920, R.A.F., Lieut., wounded and prisoner of war, May, 1918, repatriated, December, 1918.
Rutherford, A. S., Arts, 1914, Can. Inf., Pte., prisoner of war, repatriated.
Ruttan, L. J. F., Arts, 1920, Can. Engineers, Spr., discharged.
Ryrie, J. G., R.A.F., returned to Canada, Instructor.
Sanderson, M. A., Arts, 1913, C.F.A., Corporal.
Scott, W. F. A., B.A., 1909, C.A.M.C., Capt.
Scott, G. R., Arts, 1914, C.A.M.C., Lieut.
Shannon, J. L., 1915, O.T.C.
Shaver, C. W., Arts, 1917, R.A.F.
Sinclair, W. B., Arts, 1912, Can. Inf.
Smith, R. E., B.A., 1900, B.Th., Lieut., India E.F.
Smith, M. A., Arts, 1918, Can. Inf., Pte., wounded, August, 1917, returned to duty, gassed, March, 1918.
Snelgrove, F. J., B.A., 1900, C.A.M.C., Capt.
Sorton, R., Theol., 1914, Can. Inf., Lieut.
Sparks, H. S., Theol., 1917, Can. Inf., transferred to Imperial Army, 2nd Lieut.
Spencer, W. G., B.A., 1914, Div. Sig. Coy., Invention Board, British Admiralty.
Spencer, J. S., Arts, 1920, R.A.F., Cadet.
St. Dalmas, T. D., B.A., 1913, R.A.F., 2nd Lieut.
Stainton, J. H., B.A., 1916, Y.M.C.A., Mesopotamia forces.
Steekley, R. C., B.A., 1914, Can. Inf., Lieut., died of pneumonia, January, 1918.
Steven, W. T., Theol., 1915, Div. Sig. Coy., Lance Corporal.
Terry, D. W., B.Th., 1897, Y.M.C.A., Capt., Egyptian Expeditionary Force, returned to Canada.
Thomas, G. H., B.A., 1912, B.Th., School of Musketry, Instructor, Sergt., discharged.
Trotter, B. F., B.A., 1915, Imperial Inf., Lieut., killed in action, May, 1917.
Twiss, D. L., B.A., 1911, Can. Inf., Sergt.
Twiss, J. F., B.A., 1917, Inventions Board, British Admiralty, discharged.
Titus, O. M., Arts, 1917, U. S. Marine Corps, Pte.
VanSlyke, J. G., Arts, 1918, Div. Sig. Co., Spr.
Veals, H. J., B.A., 1916, Div. Sig. Coy., Spr.

Vining, A.J., Theol., 1890, Y.M.C.A., Capt., returned to Canada.
Vining, C. A., Arts, 1919, Can. Inf., Corporal, wounded, Nov., 1917, returned to Canada and discharged.
Walker, L. A., Arts, 1919, C.A.S.C., Pte., discharged.
Wallace, Prof. W. S., ad eundem, 1910, Can. Inf., Major, returned to Canada.
Ware, N. J., B.A., 1908, Can. Inf., Sergt., wounded, 1917.
Warren, C. R., A.S.C., Pte., transferred to C.F.A., Lieut.
Waters, F. W., B.A., 1911 B.Th., Can. Inf., Sergt., wounded, April, 1917, returned to Canada and discharged.
Way, W. S., B.A., 1917, R.A.F., Cadet, discharged.
Webb, H. H., Arts, 1920, R.A.F., 2nd Lieut., wounded, returned.
Werden, L. H., B.A., 1907, R.A.M.C., Lieut.
Whan, W. D., B.A., 1906, Chaplain with U. S. Army.
White, A. E., B.A., 1907, Y.M.C.A., French Army.
White, W. O., Arts, 1920, Can. Inf., Pte., discharged.
Wilkins, T. R., B.A., 1912, U. S. Army, discharged.
Wilkins, C. J., Arts, 1920, Can. Forestry Bn., Pte.
Wilkins, S. R., Arts, 1918, Imperial Inf., Captain, Military Cross, January, 1918.
Willcock, R. E., B.A., 1912 Can. Inf., Lieut. Military Cross, April, 1917, bar to M. C., Sept., 1917, promoted to Major.
Williams, R. E., B.A., 1913, C.F.A., Corporal.
Willison, R. S., Arts, 1919, R.A.F., Cadet, discharged.
Wilson, H. H., B.A., 1917, R.A.F., 2nd Lieut., accidentally wounded, returned to Canada and discharged.
Wilson, A. P., B.A., 1916, C.A.M.C., Pte.
Wiltshire, F. A., Can. Railway Troops, Corporal, wounded, 1917, returned to duty.
Wintemute, H. E., Arts, 1919, Can. Inf., Pte., discharged.
Woodburne, A. S., B.A., 1906, Capt., U. S. Red Cross.
Wright, W. J., Can. Inf., Lieut., killed in action ,August, 1917.
Young, R. W., B.A., 1907, R.A.M.C., Capt., returned to Canada.
Zavitz, L. E., Arts, 1920, Can. Tank Battalion, Pte.
Ziemann, P. P., B.A., 1916, C.A.M.C., Corporal, discharged.

A MESSAGE FROM THE CHANCELLOR.

HE Alumni of a University are the fruitage of its life. The successive bodies of students, graduated into Alumni, form the main branches of its development. It has been said that "The soul of improvement is the improvement of the soul." It might with equal truth be declared that the soul of a University is the improvement of the soul of its students and Alumni. The interaction of Alma Mater and Alumni is mutual and complementary. The soul of the University is ever enlarging in variety and intensity of function as its Alumni increase in numbers and develop in usefulness. The Alumnus bears the guinea stamp of his college. The college is reflected in the activities of its graduates, as representative men and women. The College makes the man. The man lives in the functions of every-day life.

The smaller the college the more intimate knowledge have the Alumni one of another, and the greater responsibility rests upon the Alumnus for the welfare of his Alma Mater. The making of the man requires intimate knowledge and definite obligations. This is one reason why the small college has been so successful in developing men and women of high rank. When you add the qualification of "Christian" to the small college you give it a fructifying centre that organizes developing power and safeguards maturing strength.

The social world already recognizes that McMaster Alumni form a body of trained men and women of importance and influence. Their numbers are counted no longer by the tens but by the hundreds. They no longer have to demonstrate that McMaster graduates can make good in every chosen profession; they have made good.

Always loyal to their Alma Mater the Alumni of McMaster have additional obligations of support laid upon them owing to the war and the consequent period of reconstruction. Always an advisory, representative and supporting body, to-day they find themselves with additional duties devolving upon them along

every line of filial and fraternal activity. Through the splendid support of her constituency McMaster has borne the strain of the war and carried her abnormal burdens with a success beyond expectation. Prospective deficits due to carrying the new site at the same time as her student body was decreased through glorious enlistment and the cost of her supplies enormously increased, have been prevented for four years. An amount to meet the prospective deficit of this year and to cover the expense of some of the necessary repairs, will be raised under the direction of the business ability of the Alumni.

The Alumni are also interesting themselves in the future of the University,—in added equipment, new buildings, increased teaching force and library facilities, greater financial income, and larger student bodies. Every Alumnus and every branch Alumni Association can do much to turn the attention of students to McMaster and thus bring her student body back to pre-war strength and to still greater strength. The Governing Boards of the University are enthusiastic over the interest, ability and aggressiveness of the Alumni of McMaster.

—A. L. McCRIMMON.

A MESSAGE TO THE GRADUATES.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

McMASTER University must have the services of all its graduates within the next few weeks. The war has sapped some of its vitality, and the graduates are in a position to help restore the loss. Many students have left the class-rooms to serve their country on the firing line. As a result of this and other causes, the income of the University has been seriously depleted, and the anticipated deficit on this year's operations amounts to about $15,000.

Either this debt must be cleared away or an overdraft must again be carried forward, and the work of the University be weakened thereby. Are we going to permit our soldier students to come home and find that, while they have been away risking their lives to save our country, we who stayed at home have permitted the health of the University to become impaired?

Within the next few weeks a definite path of helpful activity will be pointed out to us who are McMaster Graduates. The graduates are to be asked to act as canvassers. They will be requested to visit many persons throughout Ontario and Quebec, whose names have been selected, and to raise from them $15,000 during the first four days of April.

Shall we not gladly volunteer to serve our Alma Mater in the same spirit that so many McMaster men showed when they left the class-rooms for service against our enemies? Their sacrifices call us to see that the University to which they return shall be as strong as the University they left. We are soon to be called upon to go "over the top" and do a job. Let us see that we do it as well as our Canadian boys did their job in France and Flanders.

The eyes of the Baptist denomination throughout Ontario and Quebec are upon us. The eyes of the professors of the University are turned to us. The present students of the University are watching us, and the young people throughout Ontario and Quebec, who may later on become students, are eager to know to what extent the graduates themselves are ready to serve McMaster.

Shall we show the denomination that we think McMaster University really was worth while to us, and that when the call for service comes we all stand ready? Shall we show the professors, who have so bravely stood the strain of small classes, and small salaries, that the men whose lives they have touched have grateful hearts which respond to the call for service? Shall we show present and future students in a real tangible way that we are proud of our Alma Mater and grateful for the many practical blessings received at her hands?

The call will soon reach you. Get ready to serve McMaster.

—W. L. McKinnon, '06.

HOW IT FARES WITH ALMA MATER.

FOUR years of war have laid many exceptional burdens on the governing Boards of the University. The inevitable depletion of the male student bodies, the abnormal cost of supplies, and the uncertain factors of scholastic life, have rendered the whole University problem a difficult one to handle. When we compare, however, the conditions of our work with that of many other institutions, we congratulate ourselves on the way our colleges have stood the strain. The result speaks well for the place our educational institutions hold in the life of the community."

In these words Chancellor McCrimmon summarized the situation when presenting the University's annual report for the year 1917-18. Since that report was penned, hostilities have ceased, and the period of war stress is, we trust, permanently over. In attendance, we are already beginning to feel relief from the drain and pressure that have been so constant. In order to give a connected view of the situation the following figures are presented, covering the under-graduate enrolment in the University during the past ten years:

Year	Men			Women	Total
	ARTS	THEOLOGY	TOTAL	ARTS	
1909-10	165	50	215	64	279
1910-11	158	38	196	67	263
1911-12	158	41	199	56	255
1912-13	178	44	222	54	276
1913-14	159	45	204	44	248
1914-15	149	42	191	52	243
1915-16	141	30	171	55	226
1916-17	88	25	113	60	173
1917-18	87	28	115	63	178
1918-19	85	20	105	69	174

It will be seen that the number of men students enrolled

has been dropping continuously since 1912-13 with the exception of a slight increase last year. This year, had the war continued, the number would have been very much lower than last year, for the above figure, 105, includes nineteen men who have returned to their courses from military duties. As will be seen, the number of women students has been steadily increasing during recent years. The serious situation in respect to the ministry of the future is seen in the Theological enrolment figures.

In common with other universities of Canada, McMaster is offering academic credit to men returning from military service, the general principle being to grant one year's standing to a student who has been overseas and thereby lost one year or more from his course, and a term's credit to students whose military duties have similarly kept them out of attendance for half the academic year. A number of our boys have already graduated after three years' attendance and one year overseas.

Present prospects indicate that next year there will be a large increase in attendance. Many of the boys now keeping Watch on the Rhine will be back to resume their courses, and many who have been prevented by war conditions from starting University work will be enabled to enter.

FACULTY.

Since the issuing of the Alumni Bulletin of 1917—the last general communication from the University to the graduates—some changes have taken place in the Faculty. Major Wallace, who was overseas for two years, —during the latter part of which he was in charge of the work of the Khaki University in the Shorncliffe area—has returned and has resumed his duties as head of the Department of History. Mr. Dadson, who took Mr. Wallace's work during his absence, is now with the Canadian Siberian Expedition as Chaplain.

Last summer, as many of the graduates have already learned, the University was called upon to mourn the loss of two members of the staff—Professor Trotter, who died in June after a lingering illness, and Professor Tingle, who passed away in August after a comparatively brief sickness. Both of these were highly

esteemed and were outstanding specialists in their departments.

Professor W. O. Walker, for eleven years on the staff of Queen's University, has succeeded Professor Tingle as head of the Chemical Department. He took up his work at the opening of the session in September, and has won the esteem of colleagues and students, both for his ability and his personal worth.

Owing to the war situation no haste was made in appointing a successor to our deep-lamented Dr. Trotter. His work has been carried by other professors. But the armistice and demobilization became the signal for action. The governing bodies have now appointed Rev. Dr. J. G. Brown to the vacancy in the theological staff, calling him to a Professorship in History and Missions. Dr. Brown graduated from the University of Toronto in 1889. In the autumn of that year he set out for India. There he acquired an uncommon mastery of the Telugu language and made a noble record as a missionary. He returned to Canada in 1897, and immediately entered upon the theological course in McMaster, securing his B.Th. in 1899. In 1903 he won his B.D. in the department of Church History. Four years later his Alma Mater recognized his exceptional ability and scholarship, as well as his effective leadership as Foreign Mission Secretary, by conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Brown's accession to the staff makes necessary some readjustments of work, the chief being that Professor Gilmour will resume a part of the work in Practical Theology which he did with such success before Professor Trotter's appointment.

ARTS CURRICULUM.

In the autumn of 1917 the new curriculum in Arts came into effect and the class of '21 will be the first to graduate on the new conditions. Briefly, the new curriculum provides that all students who specialize in more than one subject will take five years from Junior Matriculation to graduation. It is still possible to take in four years a course specializing in one subject only.

All departments are being extended by the addition of new work, which is being introduced as the new curriculum calls for it. Beginning with next session, Spanish will be added to the options in Arts.

THEOLOGICAL CURRICULUM.

The appointment of Dr. Brown to the professorship of History and Missions makes possible a threefold increase of the courses in Missions proper. Instead of two courses of ten lectures each, there will now be provided three full minor courses as follows:

(1) The Principles and Practice of Missions, covering the Biblical basis, a sketch of missionary history and a survey of the present world situation.

(2) The Home Mission Field, with special reference to Roman Catholicism and the problem of the Foreign Population.

(3) The Missionary Problem in India.

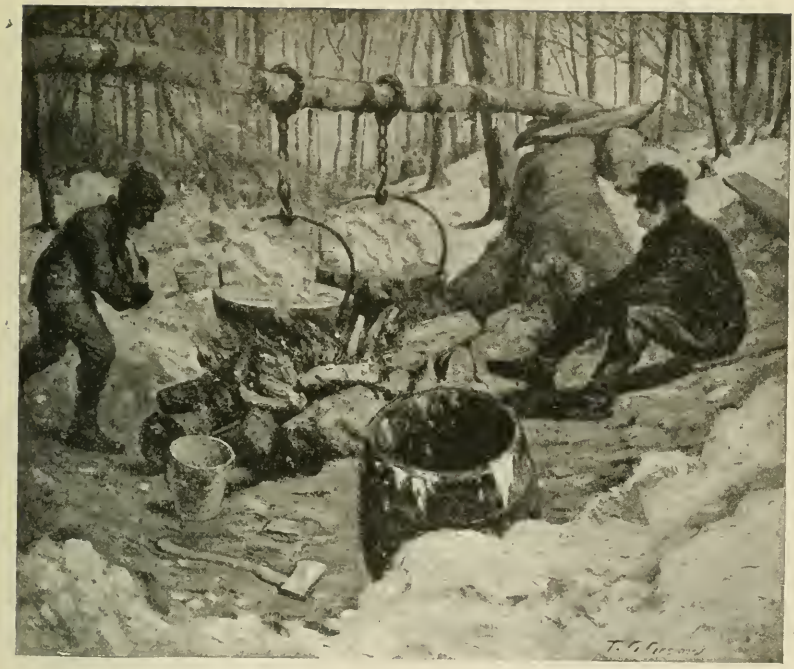
The third is intended especially for those going to India; while the second, in dealing with Roman Catholicism, will be specially helpful to those who are planning for work in Quebec or in Bolivia.

Heretofore we have had no courses definitely outlined as training courses for women missionaries, though some young women planning for the mission field, have taken selected work or the full Arts course.

There has therefore been arranged a two years' course consisting of Biblical and missionary studies, together with practical work. Graduates in Arts who have availed themselves of the theological options will be granted the missionary training certificate on the completion of one year's additional work.

Two Honorary Lectureships have been established, one in Evangelism and one in Religious Education. Each course, to begin with, will consist of about six lectures.

Rev. John MacNeill, B.A., D.D., has been secured as Honorary Lecturer in Evangelism, and Rev. B. W. Merrill, B.A., B.Th., will be the Honorary Lecturer in Religious Education.



THOMAS G. GREENE,

Maple Sap.

A Canadian Painting Exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1918.

THE DENOMINATION AND THE UNIVERSITY.

NOW that we are entering on a new era, it may be worth while to recall the financial difficulties with which our University has had to contend since the outbreak of the war and what steps have been taken to meet those difficulties.

Fortunately our work has escaped one of the troubles under which many similar institutions have labored. The war did not cause any serious reduction in our revenue from endowment.

Our chief difficulties were:

1. That we had $133,000 locked up in the new site, which meant (including taxes) an annual charge on the revenue of say $9,000.

2. A phenomenal increase in the cost of supplies and domestic service.

3. A radical decrease in attendance involving serious loss of revenue.

The steps taken to meet this situation were:

1. Increase in fees.

2. Casting increased burdens on members of the staff and deferring much needed increase of salaries.

3. Appeals to the churches and friends of the institution.

These special appeals were not begun until the second year of the war. During the second and third years they took the form of special church collections on an Educational Day. During the fourth year individual appeals were substituted.

How generously the denomination has responded is shown by the following summary of contributions received from churches and individuals during the four College years which have elapsed since the war began:

1914-15—From churches, and special contributions for expenses, Summer Session	$ 6,648.64
1915-16—From churches, and special contributions for repairs at Moulton and Woodstock Colleges	19,969.91
1916-17—From churches, and special contributions for Moulton repairs	15,452.85

1917-18—From Churches, Sunday Schools and Individuals, and special contributions for expenses Summer Session		15,332.58
Total		$57,403.98
Besides the above there were received during the four-year period and credited to current account, the following:		
Sundry legacies		$ 2,225.00
Legacies standing for investment		7,000.00
Total received during the four years and credited to current account		$66,628.98
During the same period there was received and added to capital account of the University the following.		
Dadson Memorial	$ 623.65	
Mrs. Karn Legacy	3,000.00	
Mrs. Yule Fund	188.00	
Sinclair Legacy	4,165.00	
Thomson Scholarship	2,000.00	
Wheeler Scholarship	2,000.00	
Davies, Moulton Scholarship	2,000.00	
Matthews Memorial Scholarship	2,000.00	
		$15,976.65
Total received from churches and individuals during the four years		$82,605.63

The war is over, though it will be months yet before our brave boys are all back. During the current College year there has been some improvement in attendance, but supplies are costing more than ever.

We need loyal and concerted action to enable us to show a clean slate at the end of this college year. This concerted action should apply not merely to financial aid, but to the supply of students. In the case of students for the ministry it needs such a quickening of the spiritual perceptions of our people as will speedily eliminate the present scandalous condition of inadequate ministerial support.

Whatever the forthcoming Convention fails to do, it must not fail to give a new impetus to the movement for increase of the stipends of our pastors (Home Mission and others as well).

On this fundamental reform all sound progress of our denominational enterprises depends.

—D. E. Thomson.
Chairman Board of Governors.

January 2nd, 1919.

A WOMEN'S RESIDENCE.*

TO those who read this issue of THE MONTHLY, McMaster University has meant, and still means a very great deal. It has fitted us to play our part in life; it is the centre around which gather our memories of four of our happiest years; it is through our association with it that we have in many cases formed our closest friendships, and it has also been to most of us the place where were born and brought to maturity our ideals of life and service. All this it has meant to both men and women students, but unfortunately not in the same degree to both. The women students through all these years have missed much of the enjoyment and profit of college life, through being without a college residence so long ago provided for the men students.

When the women students were few in number and the University was getting its footing, no one felt it so necessary or so advisable to urge the establishment of a women's residence; but the years have brought some new problems to the fore, and this is one of them. The number of women students has grown very rapidly during the last few years, and it is constantly on the increase.

Toronto is not the small city it was in the days when the Arts Department was first established, and women entered the college; and, as the years go on, one realizes much more clearly the risks involved in girls coming up to college in a great city and finding they must make their own provision for their comfort and for their real safety. The latter word is used advisedly; those who best know city life and the possibilities of unchaperoned lodgings, are the ones most reluctant to allow anyone in whom they have a personal interest, to run the risk involved. It is only fair to say the University authorities and the senior women students do their best, under present conditions, for the new comers, in the

*Condensed from a statement kindly supplied by
MISS JACQUELINE M. NORTON, '02.

way of inspecting the boarding places that are recommended, meeting the young women as they arrive, and arranging for chaperones at student gatherings. Last year, for instance, every new girl was met at the Union Station. But the best that can be done does not solve the problem.

The present day McMaster girls are not being provided with the surroundings conducive to the best results in their studies. The atmosphere of the average boarding-house is certainly not that of the study, and instead of inducing concentration, it is much more likely to prove a handicap to effective work.

These girls are missing, too, very much of the opportunity for the forming of the close and lasting friendships which really constitute one of the most delightful parts of college life. Residential life creates the conditions favorable for these as no other way of living can do.

Furthermore, we are failing to give our women students their due of social training. They have a right to expect that, when they come up to college, they shall be equipped with more than merely intellectual furnishings for the future. They, and their parents who send them, hope to have them conversant with those social customs and conventions of life, with those outward signs of inward refinement which we name good breeding. This kind of training, this appreciation of the amenities of social life, is not acquired by chance, but rather by contact with, and guidance by, a woman of culture and refinement such as we would hope to have as a Dean of Residence.

So many of us have been thinking along the lines above indicated, so great has been our sense of the lack in our University life, so keen our sense of the responsibility towards the girl students whom we seek to win to our halls, that the Alumnæ Association could no longer let the matter rest without making a very earnest effort to change conditions. We do not believe that it is at all a Utopian scheme of which we are talking. Other bodies of women in other Colleges and Associations have seen the same problem and have solved it. There are a number of Women's Residences in connection with Colleges or Associations here in To-

ronto which are being carried on under exactly the same conditions as those which we would face, and they are "making ends meet." This is not the place to enter into detail about their arrangements, but the fact of their success is an encouragement to us and an argument for us.

We desire that the Alumni and Alumnae everywhere shall think of this urgent need of their old College home and feel its importance as some of us here in Toronto have done. We want the support, active as well as passive, of the Board of Governors. We are sure the Faculty, because of their closer contact with the women student body, are already seized of the urgency of the problem. We want the active sympathy of our Baptist constituency who hold our educational institutions so dear.

There ought to be no occasion for fearfulness or faintheartedness; if this thing is right to do, there is a way for it to be done, and it seems a natural conclusion that we of McMaster are the ones who must find this way, and be willing to give our strength and time and best thoughts to it. With concentrated thought and action it may be possible to have at least a temporary residence to greet the incoming women students next October.

THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENTS.

HE effect of the war on Woodstock and Moulton Colleges has been very marked, but quite different in the two institutions. At Woodstock the effect has been cumulative, the number of boys being less each year until last year, when there was a slight increase. This year the number is again larger, and it is now hoped that there will be a speedy recovery. At Moulton College there was a sudden diminution in the attendance, but the number has been increasing for the past three years, until now the College is quite filled.

Both the Colleges have had new Principals installed during the past year. Miss Ellis resigned last June after four years of most successful work at Moulton, and she has been succeeded by Miss E. R. Whiteside, Lady Principal for many years at Brandon.

Mr. MacNeill resigned the Principalship of Woodstock in November, after having held the position for twelve years. The new Principal is Rev. Dr. Thomas Wearing, who came to the College from the First Baptist Church, Woodstock.

As both Miss Whiteside and Dr. Wearing are graduates of McMaster, the Alumni will be interested in a word from each. Their messages follow:

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

"A word from Woodstock to enlist the services of McMaster men and women. The years of the Great War shrouded the old school in mingled gloom and glory. When the British bugles blew for battle, Woodstock teachers and students forgot classroom and campus and hurried across the sea to fight the fires of Prussian militaristic passion. Boys with their faces toward Woodstock College turned away into the training camp, donning the khaki instead of the "Purple and Gold." Tales come back to us of the glorious deeds of Woodstock masters and men, who lived out the spirit of their Alma Mater on the battlefields of Flanders and France. With the glory comes also the gloom of

thinned ranks in the student body. No educational institution in Canada has felt the Gethsemane more keenly than the College. For four years a steadily declining roll-call indicated the seriousness of the times. Instead of a hundred and fifty there came to be less than seventy students registered for classes.

"Now the tide has turned. With the blessing of victory upon British and Allied Arms has come new hope for the College. Since the armistice was signed last November twenty students have entered, thus bringing the present registration almost to the century mark. For the year 1919-20 at least one hundred and twenty should be enrolled. Here is the opportunity for McMaster men and women to show a practical interest in one of our most important educational institutions. If you have boys, or know of boys, over thirteen years of age, use every effort to have them come to Woodstock College. Let the boy's character get the Woodstock stamp, and then move up to McMaster for the finishing touches. This is our challenge. *Are you with us?*"

—Thomas Wearing, '09.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

"From the Fall of 1914 until June, 1917, the war cloud rested heavily on Moulton. In September of that year the tide turned, and with the opening of the new session the old-time prosperity came flooding back. In attendance, in studies, in religious and social life, in health and in sports the records were full and good. The present year has had the same fulness. In spite of the unfortunate interruption caused by the Influenza, the classes find themselves practically equal in their progress with last year. The attendance for the present term is 147, with an additional six pupils taking single subjects. The total enrolment for the year stands at 168.

"With regret and pride a school must each year dismiss its leaders, and each September usher in new faces. Next September Moulton must welcome many girls. A school requires numbers to be sustained, but numbers alone do not make a school.

The measure of an institution is the fulness of its spirit. Moulton will need not simply girls, but keen, strong, whole-hearted, loyal girls, strong in their girlhood that they may be strong in their womanhood. The best Moulton tradition of the past can be upheld only as the sterling fibre of our constituency is represented. Then we may allow ourselves to have confidence that with the getting of intellectual training there may be possible that confirming of right standards and high purposes that send our girls back to their places, true to the highest service in the home, the church and for the country.

"Can you not help us enroll early for September, 1919, this type of girl from our own numbers?"

—Ernestine R. Whiteside, '98.

BERNARD TROTTER.

Gentle companion, who on gladsome days,
When life glanced on in ecstasied delight,
With laughter words our yearnings would invite
From dusty volumes of Homeric maze,
To joy an hour mid festive Autumn ways,
And toy with pictured thoughts—thou wouldst indite
Methinks, close-atticed, high in starry night—
How at thy passing did we sadly praise.

For never canst thou end, thou hadst begun
So bravely. Afar thou liest asleep.
Others will work and dream beneath the sun,
And o'er them hoary-headed full age creep.
But thy life-words keep fame's memorial strong,
We read in peace thy last triumphal song.

—Clarence J. Thoms, '16.

STAMBURY RYRIE TARR.

E belonged to the 'givers' and not to the 'takers' of the world.'' Thus did one who knew him well truly epitomize the character of Stambury Ryrie Tarr, whose death occurred at Woodstock, Ont., on the 15th of November last. Scarcely could a finer tribute be paid to the memory of a man. In the comparatively early termination at the age of forty-three of a life of far-reaching usefulness, McMaster lost one of her most worthy graduates, and the city of Winnipeg an exceptionally public-spirited man.

Stambury R. Tarr was born in Toronto in June, 1875, the son of N. S. Tarr and his wife, Bessie Ryrie Tarr, the former of whom survives him. His mother, who died during his boyhood, was a member of the well-known Ryrie family of Toronto. His early life was spent almost entirely at Ottawa, where he attended the public schools and the Collegiate Institute. In 1891 he entered McMaster University, graduating in 1895 with the second class in Arts, and two years later taking the degree of M.A. At McMaster he proved to be a student of exceptional talent and versatility, carrying with credit special courses in two departments as little related as English and Mathematics, and completing the requirements for his Master's degree in the department of History. Subsequently he did some graduate work in Economics at the University of Chicago. During all these years he was an omnivorous reader and laid the foundation of a fine literary appreciation which enriched his later editorial work. The earlier graduates of McMaster will remember his ''love of scribbling,'' as he himself termed it in those student days, and his frequent contributions to the columns of The Monthly. His writings consisted of short stories, poems, and articles on various subjects, a number of which appeared in the *Canadian Magazine* and several well known American magazines.

On leaving the University he attended the Ontario School of Pedagogy, then located at Hamilton, and the year following was

appointed Mathematical Master at Woodstock College. Though a successful teacher and well-liked by the students in his classes, teaching did not provide him with the fullest and freest scope for his special abilities and temperament, and after three years he resigned and entered the actuarial department of the Canada Life Assurance Co., at the company's head office, where he later organized a re-instatement department and continued to direct it for several years. Soon after coming to Toronto he married Miss Harriet Fitch, of Niagara Falls South, who died in 1903, a few months after the birth of their daughter, Dorothy. Some years later he married Miss Alice McKechnie, daughter of Mr. N. S. McKechnie, of Woodstock College. One daughter, Eleanor, now five years of age, resulted from this union. From 1907 to 1910 he was editor of the *Montreal Chronicle*, a financial journal.

Coming to Winnipeg in the spring of 1910, he at once founded *Canadian Finance*, and entered upon the most fruitful and active period of his life.

Merely to mention his many lines of activity—journalistic, civic, social, church—during his residence in Winnipeg, would be to give an index of his character and ideals. Reference can be made here to only the most outstanding. In the establishment of an independent journal devoted to finance, trade and public affairs, in the city "where East meets West," he entered upon a field of promising opportunity. How fully he improved the opportunity is well known. On taking up this new work he definitely adopted the policy of writing only for the columns of his own journal, with the result that it was not long until *Canadian Finance* came to be esteemed as one of the foremost publications in Canada in its own particular field. Indeed, many soon regarded it as, in certain respects, in a class of its own. An informing ethical quality was discernable in all his leading articles; readers quickly perceived that the editor was not a spokesman for any particular interest, but that his consistent objective was the welfare of the people as a whole and of each individual interest to the extent to which it contributed to that result. While he was courageous, though never harsh, in criti-

cism, where he believed criticism was called for, his policy was eminently constructive; his aim, to find the common ground between what are too often regarded as divergent interests, particularly those interests of the banks and other strictly financial institutions on the one hand, and of the farmers and the grain growers' associations on the other. In this he achieved a large measure of success and exerted a steadily-growing mediating influence, despite the risks he took of offending one portion or another of his constituency. In the business management of *Canadian Finance* clear ethical ideals also prevailed. In the heyday of real estate speculation, the sane, restraining influence of the editorial page was reflected in the character of the advertising accepted, and adherence to principle that meant a sacrifice of, at least, immediate profits.

Outside his journalistic work his energies were freely enlisted in the service of every movement for civic advancement, social progress and amelioration. One of his chief contributions was made through the Citizens' Research League, in the founding of which he took an active part, doing valuable work at first as a committee chairman and later as president. From this organization proceeded numerous bulletins, at times from his own pen, and always under his direction, on vital matters of civic government, such as the city audit, the transportation and taxation problems. The fund of information and the constructive criticism contained therein did much to awaken the more thoughtful citizens of Winnipeg to a higher civic consciousness, and were welcomed by the city's officials themselves.

For several years he was a prominent member of the Board of Trade, and, on its re-organization, was elected to the Council of the Greater Winnipeg Board. As a Rotarian his influence was also felt, especially as a factor in giving direction to the functioning of this Club in accordance with its own motto: "He profits most who serves best," rather than as a mutual benefit assosiation. Space does not permit more than mention of his helpful connection with the Y.M.C.A., the Social Service Council, both Victory Loan Committees, the Red Cross and the Patriotic Fund.

In addressing public meetings, in organizing and participating actively in a canvass for any worthy object, he gave himself most unstintingly.

A life-long student, though no mere theorist, he naturally maintained a deep interest in education. From the time of the organization of classes in Commercial Education in the University of Manitoba in 1917 until his death, he was a valued member of the Advisory Committee. President McLean writes of him:

"Mr. Tarr's services were freely at the disposal of any committee or board which was engaged in constructive work. He combined information and experience, instant sympathy with a deserving cause and excellent judgment. His death came at the moment when he was making his greatest contribution of time and energy to the service of his city and country. In many a committee it will be said, 'Mr. Tarr is the one member whom we could not afford to lose.' "

In view of what has already been written it is not surprising to find that Stambury Tarr's service to his fellow-men had a deep religious basis. He was of the forward-looking type in religion, certainly in his latter years, at least. Genial himself and generous-souled, he yet severely discounted emotionalism in religion, and with the "safety first" appeal he has no sympathy whatever. To him Christianity had a compelling social implication. While others bent their energies to get, and, in getting, often lost, he strove to expend his time, his wealth of friendship and ability, and what money he could spare, in avenues of service. In reaching beyond himself, his own stature increased. His church connection in Winnipeg was mainly with Tabernacle Baptist Church, which he served as a member of the Finance Committee and especially as leader of a Boys' Club, most of the membership of which was of foreign parentage. Over these boys he exerted a splendid influence, and when all but a few were in khaki overseas he kept in constant communication with every absent member. Were extracts of his letters to be quoted a great and kindly soul would stand revealed to every reader.

The writer, whose friendship with Stambury Tarr dates from

boyhood in Ottawa, and was continued at Woodstock College, at McMaster, in Toronto, and finally in Winnipeg, could readily add a more personal tribute of appreciation, for Stambury was a friend well worth the having, of a loyalty, integrity and generosity seldom equalled. He rather takes the opportunity of quoting a few expressions from others who were also Stambury's college friends.

Professor George Herbert Clarke, of the University of Tennessee, writes as follows:

"I shall always remember Stambury as a young man of extraordinary *aliveness*. . . He was especially successful in the service he performed for THE MONTHLY. His sense of style; his alert curiosity touching all kinds of wholesome human experience; his deep sincerity as regards the spiritual life; his quick and roguish humor;—all these qualities united to make him unusually capable among the undergraduates as a trenchant and thoughtful writer. . . . In all his relationships he constantly endeared himself to me by the fidelity with which he accepted and performed the responsibilities of friendship, and the generosity with which he gave expression to its joys . . . It would be possible to quote from his letters many passages in support of what has been said above,—passages of literary grace and beauty, and of thoughtful comment upon the joys and sorrows, the difficulties and aspirations, which enter into the life of every human being. Of Stambury's own experience and belief I could not do better, perhaps, than suggest their summation in the two great lines from Robert Browning, the first from *A Death in the Desert*, the second from *Luria*:

> 'I say that man was made to grow, not stop.'
> 'How inexhaustibly the spirit grows!'

Mr. B. W. N. Grigg, of the Head Office Staff of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, writes:

"Whether regarded as a man of thought or a man of action, Stambury was admirable. He was not a mere theorist. He would discuss his ideas with zest and then go about in the most practical way to realize them. In his plans for social betterment he was

advanced and decidely aggressive; in his theological views markedly conservative. His literary tastes were highly refined and discriminating. . . He had an eager and ardent mind but lacked the abundant bodily energy necessary to do what he would fain have accomplished. I do not wish to represent our late friend as other than human, but he certainly had few of the weaknesses that burden most men, and he had an exceptional endowment of moral and spiritual excellencies."

The following tribute is from Mr. A. M. Overholt, Principal of the Brantford Collegiate Institute:

"For ability and scholarship he was in a class alone. He always remained a scholar, and never became a pedant. He had an amazing power to get swiftly at the heart of a book, a treatise, a city agreement, a newspaper article, or an argument. His culture was native, not merely acquired. He was most versatile in his editorials. The prosaic business paragraph blossomed under his diction. But above all his scholarship and culture and ability, there stands out his kindness of heart. Whatever he had of time or money or culture or ability he shared bountifully with all who were in need or appreciated what he had to offer."

We conclude with the following sonnet, written by Rev. F. W. Patterson, Winnipeg:

STAMBURY RYRIE TARR.

It mattered not what tasks engaged his thought,
One purpose high and holy fired his soul;
Of mind and heart fused one dynamic whole,
He scorned himself to save. Too dearly bought
Was such release. But human good he sought.
His life, in measure scant, he did not dole.
His virtue freely spent, until the toll
Drew life itself. Be sure he hath not wrought
In vain. Our children may not speak his name,
Though deep of wells that he hath digged they drink;
For he hath sought no mead of graven stone.
And yet to greatness he hath solid claim.
His life he made a living, loving link
Between the common need and God's great throne.

—W. B. H. Teakles, '98.

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Editorial Notes

For some time a special Alumni Number of THE MONTHLY has been contemplated, and we are glad to have the plan realized in the issue of this month. The present number is the result of the combined work and thought of the University authorities, the Alumni and Alumnae Associations, and the Monthly Board. The editing of the issue has been largely in the hands of Mr. E. J. Bengough, the Registrar, and Secretary of the Alumni Association, who, as editor of the department, "Our Graduates," is a regular contributor to THE MONTHLY. The following statement from his pen will explain in more detail the purposes of the present special number:

The Alumni number of THE MONTHLY is designed to give

the Alumni a connected and intelligent conception of the present conditions at Alma Mater. By arrangement with the University, copies will be sent to all graduates whose addresses are available. To those who receive THE MONTHLY regularly—may their tribe increase—the present copy comes as a familiar friend, but carrying a greater store than usual of items of particular interest to the graduate. To those who are not regular subscribers this number comes with a double message: first, it bears greetings from Alma Mater, with the assurance that the men and women who have gone out to the ends of the earth are not forgotten at home; and secondly, it brings the assurance that there is still a live Student Body which has carried on the publication of THE MONTHLY all through the stress of war.

The importance of the Alumni in the life of McMaster and in the general life of the community is rapidly increasing. Responsible positions in the professions and in business are held by our graduates. On the staffs of the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of Ontario are nearly sixty graduates. Graduates are also found on the staffs of such private schools as Upper Canada, and Ridley, and on the faculties of Queen's, Western, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, Yale, Chicago, Northwestern, Colgate, Oberlin, Texas, Minnesota, Illinois, Kansas, Tennessee, Colorado, Washington, Bates, Throop, and other well known institutions.

In business we find our graduates in finance, journalism, industrial engineering, industrial chemistry, and other lines. As far as we know, McMaster women were the first in Canada to enter war chemistry.

In the ministry McMaster men fill a large proportion of the Baptist pulpits of Ontario and Quebec, and are found in many States of the Union, not to mention those who have gone as foreign missionaries to India, Africa, China and South America.

All these successes of her graduates not only reflect honor upon the University, but also contribute indirectly to her well being. The relation between Alma Mater and Alumni is one of interdependence; the prosperity of each is a benefit to the other.

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Arnold E. Look, B.Th.

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."
—*Pope.*

THE age of those who "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing" has unfortunately never passed away. The desire for something new or distinctive is ever with us, and one of the ways in which this world-old tendency of human nature finds frequent expression is in the so-called "fads" of every age. The "fad" invariably begins in some entirely legitimate form of belief or practice which, having received a deserved emphasis from a thoughtful leader, is carried to an irrational and distorted extreme by the great mass of unthinking followers. With the general dissemination of education and improved facilities for news distribution has come a change in the general form of current fads, although the underlying principle is much the same.

Scarcely less ridiculous in its results than the famous bicycle fad of half a century ago or the more recent picture post card and pennant craze, is the modern "psychology" fad which has become so widespread upon this continent at least. To such a degree has this community idiosyncrasy been carried that in some social circles, the *ne plus ultra* of culture, the supreme test of intellectual genius and the sole criterion by which every new member of the "set" is judged, is the ability to say one or more inane euphuisms about the "psychological moment." And whether it is only upon such occasions as he is asked to speak before University students, or during a regular infliction upon the long-suffering saints, that the minister uses the "language of psychology," we do not know; but, however that may be, we are startled at times to see how strong grows the impulse to hurl a hymn book just as he is interrupting himself to use the term "consciousness" or "conception" for perhaps the sixty-first time. Even these hackneyed aphorisms like "filthy lucre" and "staff of life" have a sweet and melodious sound after a twenty minute sermonette on "The Consciousness of an Ideational Abstraction" or some kindred theme.

Junior Collation

"Banquets serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability; their chief use for delight is in satisfying the appetite; for ornament, in evoking the party gowns of the fair sex, (winged collars and bow ties not being noticed) and for ability, in the demands of oratory which they make upon the young men and eke the maidens." These words of an ancient philosopher found a twentieth century echo when the Juniors, after the most detailed preparations,—even the date, February 19th, being set to match the occasion,—said unto the lordly Seniors, "Come, for the feast is now ready." To insure Year Nineteen's perfect enjoyment of the first and most popular half of the programme, only one of their number was called upon to take an active part in the second half. Whether one can thoroughly enjoy a fowl dinner in five minutes, or whether great satisfaction can be taken in arriving late and contemplating empty dishes, are questions that cannot be answered here. The speeches were of the usual high order that distinguishes McMaster gatherings. Mr. H. N. Stephens, Junior President and Toastmaster, in a few apt sentences, proposed King George V. Mr. L. D. Dingle, '20, proposed the toast to McMaster Overseas, to which Dr. Dawes fittingly responded. Mr. L. C. Kitchen, '20, teased the Graduating Class even to the point of adding "Undergraduate" to their number, but made amends by proposing their health and happiness. To this Mr. H. W. Lang, President of Year '19, replied and took the Juniors by surprise in unexpectedly adding a special toast to the programme. Mr. L. J. F. Ruttan ridiculed the ladies with many a goodly jest, but their health was drunk in spite of him. In this debate, Miss Marion Pearce, '20, upheld the negative. Alma Mater and Those Present received the eulogies of Mr. H. S. Hillyer, '20, and Professor McLay respectively, (the toast being Alma Mater). A reading by Mr. F. G. McCoy, '20, and musical numbers by Miss G. Wodehouse and Mr. H. N. Stephens, were enthusiastically received. After a promenade, the singing of "Thy Praises McMaster" brought to a close an evening whose success bodes well for the peace-time social life of the University.

Senior Parties

In view of the unusually happy frame of mind of the weatherman, it seemed that Year '19 would have to forego their skating party; and they had almost decided on another form of entertainment, when Miss Wilkins, with exceptional intuition, looked into the future and selected an ideal evening. Thereupon she invited

the class to her home for tea on February 17th, where, after enjoying the dainty repast prepared, followed by a few games, the party arranged programs for skating at Varsity Rink. At first the ice was excellent and all entered heartily into the spirit of the evening. In due course, however, numerous holes appeared which brought several persons to their knees very unexpectedly. F. C. Hartley, '18, and Miss Smith demonstrated their capabilities as very wise chaperones.

Year Nineteen has come very close to the end of its career at McMaster, and many are the good times its members have enjoyed throughout these four years. But one and all agree that the evening of Friday, March 7th, was the occasion of one of the happiest of these events. On that evening the members of the senior year, along with a number of the graduates of '18, were guests at the home of Professor and Mrs. W. S. McLay. Here they were entertained in splendid fashion and the evening spent very happily with music and games. The seniors are unanimous in their joy that the obtaining of a degree does not depend upon getting a "first" in "Menu 6." But they are equally agreed that the luncheon which followed the above exertions amply repaid all efforts expended on that contest. The kind hospitality of Dean and Mrs. McLay will constitute one of the most pleasant memories of McMaster associations to each and every member of Year '19.

Big Lit.

The Freshman "Lit." on Friday, Feb. 21, set a "fast pace" for the other years. Before the program was handed over to the tender mercies of the "Frosh," the Editor of The Monthly presented the prizes won in the recent Short Story Competition to the respective winners, F. G. McCoy, '20, Miss Frances Trotter, '22, and Miss Moskowitz, '21. The main event of the evening was the presentation of several scenes from King Henry V. by the ladies of the year. Mr. J. C. Mabee rendered several selections on the violin, and Mrs. W.E. Atkinson two piano solos. Recitations and solos were also given by Miss Marjorie Hedges, Mr. W. K. Brown, and Mr. M. R. Russell. One of the most enjoyable parts of the program was a drill by the Freshettes, with Mrs. Mahaffy as commanding officer. The ladies wore their faces and middies front to back, and greatly delighted the audience by their attempts to co-ordinate their actions with their appearance. The thirty-seventh plane of delight was reached when various deceased per-

sonages of note dilated upon the superior advantages of life on that plane. Those taking part felt that the closing song of praise to McMaster was intended to refer especially to Year '22.

The chief attraction of Third Year "Lit" was the presentation by the ladies of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The leading characters of the play were taken by Miss Marion Stillwell, Miss Helen Duncombe and Miss Ruth Gray, who impersonated Miles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla, respectively. The Misses Shields and Mabee entertained the audience between acts with duets. In a reading, Mr. F. G. McCoy demonstrated the different degrees of eloquence which may be applied in expressing the same thoughts. Mr. H. S. Hillyer and his awkward squad revealed the intricacies and mysteries of military drill, but failed to give a free translation of military language. It was proved beyond the possibility of credence that there was musical (?) ability in Year '20 when the male quartette literally quartered some selections from the old masters. These selections were greatly appreciated by those who were able to understand such classical references as "I've lost my doggie," "There's only room for one," and Beethoven's "Merrily we roll along." The meeting was closed by giving the year yell.

Soph. Parties

Few and far between have been the nights of skating during this winter; but the Sophomores, ever alert to profit by their opportunities, have made the most of what little ice there has been. Accordingly, Tuesday evening, February 18th, saw them, one and all, making the most possible use of season tickets at Varsity Rink. After sundry interesting experiences there, the class repaired *en masse* to the home of their Vice-President, Miss Marjorie Starr, where a delicious lunch was served, and, under the very thorough but very discreet chaperonage of the Head Girl and the Senior President, a social time was spent. New and startling war-cries to be used against the Juniors in the forthcoming debate, occupied much of the guests' attention, not to mention that of the surrounding citizens, but, no interruptions occurring, the singers were allowed to part in peace. One of the very few successful skating parties of the winter had been held to the exceeding satisfaction of one and all.

Under the glow of the verandah light, an eager throng of Sophs. might have been descried, on the evening of March 7th, besieging the door of the Gilmourian professorial precincts, because of a current rumor that a year party was about to be held.

The crowd gained entrance without opposition, and were easily persuaded to doff hats and coats, and at least *one* rubber. The evening passed with incredible swiftness, as the wearers of the yellow disported themselves in various games and tried to drown their grief at the loss of the hockey championship. Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest was aptly illustrated by a competition in coaxing so-called frogs here and there on a string. The last survivor is still on the verge of a nervous breakdown, as also are any who had money up on any of his runners-up. After a few hours spent in encouraging appetites, refreshments were served. It is not at present known how many cakes each one put away, but it is thought that valuable information on this vital topic might be elicited from the all-observant "kid brother" of the family. The gathering broke up quite early (on March 8th). At the time of writing it is too early to state whether or not the Gilmour's spoons tally up correctly, but the best is hoped for; (and the worst feared, eh George?).

Final Debate

Notwithstanding the absence of that supreme source of inspiration, the Moulton College student body, the final debate between Years '20 and '21 was successfully conducted on the evening of February 13th, in Castle Memorial Hall. The affirmative, upheld by Messrs. Carr and Gilmour, was of the opinion that a system of single tax would be in the best interests of Toronto; but when Messrs. Hillyer and Kitchen, of Year '20 vehemently opposed such a plan, it was decided to retain the present system. To prove that there were no feelings of antipathy between the two years, two duets were rendered during the evening by Miss Marjorie Starr, '21, and Miss Marion Stillwell, '20. Mr. W. H. Brown, '22, demonstrated his fitness to be the next Liberal chieftain by a marvelous display of oratory concerning the whereabouts of a certain "Alice." The cup was presented to the winning side by Dr. Kierstead, after which Mr. J. H. Cranston, '05, gave the critic's report.

Frosh Party

The Freshmen held their twenty-third party at the home of Miss Laura Dale, on February 14th. The distinctive feature of the occasion was the unheralded arrival of the Senior, Junior and Sophomore Presidents, accompanied by three Juniorettes. This had the effect of modifying to a slight degree the hilarity previously displayed in the various kindergarten pastimes with which the members of Year '22 had been engaged. In all other respects, however, the party was held to have been a pronounced success.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Marjorie Mallagh, '20.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the mind
And drinking largely sobers us again."

—*Pope.*

SOME time during each college year, the question naturally enters everyone's mind, "Just exactly why am I at college?" The majority of us have a definite end in view, of which our university course is the means. When we come down to fundamentals the success of this university course will not be measured by the number of good times we have had, nor even by the number of "firsts" we may have obtained, but, in the majority of cases, by the actual amount of knowledge we may have been able to assimilate. It is, moreover, true that that which is crammed at the eleventh hour for examination purposes is not going to materially increase this amount. The temptation comes every year to slide through one's daily work as easily as possible and then to settle down to study three or four weeks before examinations; all of which leads to many derogatory criticisms of our present examination system.

Just as at the end of each term we find it necessary to pay special attention to our work, so, during the last year of our course, since the examination standard is raised, this concentrated application to the actual subjects upon the curriculum is necessary throughout the whole year. As a result of the present organization of our women's societies, this is in most cases impossible, so heavy are the burdens of office which fall upon the fourth year students. It has come to the point where they sacrifice not only work but health for the sake of college organizations. This should not be necessary, but under our present system is practically inevitable.

Although this condition of affairs has been realized for some years, it seems lately to have become intensified, until this Spring it has been decided to take some definite action in the matter. It has been said that the foolish person never learns, the average person learns by experience, and the wise person learns by the experience of others. Let us be like the wise person and see what other universities have learned and decided about this matter. In the organizations of practically all universities and col-

leges, the positions held by fourth year students have been those of honor rather than labor, which in turn descends to the other members of the executive from the lower years. By this means the girls of the graduating year are not forced to perform any of the mechanical duties which under our present system fall upon them, and moreover, have time to enjoy the fruits of the labor of the past three years and reach the highest possible standard of academic work.

W. L. S.

An artistic poster by Helen Mabee bade everyone come to Women's Lit. on Friday, February 14th, as the Juniorettes were to have charge of the meeting. Miss Queenie Shields opened the program with a piano solo, and what wonderful melodies burst forth from the old grand piano in the corner! This encored, Miles Standish and John Alden appeared on the stage in the first scene of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." It was later rumored that these two gentlemen were Miss Marion Stillwell and Miss Helen Duncombe. Reluctantly John Alden accepted Miles Standish's commission to woo Priscilla, and when in the next scene Priscilla herself appeared no one was at all surprised that John Alden himself as well as Miles Standish, was in love with her. Poor John ruined all the hopes of Miles Standish when he nervously explained that his friend had no time for such things as wooing. However, all his woe at this *faux pas* must surely have disappeared when Priscilla in her demure way whispered, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" The minds of the audience were completely charmed by the last scene, for before the curtain fell, John had clasped Priscilla tenderly to his heart. Thus transported to the realms of love the audience was delighted with Helen Mabee's sweet song. But to remain too long in the land of love and dreams would not have done; accordingly, the Juniorettes soon had the stage transformed into a school-room. A group of excited children entered and begged "teacher" for their share of the Valentine post-box, which turned out to contain little red hearts, on each of which was written an interesting item of news. This reminder of childhood brought an exceptionally well planned program to an end, and all joined in singing "Thy Praises, McMaster."

That "the orator persuades and carries all with him" was once and for all proven at the meeting of the W.L.S. held on Friday, February 28th, when the annual oratorical contest claim-

ed the program. After the reading of the minutes and the hasty despatch of business, the first speech of the afternoon was made by Miss Helen Kerr, representing Third Year, her subject being "Higher Education for Women." She gave us the history of education for women from the time when it was "conspicuous by its absence" up to the present day. Any fears which might have been entertained by her audience as to whether or not woman has suffered in any way because of her mental training must assuredly have faded into the distance. Miss Helen Gilmour, the Sophomore orator, chose for her subject "Alice Freeman Palmer" and gave a splendid address on the life of this practically self-educated woman who became the first woman president of Wellesley College. Miss Alice MacDougall spoke for the Freshettes on "Canadian National Parks"—some quaint old Indian legends about the Kicking Horse River being particularly enjoyed. Miss Marion Robertson and Miss Marion Stillwell contributed the musical part of the program. While the judges were making their weighty decision, impromptu speeches were called for. After one of these some fear was felt by the Freshettes that they might be fairly swamped with "uninvited guests" and "chaperones" at their next party. Then,

> "There was silence deep as death
> And the boldest held his breath
> For a time,"

while Mrs. Campbell delivered the verdict. Year '21 had come out victorious for the second time in its career, and the cup was presented to Miss Marjorie Starr as Vice-President of the year.

Y.W.C.A.

On February 21st, the Y.W.C.A. was very fortunate in securing as a speaker Rev. Peter Bryce, who is doing such a splendid work in Earlscourt. His subject was, "Openings for University Women in Social Service" and he showed how the natural temperament combined with the intensive training they receive, make university women peculiarly fitted for this form of service. If the Freshmen in the hall were anxious for the meeting to close, not so those within the chapel, for Mr. Bryce was detained long after he had closed the meeting with prayer, to answer eager questions concerning his work.

A well attended meeting of the Association was held on Friday, March 7th, when a Home Missionary program was given. A well rendered selection by a trio composed of the Misses Helen

Gilmour, Helen Mabee and Marion Stillwell opened the meeting. Miss Eva Anderson then told of the work being done at Memorial Institute, where not only the spiritual, but physical and mental needs of the little ward children are tenderly cared for. She amused the girls greatly by recounting the procedure of the Young Knights' Club, where at each meeting "every little boy brings one cent collection, but generally doesn't," and one youngster insists upon "adjourning that we move" which probably sounded much more logical to his youthful mind than the usual formula.

This was followed by a talk by Miss Winnifred Sage, who told us about some of the work done by the Social Service Department of the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church in the Girls' Home in Calgary. She pointed out clearly that the only constructive basis of all social service work must be Jesus Christ, and that our attitude to those less fortunate than ourselves must be the Christ-attitude.

"Probabilities—Fair and Milder."

How disappointed were the enthusiastic lovers of our usual Ontario winter, when, on scanning the daily newspaper, this inevitable forecast greeted them during this most unusual winter season.

Just imagine ploughing all year in the vicinity of Toronto! Doesn't seem possible, does it? But such has been the case—thus far at least, we must add—for the weather-man may yet have a surprise packet in store for us. Many farmers within a few miles of Toronto have ploughed every month since last Spring, and some have been so confident of the continuance of such southern-like weather that they have commenced their Spring seeding in February. However, we are told by those who profess to know, that back in the misty past Toronto has suffered from this fickleness on the part of the weather-man before, so that we need not feel that he has an especial grudge against the present generation.

But not only Toronto has been basking in the balmy winter properly belonging to sunnier climes. Regions farther north and west, famous for their cold winters, have also experienced a remarkable change in their usual climatic condition. This we imply from the facts that "for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant" there has been no ice on Thunder Bay, while Regina reports having seen butterflies in early February.

Frequenters of winter resorts have had little cause for their migrations this year. In fact a ticket to Florida has been about as practicable as a season ticket for the rink. Unfortunately most of us possess the latter, and although, of course, we agree that "money is to be despised," we nevertheless maintain that it is a handy thing to have (or have the worth of). It is on these grounds that we venture to suggest that not all those who clamour riotously for admission to the Arena are such ardent hockey fans. Some of them merely want to know what ice looks like.

By the end of February straw hats had become quite an every day occurrence, and one dared not glance at a newspaper unless prepared to purchase one's Spring suit. Imagine it! In February! But yet when we consider the azure hue of the sky overhead and the ground below without a trace of snow, while sparrows twit gaily on the budding branches, how can we doubt that Spring is at hand.

To be sure, Spring isn't Spring without our song birds—in fact, birds and Spring seem almost synonymous, so accustomed are we to associate the one with the other. All the wild, riotous singing, all the flashing of brilliant wings, all the mad dashing in and out among the thickets or soaring upwards above the tree-tops is always convincing evidence that Spring is upon us. To be sure, these we have not seen as yet, but since the crow at least returned to us the beginning of March, may we not hope for the return of our songbirds in the very near future?

Then will the solemn majesty of the forest, reclothed in verdant hues, give way to life and song. Then will our steps be quickened, and all our senses alert to see, to hear and to feel the joys of Nature as they are exemplified in Spring. Then shall we rejoice in the realization that

"Spring is Hope and Hope is God!
Without it nothing lives or breathes;
It speaks—behold the daisied sod;
The tree is glad, the water seethes;
The crows go winding northward, ho!
The cranes across the marshes swing;
The bullfrogs croak where sedges grow,
And then I know that this is Spring."

Athletics

Editor: J. B. Smart, '19.

SINCE the previous issue of The Monthly, the inter-year hockey series has been inaugurated, and, in spite of adverse weather conditions, has been completed. It was found impossible to adhere to the schedule as drawn up; but by playing off the games as reported in this number the Third Year in Arts have been proclaimed the hockey champions for 1918-19. This year the inter-year teams have been more evenly matched than in former years, and to this no doubt is due much of the enthusiasm displayed on the part of the students. Two exhibition hockey games, one with the Military Hospital at Whitby, and the second with O.A.C., had to be cancelled by our O.H.A. team, because of the prevailing ice famine.

As the time approaches for our spring elections, the question arises concerning the personnel of the Athletic Executive for the coming college year. In our selection of officers let us have in view the election of energetic men, who will push the athletic phase of our University life to the limit of their means. Without doubt, Field Day will be re-established this Fall, and our outlook for a second O.H.A. team is indeed promising. If our University is to make rapid strides to normal conditions, then Athletics must play an active part in its achievements.

Athenaeums 3, *McMaster* 2.—At the Ravina rink on Saturday, February 8th, our intermediates staged an exhibition game with the Athenaeums, of the Senior Beaches League. Unfortunately Sellars was unable to turn out, and his splendid work on the forward line was greatly missed. The game proved a very speedy contest throughout, and again we have to record the "handing-over" of the victory to our opponents because of their superior condition. During the first period, McMaster had the edge of the play, but the Athenaeum's defence accomplished many surprising saves, in spite of the repeated efforts of our forwards to tally. When half-time was called, each team had registered one point. Throughout the second half, the contestants appeared evenly matched. Pearce and Cowie, along with Doolittle, were in the limelight for their stick-handling. The Athenaeums succeeded in keeping up with their pace and the period closed with the standing 2-2. This called for ten minutes of overtime play. With three minutes to go, our opponents

managed to carry off the honours by a well-directed shot. McMaster played:—Goal, Lepofsky; defence, Brown and Doolittle; forwards, Dingle, Pearce and Cowie; sub., Dodge.

Juniors 2, *Seniors* 0.—Perhaps what was the most amusing inter-year game played this winter was witnessed by a large delegation of hockey enthusiasts on Wednesday, February 12th, at Varsity Rink. It is true that the Juniors had suppressed their senior year by a lead of fifteen goals last season, but the news had circulated that Lepofsky, Smith and Rosewarne were to be played by the Seniors. Kitchen, who on former occasions had always carried his adding machine, decided to trust the counting to his fingers. The Seniors played on the defensive and only seldom made a rush at their opponents' net. The extremely poor condition of the ice did not permit any speedy combination work. No doubt this was an advantage for the Seniors. During this period Rosewarne and Lepofsky obtained a few chances for a score, but they were unfortunate in their shooting. It was not until ten minutes of the period had passed that Pearce scored on a lucky shot. The second period was marked by several brilliant "get-aways" on the part of Lepofsky, but his efforts were checked by the Juniors' defence. Smart then relieved Lepofsky on the forward line, and shortly after carried the rubber well down the ice, but missed a splendid opportunity to tally, when he fell in front of the net. Then Dingle, dribbling the disc through a line-up of players, registered another point for the Juniors. The second period closed with the standing Juniors 2, Seniors 0. The final set-to brought no scoring for either team. Sinclair earned a name for himself, during this period, as a goal-tender, by blocking several close-in shots and combination plays. Mallory and Schatz, on the defence for Third Year, were given little to do in the final period. The teams were as follows: Seniors—Goal, Sinclair; defence, Smith and Smart; forwards, Quirk, Rosewarne and Lepofsky; sub., Dennis. Juniors—Goal, Kitchen; defence, Mallory and Schatz; forwards, McCoy, Dingle and Pearce.

Sophomores 2, *Freshmen* 1.—The second inter-year hockey game was played on the morning of Tuesday, February 18th. Since the players had had no previous team work and were mostly mediocre performers, the two twenty-minute periods did not reveal any marked feats in team play. Doolittle was easily the best stick-handler for the Second Year, while Brown starred for the First Year. Brown and Mabee effectively checked the Soph-

omores' rushes until nearly the close of the first period, when Doolittle went through for a count. The second set-to was more keenly contested than the first, but Brown soon broke away and tallied for the Freshmen. The score remained unchanged until the latter part of the period, when, with only two minutes to play, Doolittle relieved the anxiety of the Second Year. The teams were: Sophomores—Goal, Matthews; defence, Racicot and Doolittle; forwards, Dodge, McLay and Gilmour; sub., Farmer For the Freshmen—Goal, Reid; defence, Brown and Mabee; forwards, Foster, Freeman and Eberlee; sub., Atkinson.

Juniors 2, *Sophomores* 2.—Nothing was too good for the Third and Second Years in Arts, who procured the Arena for their contest. In the first two periods, which were marked by Doolittle's brilliant rushes, there was no score. With the opening of the final session, the excitement was intense. It was not long, however, until the Juniors notched the first goal. This spurred the Sophomores to hard playing, and with cheers from their sympathizers, they ran in two goals. The Juniors soon evened matters by another score. In spite of five minutes' overtime play the issue could not be decided. The line-up was as follows: Juniors—Goal, Kitchen; defence, Schatz and Mallory; forwards, Dingle, Pearce and Cowie; sub., McCoy. Sophomores—Goal, Matthews; defence, Racicot and Doolittle; forwards, Dodge, McLay and Gilmour; sub., Farmer.

Juniors 5, *Sophomores* 4.—Resorting to a smaller ice surface, on the following day the Sophomores and Juniors played off their tie at the Ravina Rink. Dingle and Pearce displayed some fine combination, but Doolittle of the Sophomore team proved the fastest player on the ice. The Second Year had the better of the play in the first period. Their advantage was assured when Gilmour tallied the first goal before the session closed. The game did not look promising for the Sophomores when their opponents succeeded in establishing a lead of two goals in the second period. However, Doolittle came to the rescue and within a minute evened the count with two goals to his credit. The third period came with the tie still unbroken, but the Juniors were hammering hard at their opponents' net. The Juniors did not slacken their pace until they had added two more notches to their score. By a spurt of effective combination the Sophomores secured another goal, but were unable to even the standing before the period closed.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

THE Editor of this Department finds himself this month addressing two different audiences at the same time, and the situation has its peculiarities. There is that group of readers who have in a gentle and forbearing spirit followed this column from month to month during the past year or years; and on the other hand, are those to whom this issue comes as a special and unheralded visitor. For the benefit of the latter group, the Editor craves an indulgence on the part of the former. We who have through this column talked together about the doings of our fellows, will recognize some of the items chronicled below, as "old news," but they are brought again to the light for the sake of those who have not been regular readers To those readers we would pass on a suggestion: If you like this kind of news, there is a very simple way in which you may ensure its presentation to you each month; just fill out and return the blank on page iv. together with one dollar, the price of a year's subscription.

The Editor would also take this unusual opportunity to ask for co-operation in the conduct of this Department. If you change your occupation or address, or make some achievement worth recording—this last is a frequent occurrence with McMaster graduates—send word to the Editor. Please do not let your innate modesty overcome your good judgment: remember, others are just as anxious to learn about your movements as you are to know about theirs.

PERSONALIA.

'94.—J. L. Cornwell, ad eund., Principal of Kenora High School, will have the sympathy of his many friends in the double bereavement which he has suffered recently. His eldest son, Lance-Corpl. Arthur Lloyd Cornwell, died in London, England, on February 3rd, while on his way home, and fifteen days later Mr. Cornwell's only daughter, Mrs. J. S. Winter, of Nesbitt, Man., died of influenza, while visiting her parents.

'94.—Rev. Thos. Doolittle, ad eund., has resigned the pastorate of the church in Norwich, to take effect the end of April.

'99.—Rev. J. G. Brown, as noted elsewhere in this issue, has joined the staff of McMaster as Professor of History and Missions. He will begin his new duties next session.

'01.—L. F. Kipp is acting pastor of the Point St. Charles Baptist Church, Montreal.

'02.—Rev. David Alexander, Theol., recently of Brantford, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Portage la Prairie Man.

'03.—Dr. Douglas G. MacIntosh, Dwight Professor of Theology at Yale University, has written a pamphlet on "God in a World at War," published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., of London, England. From the *Canadian Baptist* we quote the following review: "In four brief but pregnant chapters he deals with God, God and History, God and Evil, and God and the Individual. These perennial and perplexing themes of religious thought are treated in a fresh and illuminating fashion. He asserts that 'the only safety of the race lies in an essentially Christian international morality, and the only adequate guarantee of this is an essentially Christian personal religion. The only failure of essential Christianity of which the war may fairly be regarded as evidence was its failure to be given an adequate trial; which means of course, not a failure of Christianity as an ethical or religious system, but a failure of the human will to be be adequately Christian. So-called Christians failed, but not the principles of Christianity.' In his chapter on 'God and the Individual' the author quotes the poem written by Ernest Garside Black ('13) before going into action, as an expression of a high type of personal religion. Prof. MacIntosh served for a time overseas as a chaplain and did his share in rousing the people of the United States to a sense of the danger that threatened them and of their responsibility once they had taken up arms."

'03.—Rev. John E. Miles, Theol., recently of Waverley, N.Y., became pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Syracuse, N.Y., on March first. He may be addressed at 127 East Corning Ave., Syracuse.

'03.—Major J. B. Grimshaw is home after four and a half years overseas service as chaplain. He may be addressed at 342 Clinton St., Toronto.

'03.—Rev. E. Cameron has resigned the pastorate in Marshville, Ont., after three years' service.

'05.—C. S. Eaton, of Cleveland, has made a donation of $500 to the University for the purchase of a new supply of hymn books for the Chapel. This liberal gift is very much appreciated by Alma Mater.

'05.—Rev. Joseph Janes, for three and one-half years the pastor of Ingersoll, has become pastor at Woodstock (First), in succession to Dr. Thomas Wearing, '09, now Principal of Woodstock College.

'05.—Rev. A. C. Campbell, B.Th., '05, is leaving York Mills, to become pastor in Welland, Ont.

'05.—Ephrem Viens has been doing some good work in Ottawa, and we are glad to reprint the following editorial from the Ottawa *Citizen* of recent date:

"Faithful work in the civil service has been so seldom noticed outside, many people have little appreciation of it. When the new parliament buildings were being inspected by a party of visiting engineers recently, many were surprised to learn for the first time of the flooring material, called 'Nailacrete,' a discovery made by Mr. E. Viens, director of the public works laboratory for testing materials.

"Nailacrete has a strength greatly exceeding wood, with the durability of concrete. It has the resilience of wood, a nail may be driven into it and it will hold with greater firmness than in wood. Carpets can be tacked on Nailacrete and desks or other furniture screwed down to it. But Nailacrete does not need a carpet covering. It can be given a surface finish as smooth as hardwood, glossy and more durable. It is fireproof, waterproof, and sanitary. It is lighter than concrete and can be laid without forms on a sloping surface—such as for roofing. It is an insulator.

"The chief architect of the new parliament buildings, Mr. John A. Pearson, has proven the reliability of Nailacrete by severe tests before adopting it for the floors in the main building. Credit is due to the chief architect for being sufficiently without prejudice to adopt Mr. Viens' discovery. The public should know, however, when a public servant, by patient research, carrying out experiments in the first instances after work hours, at his own expense in the purchase of experimental materials, has contributed something apparently so valuable to the community as Mr. Viens' discovery of Nailacrete."

'06.—Rev. A. Stewart Woodburne is Associate Field Director for the American Red Cross at Camp Dodge Base Hospital.

'08.—E. J. Bingham died suddenly on March 1st, at Bradertown, Florida, where he had been preaching. The Monthly extends sympathy to the widow and other members of the family. This is the third death in Class '08 which we have been called upon to chronicle this year, the others being C. A. Curtis and W. B. Waters, who died of influenza in the Autumn.

'09.—J. O. Robinson is with the Bureau of Municipal Research in Toronto.

'10.—W. J. A. Donald is making a success of his work as Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Niagara Falls, N.Y. He is quite actively engaged in organizing similar Chambers in various cities in Ontario, and is looking for young men—particularly McMaster men returning from overseas—to take positions as secretaries of the new organizations.

'10.—Rev. L. S. Haverstock is now settled in the pastorate at Strathroy, succeeding Rev. J. D. McLachlan, '99, who has moved to Waterford. Mrs. Haverstock was Miss Mildred Adams, '12.

'10.—Rev. J.A. Moe is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Urbana, Ohio.

'12.—Gordon Nixon is practicing as a chiropractor in Niagara Falls, N.Y.

'12.—Joseph E. Howes, who was wounded and discharged about a year ago, now has a position with the Bureau of Municipal Research, Toronto.

'14.—Rev. John Wood, Theol., is pastor of the Baptist Church, Cobalt, Ontario.

'14.—It is with regret that we record the death of Lieut. R. C. Steckley, who succumbed to influenza on or about February 24th. Whether he was in Germany or in France when he died is not yet known.

'15.—Rev. Alex. Carlson (Brand.) is pastor of the Swedish Church in Port Arthur.

'15.—Rev. (Capt.) G. Arthur Clarke, has accepted the call to become pastor of the First Baptist Church, Edmonton, Alta., and will return from overseas in the spring to take up his work. He will bring with him an Irish bride, formerly Miss Annie L. Champ, of Coolegagan Park, County Kildare, Ireland. THE MONTHLY extends congratulations.

'16.—A. O. Parry has been released from military duty and has taken a position in Toronto with the Sun Life Assurance Co.

'16.—E. A. Smith is at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and has charge of the investigation and research on soils from Western Canada. An original paper on the subject was presented before the chemical section of the Royal Society of Canada.

'16.—Rev. P.G. Buck has sailed for Bolivia under the auspices of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board, and is expected

to reach his destination about the middle of March. His address will be Casilla 107, Oruro.

'17.—Rev. H. C. Packham has resigned the pastorate of the Church in Listowel, and will leave at the end of March.

'18.—Miss Muriel Brothers is now on the staff of the Normal Model School in Ottawa, having accepted a position there in January. Her address is 136 Nepean St.

'18.—Miss S. Gwendolynne Whidden (Brand.), daughter of President Whidden, of Brandon College, is taking the nurses' training course at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

'96.—Rev. Llewellyn Brown, who has been pastor of First Baptist Church in Brantford, has resigned and has moved to Detroit, Mich., to assume the pastorate of Grand River Baptist Church.

'97.—A. M. Overholt has become Principal of Brantford Collegiate Institute after a number of years as Principal of Sarnia Collegiate.

'98.—W. W. Charters is Professor of Education in the University of Illinois.

'99.—C. L. Brown, recently of Wingham, has become Principal of Sarnia Collegiate Institute, succeeding A. M. Overholt, '97.

'00.—Rev. R. G. Blundell, of Medicine Hat, has been appointed Probation Officer of the Medicine Hat District under the Children's Aid Department of the Alberta Government. He has already assumed his new duties.

'02.—A. J. Madill has been appointed Science Master in the Normal School at Peterboro. For several years Mr. Madill has been Science Master at Fort William Collegiate Institute.

'07.—Charles E. Burke is research chemist in dyes, for the Du Pont de Nemours Co., at Wilmington, Del., having resigned his position on the staff of the University of Vermont to enter the field of industrial chemistry.

'08.—Morden H. Long, who has been teaching in one of the High Schools in Edmonton, is now Lecturer in History in the University of Alberta.

'09.—J. L. McLaurin has left the Ridgetown Collegiate Institute to become Science Master in Fort William, succeeding A. J. Madill, '02.

'11.—H. L. Matthews is on the staff of the Technical and Art School, Hamilton, of which the Principal is another McMaster man, G. L. Sprague, '00.

'12.—Russell Wilkins has become Professor of Mathematics and Physics in Brandon College, and Mrs. Wilkins (Olive Cross, '12) ; takes the position of teacher of English and Lady Principal of Clark Hall, the women's residence of the College.

'13.—Miss M. M. McDonald is manager of the Saskatchewan Government Travelling Libraries, with office in Regina.

'14.—D. M. Sullivan is now Principal of Alexandra High School, Medicine Hat, Alta. He has been on the staff as Latin Master for some time, and last spring, when the Principal enlisted, he succeeded to that position. There are nine teachers on the staff, of whom three are McMaster graduates, the others besides the Principal being Miss Mary Fowler, '14, who is head of the Mathematics Department; and Miss Freda Wells, of '12, who is History and Moderns teacher.

'15.—Miss Ruth Walker, who has been on the staff of Woodstock Collegiate Institute, has been appointed by the Dominion Government a member of the Civil Service Commission, taking up her duties on October 1st.

'15.—Miss Annie B. Millar has been appointed to the staff of Woodstock Collegiate Institute, to succeed her classmate, Miss Ruth Walker.

'16.—J. A. Gunton, who was last winter at the University of Louisville, Ky., is now enjoying a scholarship at the University of Illinois.

'17.—F. W. Rayfield is teaching English and History at Upper Canada College.

Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, D.D., formerly Chancellor of the University, was married at St. John, N.B., on Monday, March 3, to Miss Helen Moore, daughter of Rev. John W. Moore, Folkestone.

Frank Sanderson, LL.D., ('09), who has for many years been a member of the Board of Governors of the University, has been appointed Treasurer of the Social Service Council of Canada.

Among the speakers advertised for the Annual Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, to be held in St. Louis, Mo., July 3rd to 6th next, are President H. P. Whidden, M.P., of Brandon College, and Principal Thomas Wearing, of Woodstock College.

Alumni Officers 1918-19

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President..... .....W. L. McKINNON, '06,
McKinnon Building, Toronto.
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Here and There

Editor: Miss E. Marion Stillwell, '20.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."
—*Bobbie Burns.*

E have received an unusually large number of exchanges during this past month, and again and again we have marvelled at the wisdom and tact displayed by the various editors. How much an exchange editor must read! And how little he (or she) must say! It is all very well to humiliate oneself and to modestly disclaim greatness, but let another hint that we may not have the qualities and style of Ben Jonson and Mark Twain combined, and lo, how our ire rises! We view the work of our pen complacently, and feel, with a thrill, that a glorious future as a writer is opening before us. Some day the world will recognize a master's hand, and our latest novel on "The Problems to be Faced in the Immediate Past" will have as ready a sale and create as great a sensation as Dr. Watson's "Twentieth Plane."—Yes, even more so. For in it, we disclose the discovery of a new world, the Twenty-First Plane, inhabited solely by women, who do nothing all the day long but talk!

But just here, uncomfortable memories of what other editors have thought about us intrude. True, they may not have *said* anything, but their policy may be one of non-interference. The Editor of the *Gleanor* outlines his method of attack in verse:

"To try not to criticize harshly,
As we scan each magazine through,
And 'temper our justice with mercy,'
Yet give every fellow his due.
And to use adjectives wisely,
But use them often enough
To let others know we enjoy them,
Is, generally speaking, 'the stuff.'"

After all, a little looking in the glass will not harm any of us, and it is only the dull who may be vain. It is only through contact with others that we learn, and we would gratefully acknowledge the *Gateway*, the *Athenaeum*, the *Camosun*, *Queen's Journal*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Trinity University Review* and *T.C.D.*

No longer is it necessary to "spare the rod and spoil the child." Ask Bessie!

Bessie.—"You'll have to be awful good now, Bobbie."
Bobbit.—"Why?"
Bessie.—" 'Cause I heard father tell mother he was goin' to put in a new 'lectric switch." —*Ex.*

Heard just before examinations:

Caesar's dead and buried
So is Cicero:
And where these two old men have gone,
I wish their works would go.

—*The Camosun.*

Here is a reminder of the old admonition. "If at first you don't succeed try again:"

Failure's just a resting-place
On the road of try again;
Just a slackening of the pace
And a pause for sturdy men;
Just a temporary halt
On the march to wealth and fame,
Where you can correct the fault
And go on to play the game.
. . . . . .
Failure's not a thing to dread;
It is just a hint to you
Ere you dash too far ahead
To be careful what to do.
It's the side-track where you wait
For the passing fast express:
Get up steam! the run is straight.
Our future railroad to success.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

Life's still a school, however old we grow;
And still half-learned the lessons we should know.

The vicar met the old lady on her way to market, and stopped to have a friendly chat.

"I hear your husband is home from France. Is the army going to release him?"

"Well, 'e's got a fortnight before 'e goes back, but by that time 'e 'opes to be demoralized."—*Punch.*

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

There are metres of accent
And metres of tone,
But the best of all metres is
Meet-her alone.

—*Univ. Monthly.*

We feel that a stay of several months in the Separation Allowance Department is absolutely necessary to complete the education of any student taking a Special English course. For there, and there alone, does he encounter the tricks of language. The *University Monthly* gives some examples of English as she is "writ."

"I am writing to ask you why I have never received my elopement."

"Please send my allotment. I have a little boy and kneed it every day. I ain't got no book lurning and write you for inflamation."

"You have taken my man away to fight, and he is the best I ever had—who is going to keep me if you don't?"

"Just a line to let you know I am a widow and four children."

"As I need his assistance to keep me inclosed" (in clothes).

"Both sides of our parents are old and poor."

"To whom it may consume."

Some startling facts in history:

"And it will be noticed that the Romans made a long, steady run, with a final sprint which was too much for Hannibal, who did not dare to tempt the lion in his den, the Romans in their walls."

"If the Spartan boy were a weakling, he was taken to the hills and there left to the mercy of the wild beasts, but if he were a promising lad, he was taken from his mother, and trained by his father. They were flogged and knocked about to make them hard and tough. At the age of thirty he was compelled to marry, and from the age of sixty on he was a free man to do as he wished. This system was ideal as far as they could see, because all they looked forward to was to fight and eat, drink and sleep."

—*Contributed.*

A Matter of Opinion:

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,"
Methinks the poet would have changed his mind
If, turning in a crowd he chanced to find
A fellow feeling in his coat behind.

—*Ex.*

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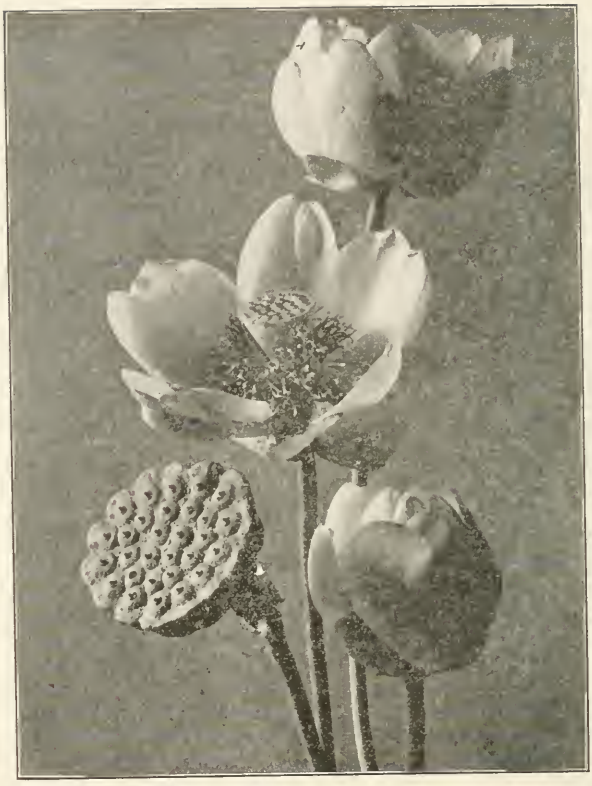

THE LOTUS FLOWER.

(See Editorial Notes).

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FLANDERS FIELDS.*

WHO has not heard of Flanders Fields? Those low-lying pasture lands in North Western Europe, the great arena where the cause of civilization was fought and won. Deeds of heroism and chivalry have been witnessed there, that have made those of the "Round Table" pale into insignificance. I wish to-night that with the aid of a magic wand I could spirit you away across the ocean, and let you see the boys as I have seen them; it would make your heart swell with pride at the thought that you belonged to the same Empire.

There they go! They are marching to the trenches, to go over the top in the morning. They are wearing their steel helmets, and their rifles are ever ready by their sides. Full well they know that ere to-morrow's sun will set, they may be laid to rest; yet they meet it all with a calm confident smile.

Perhaps the greatest heights of patriotism and self-sacrifice were reached in the second battle of Ypres, when the first Canadian Division immortalized its name and brought great glory to the Dominion of Canada. It was there that the Huns committed that dastardly outrage which will forever be a blot upon their name. They poisoned the atmosphere. In the morning the sun rose bright and fair, betraying no evidence of the awful visitation that would come ere the evening shadows fell. It came from the trenches occupied by the Hun, great clouds of gas, of a pale-green color; and as the wind wafted it across to the

*An address delivered in Castle Memorial Hall and awarded the Gold Medal in the recent Oratorical Contest.

trenches, the lads from Canada felt the devilish stuff penetrate their lungs, and knew that they were doomed. And they fought, and bled, and died. When the stretcher-bearers appeared upon the scene to alleviate their sufferings, they found brawny Canadian Highlanders lying gasping and dying. Seeing their lips move they stooped down to catch the dying whisper. What did they hear? Did those men curse the day they left the shores of Canada, and all that was near and dear to them; or did they curse the day which had brought them into this terrible plight? No! The question asked by those dying heroes showed forth their wonderful magnanimity: "Did the Huns get through?" They knew they were the barrier that was holding back the enemy of civilization, of freedom, and of humanity, and they counted not their lives dear if only they could hand down to their children the liberty they had enjoyed, and for which they had died.

Who has not heard of Flanders Fields? Millions of men crawling over the surface of the earth like ants. In and out the shell-holes, up the long winding communication trenches, down into their dug-outs, living like the cave-dwellers of by-gone days. Millions of men responding to the will of the High Command.

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

Between their trenches and those of the enemy lie jungles of barbed wire, league after league, stretching from Switzerland to the North Sea. It was the duty of the Canadian Army Corps to guard that part of the line known as the Ypres Salient, and right nobly did they perform that herculean task. For twelve long months they held the enemy at bay. Even when the earth was covered with her white mantle, they would cross "No Man's Land" and slay the enemy in his lair; thus emulating the feat of Beneiah, David's mighty man, who went down into a pit and slew a lion on a snowy day. And so mid summer's suns and winter's frosts the enemy was driven back. Attack was met with counter-attack, bombardment with retaliation. Hardships almost indescribable were met and endured, and thus was earned for the Canadians the name given by Napoleon to Marshal Ney,

who, after rising above almost insurmountable difficulties in the Russian campaign, appeared before his beloved Emperor, as one who had risen again from the dead, and was embraced by him and called the "Bravest of the Brave."

But the time was not far distant when the Canadians were to leave the "Bloody Salient." Away to the south the roar of the guns could be heard. The battle of the Somme had commenced, and the Canadians had to take an important part in Britain's grand offensive. Who will ever forget the day when the Canadians stood together in battalion formation waiting for the word to march away from the scene of a hundred fights? Dotted all over the Salient were the graves of those who had stood shoulder to shoulder with them in the thickest of the fray. As they turned to take a farewell look, tears welled up in their eyes; and as they marched away, the spirit of the dead seemed to fall upon them. And they became inspired, and the mighty deeds of the Somme were the result.

It was in the early spring of 1917 that the Canadians set out for what was to be one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the great World War. After marching for several days they came to a slight eminence, and the whole countryside lay stretched out before them like a rolling panorama. The roads were blocked with troops and vehicles conveying all kinds of munitions of war, all making for the one grand centre, Vimy Ridge. For the High Command had decreed that the Canadians should storm that almost impregnable fortress.

Picture the scene as it appeared to the Canadians on that never-to-be-forgotten morning. A little to the right and to the rear, stood the battered city of Arras, and stretching far away into the Plains of Picardy, a great line of fortifications; to the left, behind the Hun lines, the great industrial city of Lens, and reaching away out and losing themselves in Flanders Fields, a vast system of trenches; to the rear, thousands of guns, each one peering from underneath its camouflage with extended jaws, like some great carnivore as it stalks through the forest in search

of its prey. Directly in front, extending for a distance of twelve miles, lay Vimy Ridge, the objective.

The order of the day was as follows: "The Canadians will storm Vimy Ridge on the morning of April 9th at 'zero hour.' The attack will be preceded by a three-minute barrage." During the night a desultory fire had been maintained,but as the first streaks of dawn appeared on the eastern sky, it died away and there was silence. And the two great armies stood facing each other like two giants in the Arena, each waiting for the other to move. An ominous silence: the hush before the storm. Then the storm broke, and the guns belched forth their rain of death. And oh what a barrage! It descended from the skies, a cataract of flame, of gas, and of flying steel, rending asunder the concrete emplacements, and blotting out the trenches. And this pillar of cloud and of fire moved forward and led the Canadians over that howling wilderness to the promised land of victory. Up the slopes of the ridge they go, completing with bomb and bayonet the work of the guns. Every inch of the way was stubbornly contested, but the attack was irresistible, and at last they stood on the top of the ridge victorious, and the Huns could be seen flying in the wildest disorder across the plains of Douai.

> "Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: the seed,
> The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
> Has ris'n and cleft the soil and grown a bulk
> Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
> A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun."

As they turned and looked backward, they could see a number of their comrades lying on the slopes of the ridge. The task allotted to them had been a hard one, and they had become tired and had fallen asleep. So the survivors made little graves for them on either side of the Lens-Arras road, and lifting them reverently, they carried them to their last resting-places and laid them to rest.

And now that peace has been restored to that tortured land, tourists and merchantmen will pass over that public highway, and they will stop at times and look at those graves. At the head of each one they will see the name and number of the hero, and on a large cross in the centre they will read: "In loving

memory of the brave Canadians who fell at the taking of Vimy Ridge on April 9, 1917." And there they lie to-day. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

I can see many of those resting places in Flanders Fields to-night. There is one on the outskirts of Voormezelle. It is called the Princess Pats' Cemetery. It is theirs by right, for they wrested it from the enemy, and they occupy it to-day. I can see another away down in a sleepy hollow, where the silence is eternal, and all nature seems to harmonise. In the still watches of the night, the pale moon pours down her benediction, and the valley is flooded with her silvery beams. Sometimes in the soft sighing of the wind you will hear:

"We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields."

They sleep, for they are not dead. There is a peculiar legend which tells us that the followers of Mahomet who die outside the sacred city have their spirits brought back. If you should be awake at midnight you would see a ghostly procession of camels proceeding across the desert, bringing back the spirits of the departed to Mecca. The spirits of those men who lie in Flanders Fields have come across the ocean, and they are in our midst to-night. The message which they bring to you and to me is this:

"To you, with failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

"Mother, with unbowed head,
Hear thou across the sea,
The farewell of the dead,
The dead who died for thee.
Greet them again with tender words and grave;
For, saving thee, themselves they could not save."

—William S. Watson, Theo.

THE PRICE OF PAINLESS PEDAGOGY.

THIS is not a prize essay. Though we are readers of the *Globe* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* we are not writing in order to be rewarded with a pin. In fact, we do not expect a pin, unless it be one of the kind which, bent at two points at right angles in different planes, is sometimes placed on a chair in order to quickly reverse the gears of a person in a process of sitting down. (We hope that any would-be graduate who has not yet passed Math. 1 will pardon this reference to a painful subject).

Speaking of planes, we do not dwell on the twentieth plane, but on the umpteenth line of a certain township with an Indian and not a Spanish name (there is no third kind in Ontario). On coming home from town the other night we ate too much salt pork, which resulted in a state of nocturnal inspiration of which you, gentle reader, may see the effects, provided they pass the censor. As the inspiration came too late to be exploited for the purposes of the Oratorical Contest, we are submitting this *opus* to the editorial committee of THE MONTHLY. This is done in fear and trembling, but with a fervent hope that the pressure of work and scarcity of Ms. may induce an attitude of non-resistance on the part of the said committee.

As the reader may already have noticed, we believe in taking him into our confidence. We shall even go so far as to tell who we are. We are a student and a professor. When domestic cares do not weigh too heavily on our minds, we like to think we are a student. We then deal with such problems as the H. C. L.; to prove that one dollar of a professor's salary equals three dollars of income derived from any other source, etc. The latter proposition has been demonstrated successfully to the Assessment Department and the Board of Governors, but, I think, not to the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. In spite of this we do not intend to hide our light under a bushel, but, as the poet says, bravely "hold our farthing candle to the sun."

On approaching our subject we notice that it divides itself

naturally into three parts and is, therefore, eminently suited to become the subject of a public discourse to be delivered on any day of the week, but preferably on Sunday. In fact, being a great believer in the power of the spoken word, we feel that we should do better if we so delivered it. As it is, we are somewhat in doubt whether to begin by treating the first or the last part, although we are aware that many a success has been achieved by launching immediately *in medias res*, i.e. beginning at the middle. As our nature is incurably perverse, we prefer to begin at the latter end.

Pedagogy is, no doubt, a science. As such it is on a par with e.g. phrenology. I admit that there have been men who did not recognize this fact. Of course they are now nearly all dead, or all nearly dead. What else could you expect from such people? Once there was a poet by the name of Rousseau who wrote a satire on education under the title *Emile*, and like a good many other great men, he was misunderstood. Some one of his early readers thought the author of *Emile* was speaking literally and seriously; he induced others to think so, and this lamentable misconception has become by dint of age a venerable tradition. The error is perfectly obvious to any sane reader, once it is pointed out to him. This erroneous view of the real purpose of Rousseau has had the most far-reaching consequences. To give vent to his despair over the average child's aversion to books, he playfully suggested that education be performed without books. As a result some students never open a book except shortly before examinations, and professors resort to the oral method of imparting learning to such of their patients as are not too hard of hearing.

If we examine the etymology of the term pedagogy, we find that it is compounded of two roots. The first is the active ingredient in pedestrian, and has something to do with foot. (This is a recent discovery, and has not yet found its way into the dictionaries). It is obvious that it refers to the elimination of undesirables from the halls of learning. The second root is of Greek origin, as is shown by its presence in the synagogue, and

means to drive. We all know that the members of the synagogue are fond of driving.

In view of this let us not shut our eyes to the true significance of the term. It means to drive. Judging by some theories in vogue at the present time, one might be led to believe that it meant to entice, to lure, to assuage, to mollify, or in modern American, to mollycoddle. Again we solemnly protest. It does not. It means to drive. To understand properly the import of this fundamental idea, let us consider what things are principally and by nature apt to be driven. Chief among these we find two, namely, mules and nails. Therefore, gentle reader, pedagogy is in reality exalted mule driving; therefore, it is likewise nail driving.

This brings us to our second point. We cannot conceive how either of these two processes can be painless. The mule, if we are to believe the testimony of all competent mule skinners, cannot be driven painlessly. It is hard to say whether the mule's hide or the driver's temper suffers more in the process. And nail driving is proverbially hard on the nails, particularly on the left thumb nail. But we live in an age, we live in an age, I say, that demands that, as far as possible, all the painful elements in our experience be done away with. We have for a long time been the victims of painless dentistry, some of us to the point of having painless teeth. We have painless surgery, and comparatively painless shaves. So why not painless pedagogy? This requires the use of anesthetics, usually in the form of gas. This gas is generated and emitted by the instructor who thereby puts his victims into a semi-comatose condition. Others resort to hypnotism. We understand that some professors use poison gas or some form of venomous secretion. In all cases the result is the same; the person subjected to these influences may, by any one of these various methods, be educated without self-exertion or any other considerable discomfort. In fact the only painful efforts on the part of the patients have been some abortive attempts to think.

Needless to say these benefits cannot be secured without a

price. And the price is high. We shall always remember the fact that there is a difference in price between ordinary and painless dentistry. Having an idea that we should prefer the painless variety, and being in temporary possession of the requisite funds, we enjoyed at one time an experience of this kind, the outstanding result of which was an everlasting and forcibly expressed admiration for the quality of bone in our cranium, the operator intimating that it was of a kind to make concrete melt with envy. But the price of this supposedly painless discovery was fifty cents, whereas the ordinary process would have involved an expenditure of only one-half of that sum. We must expect that the price of painless education is proportionately high. It is. It is very high. It consists in an atrophied condition of the cerebrum or brain, and all victims of this disorder eventually succumb mentally or morally, and often both. We submit that the price is too high. Let us rather choose the ordinary or painful method, known as work, and thus preserve our mental and moral integrity. This takes courage. Why not? We have had some evidences that the day of heroism is not entirely past. Would that there might be born a race of heroes who should dare to face hostile problems, hack their way through the formidable crust that surrounds fundamental ideas, and conquer the arch enemy of character, the demon sloth!

HAYLEY LEVER.
Windy Day, St. Ives, Cornwall, England.

An American Painting exhibited at the
Canadian National Exhibition, 1918.

The White Road

There's a white road between the pine trees—
  A white road I used to know.
'Twas a dream road, between the pine trees,
  To a wee lad long ago.

There were whisp'rings among the pine trees,
  Such music, so sweet and low—
And the wee lad loved the lone road,
  The white road so long ago!

When I'm tired, I fall a-dreaming
  Of soft, lazy flakes of snow
Falling gently among the pine trees
  On the white road of long ago!

—Amy E. Campbell, '12.

"A WIFE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF CANAAN."*

NOW don't nobody swipe that!" the tall fellow sitting in the far corner of the barn which served as dance-hall exclaimed with a loud laugh. As he spoke, he took a piece of gum from his mouth and stuck it on the window-sill. He then held out his hand for the plate of ice-cream and continued his conversation as though he had made the most natural remark in the world.

Glancing across the room I saw the expression of disgust, which I could not restrain, reflected in a pair of astonishingly blue eyes. These eyes held a hint of underlying sadness that went ill with the slight, girlish figure. the soft, fair hair, and the full mouth which had a merry twinkle at the left corner.

Among the crowd of country folk, she, at least, was not in her heart of hearts entering into the gaiety of the evening. Her fair skin and fresh English complexion proclaimed her a new-comer among the sun-burnt faces around her. New-comer indeed she was, and the wife of Jim Hammond, farmer, lumberjack, returned member of the Forestry Corps in France, and owner of the aforementioned chewing gum.

I smiled to myself, as out of the past,—the days when my grandmother put me to sleep every night reading from the Bible —a phrase I used to like to hear slip off her dear old tongue, flashed across my mind. It was something about Jacob forbidding Isaac to take "a wife of the daughters of Canaan." What a pity there had not been some modern Jacob, I thought, to prevent this union of two spirits so alien in thought and word and deed.

When the refreshments had been partaken of in large measure, the "caller-off" again jumped to his feet and the couples formed for the next dance, "Speed the plough." I crossed the room. "I was going to ask, Mrs. Hammond," I began, "if I might dance this with you; but you are not accustomed to such strenuous amusement and must feel tired. Won't you come and

*Awarded second prize in the Short Story Competition.

sit over there in the doorway? There is a cool breeze blowing up over the pasture." Talking thus I led her to the end of the room, where the great barn doors were wide open, and placed a cushion on the threshold for her. She sat down and leaned her head on her hand with a gesture of utter weariness. For a moment she remained thus, and then, after gazing for some little time on the fields gleaming white in the moonlight, she turned to me and said in a low tone, "Thank you, Mr. Watson, it is kind of you to let me rest. Will you excuse me if I don't talk?"

As I sat there, watching her, my thoughts turned to what I had been told of this girl's life. Deserted by her parents when a baby, in the heart of London, she had been taken into an orphans' home, and from there went, when about seven years old, to live with a very sweet and gracious woman in one of the suburbs of the great city. There she had been lovingly cared for and so thoroughly trained in her speech that there remained no trace of the cockney accent.

This woman had one nephew, a young man in the printing business in London, and when she died suddenly, the girl, who had just reached the age of seventeen, married him. When they had enjoyed but two years of radiant happiness, August, 1914, had come and the husband had enlisted at once. For nearly three years he had passed unscathed, and then, in June, 1917, he had been shot and instantly killed by a sniper. Three months later Jim Hammond, sent back to England with a foot smashed by a falling tree, had married the young widow and brought her, when he was discharged as unfit for further service, in May, 1918, to his Canadian home on a farm in Northern Ontario. Not such a farm was this as those in the older parts of the Province, where the level land stretches out behind the big, comfortable house, yielding abundant crops to reward the thrifty and scientific farmer. No gravel road, along which the farmer speeds in his car when the day's work is done, leads up to this gate. Picture to yourself an old log-house, sadly wanting repairs, weathered black by long years of wind and storm, and set up on top of a high, rocky hill. Weeds and rank grasses grow up to the

very door-steps. Flies and chickens and even the pigs make their way in through the unscreened door, but they do not disturb the good-nature of the stout woman with the soiled apron and untidy hair, who is the mistress of the house. She is used to such nuisances around her, and nothing can change the stolid countenance of her husband, sitting with his feet up on a chair, his pipe in his mouth, his hat on his head, and remarking casually between puffs, "Where's that young 'un? Where's Bill? Don't 'ee know them cows ought to be hum? Guess I'd better go 'long an' see if Henry's drawin' in that hay. You kin holler out to me when dinner's ready." To such a household had Jim Hammond and his bride returned.

It was now early October, and I had come the first of September, after long months of convalescence in England and Canada from shrapnel wounds in my shoulder, to teach the little village school and spend my non-teaching hours in tramping about the country with camera and field-glasses, fairly revelling in the freedom of the fields and woods. In the short time I had known Mrs. Hammond, I had learned to watch for her winsome smile, and I had been forced to admit to myself that she was far from happy in the home of her husband's family.

We must have sat thus for fifteen minutes, and another set was in full swing, when she turned to me impulsively and laid her fingers on my coat-sleeve for an instant only. "Oh," she half-cried, half-whispered, "you are kind and good, I know. You have been a friend to me since you came. I must talk to someone. There is no one else. You will not think me bold?" Without waiting for an answer, she hurried on, "I am unhappy. Sometimes I feel that I cannot live another second in this place, that I must scream out at them and tell them what I think of their shiftlessness, their slovenliness, their rough, coarse jokes, their,—oh, I cannot bear it." Her small hands shut tightly in her lap, she swallowed hard several times and then, as though in answer to my unspoken questions, she explained, with a quick glance to make sure no one was listening, "You see, when Tom, my husband, was killed, I was almost numb with grief. I felt

as though I could not endure to live for years and years in surroundings which were so fraught with memories of our happy life together. I would sit and think until I was so tense in every nerve of my body that I felt as though something would snap in my head, and I should lose what little wits I still had. Then I would go to the hospital and read and talk to the wounded laddies, and find some relief in that.

"Jim was sent, on reaching England from France, to the hospital at which I visited. He was very weak for a long time and was not able to talk much, but he seemed to count so much on my call that I often stopped for a few minutes by his bed. His foot did not heal very rapidly, and towards the end of April he knew that he would be discharged. He asked me to marry him." She paused and drew a deep breath. "Oh, you cannot understand. I was taken by surprise. I liked him. I could not help it; he bore his pain so cheerfully. I felt as though this were my one chance to escape from England, and I could not face remaining there alone. I said I would come. I am here, and now," she added very low indeed and with a slight shiver, "I would give all I possess to be back at home."

With a start we realized that the dancing had ceased. Someone was calling her. One family of guests who lived some miles back in the country was leaving. Mrs. Hammond composed herself quickly, and I had time to whisper only, "That's the brave little soldier. Carry on!" A grateful look, accompanied by a valiant attempt to smile, was my thanks, and then she had risen and I was alone.

I watched her as she walked to her husband's side and responded with a sweet graciousness to the boisterous farewells. Then I turned again to look out on the silent beauty of the night and fell into quiet musing on the hidden tragedies of the Great War. Some lines that I had been reading came into my mind:

"There's a harder game than fighting; there's a deeper wound by far
Than the bayonet or the bullet ever tore.
And a patient little woman wears upon her heart a scar
Which the lonesome years will keep for evermore."

—Frances W. Trotter, '22.

A POST-GRADUATE COURSE IN PAGAN AFRICA.

THE particular people of Northern Nigeria to whom the writer is seeking to be a neighbor, are known as the Tangali tribe. They are the very rawest pagans, living in crude nudity and extreme intellectual and spiritual darkness. The government—our own British—has them under its supervision, and we, the first white missionaries to them, are here, as we trust, for their evangelization. Their language, at our coming eighteen months ago, was, of course, only on the tongues of the people. The task, then, briefly, has been and is to catch their language, give it back orally and in writing, and make it for them the vehicle of God's message. Our rôle perforce is variously that of pantomimist, performer, or preacher; perhaps all too frequently one or other of the first two mentioned. So, thus far, we have doubtless contributed as much to the amusement as to the instruction of the people. But they have paid us back in kind, and we are compensated.

A mirror is a thing of perpetual interest. The one hanging on the wall of the white man's house is often taken for a hole, and great is the surprise of the native who runs to the other side of the wall expecting to see the "hole" carried right through.

When the good friends want money—as they are apt to, under pressure of the two "T's," taxes and tobacco—they bring us things to sell. Very often these are fowls,—generally diseased, and non-layers every time! Once when we, refusing to buy one of these tough old chaps, protested that our teeth were not of iron, one man pointed to our shining gold fillings, with the retort, "No, but they're of brass!"

The town farms edge our ground on its four sides. When the products, chiefly peanuts, are maturing, stray goats, sheep, and boys are warned off. But goats and sheep *will* stray; and boys?—well, they will just be boys, that's all! And whether it be from our proximity, our authority, our abounding leisure, or from the combination of all three, our neighbors frequently commission us to keep a watch and chase offenders off the enchanted grounds!

A man is cutting meat in his house—a man, *not* a woman, whose task that would be in "the land of the free." Oh, no! the man's father received from *his* father, who in turn received from *his* father, who in turn received also from *his* sire, which latter gentleman received from God,the law of the division of the meat: which law, as unalterable as any Medo-Persian, and as unkindly, rules out the woman on pain of death. There is, however, no proscription against the man's sharing it with a friend. That time-honored institution of pagan and Christian humanity, hospitality, comes in here. But an equally hoary trait of selfishness may dictate a different course. The man cutting the meat may not want to share it. So at the approach of a visitor he picks up a handful of dust from the floor and puts it in the ear of his otherwise expectant dog. This sends the dog out of the door dancing mad and scares off the visitor—and the dog! And the meat is safe!

It was a similarly inhospitable wretch who did the damage in the following instance. In olden days, it is said, men used to rise again from their graves; until on one occasion a man, rising and appearing to his brother, was reproached and requested to die right out. The surviving relative had inherited the dead man's property and had no notion of restoring it to its former owner. The resurrected visitant said, "All right!" and went back to his mouldy home. No men, say they, have risen since.

Their notions of man are interesting. He has two parts, body and spirit. The conception of matter is not, of course, the scientific but the animistic. The body, organically, is understood remarkably well. Every organ is located and named. Why not, when human dissection for more gross and immediately satisfying purposes than those of science is a living memory? And why not, too, when every house is its own shambles and each person his own butcher? The body, functionally, is not so clearly ascertained. The tongue is not known as the talking but rather as the licking member. The mouth is the organ of speech; suggesting the query, "Of what avail will it be to tell our talkative friends to tame their tongues?" The brain to them

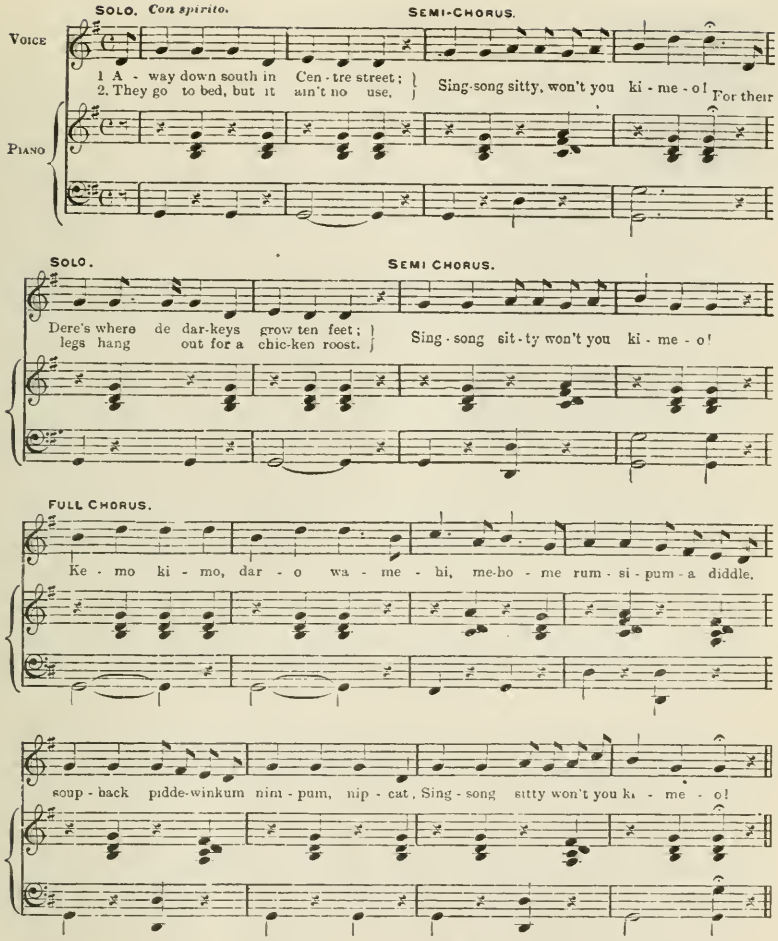
is purely skull,—hard, where hard, to facilitate the carrying of loads, and soft, where soft, for the same reason—Providence thus beneficently providing a pad! The stomach and the chest are the two-fold organ of thought, sensation, and voluntary movement. A person has understood your talk when it has descended into his stomach. He is treasuring it up in his mind when he secures it in his gastral region. To recall a thing he has to chase and catch it there. When he is glad, that region is cold, and when discouraged, his chest has suffered disorganization.

Man has a spirit. He is a body with a spirit, rather than a spirit with a body. According to his luck—that is, according to the spirit's treatment at the hands of demons—so will be the welfare of its owner. He conceives of spirit in a double aspect; reflection and shadow. He sees his spirit in its good aspect when he beholds his image mirrored in water; and in its unfriendly guise when he marks his shadow on the ground. Many of the old men of this town forbid their children to come to our place lest we steal and bind their spirits. For what are those portraits on the walls of the white man's house if not the captive spirits of innocents bewitched by our black magic?

During the lifetime of man the spirit may have other habitations besides the owner's body. On such occasions the owner may be the victim of misfortune or fall into a decline, but not necessarily die. At death the spirit literally takes its flight, and is seen high in the sky, like a fiery cloud, travelling to its shadowy home,—a watery habitation, some say, for there is no rest for it in waterless places. And its rest is to sink, and evermore sink, into the depths of a mysterious flood. The man is dead, and however he was loved on earth, his name is never mentioned on pain of death. He lives on in some shadowy form in a shadowy underworld, where conditions of life are not so very different from those on the outer crust. And though his spirit is flown and his body buried away, he is a potent presence and actively influential for good or evil among the survivors.

—John S. Hall, '16.

KEMO KIMO.


SOLO. Con spirito.
SEMI-CHORUS.
VOICE
PIANO
1 A - way down south in Cen - tre street;
2. They go to bed, but it ain't no use,
Sing-song sitty, won't you ki - me - o! For their
SOLO.
SEMI CHORUS.
Dere's where de dar-keys grow ten feet;
legs hang out for a chic-ken roost.
Sing - song sit - ty won't you ki - me - o!
FULL CHORUS.
Ke - mo ki - mo, dar - o wa - me - hi, me-ho - me rum - si - pum - a diddle.
soup - back pidde-winkum nim - pum, nip - cat, Sing - song sitty won't you ki - me - o!

3. Each darkey wakes up almost dead,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
With a hundredweight of chickens on each leg.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

4. The chickens go out to de barn,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
The big ones crow and the little ones larn.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

5. And when each chick is pretty full,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
He sticks his claw in the darkey's wool.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

6. I looked behind the kitchen stairs,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
I saw a caterpillar saying his prayers.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

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THE HEART OF ANNETTE.*

IF you had had occasion in the early part of this past year to saunter along a certain one of New York's ultra-fashionable ways, and had glanced up at the gorgeously curtained third story window of one of that street's most aristocratic brownstone mansions, you would undoubtedly have encountered the wide piteous gaze of a pair of little-girl brown eyes. You would have wondered at the pathos in that childish look and probably, if you were imaginative, have invented some touching explanation. Let my ink-filled wand cause the ponderous doors to glide open and admit you, leading you through the luxuriously appointed reception-hall up the broad patrician stairway to the threshold of the nursery.

It was a delightful room: all white and blue and rose, like a delicately tinted sunset. Each panel of the wall vivified in charming contour one of those legendary figures which people that fanciful world in which children spend their happiest hours. White enameled furniture festooned with garlands of tiny pink and blue rosebuds seemed to have sprung from the deep rose and blue rugs strewn over the floor. Pastel-tinted chintz caught at the windows the sunlight that would have flooded the room, and confined it to a few broad beams of gold-dust. Costly toys and exquisitely illustrated volumes of fairy-tales completed a picture that might captivate any childish heart. Hence the woe-begone countenance of the little girl in the window-seat is more or less inexplicable to you.

Despite the tears welling in the brown eyes the little girl was a figure in keeping with the beauty of the room. She had a small round face, plump cheeks adorably red, and short silken ringlets as brown as her eyes. Her little white dress was of the finest muslin, and a blue satin ribbon adorned her glossy brown head. Imagine being five years old and possessed of every toy your ingenious little mind could demand, and being unhappy! She has probably broken her favorite doll and refuses to play with her next-best, you conjecture smilingly. No, Annette had a very real trouble.

*Awarded third prize in the Short Story Competition.

A week before, the somewhat select set in which Mrs. Routledge moved was mildly surprised to hear that she had adopted a French orphan. Too often had that good lady done bizarre things to hope to startle her blasé world with anything fresh. Of those insatiable sensation-seekers, faddists, who become in giddy succession vers librists, disciples of new and weird cults, and patrons of futuristic, cubic, or impressionistic arts, Mrs. Routledge had been one of the first to acquire a be-ribboned pet monkey just a little bit more hideous than anyone else's. Hence when her ennui-dulled eye fell upon the little Annette, she proceeded with her customary eagerness to become the guardian of New York's prettiest little French orphan. With the comfortable feeling that she was doing a praiseworthy deed, she took the frightened child by the hand, and when her luxurious car had borne them noiselessly over the thronged streets to her dwelling, impatiently stripped off the child's coarse peasant frock, and clothed her in soft silks and muslins. She deposited the little girl in the delightful nursery which she had lately furnished in one of her spasmodic moods in which she had aspired toward interior decorating, and giving her a somewhat awkward kiss, swept out of the room to inform the world of her latest move.

Annette, who had never possessed a toy more complicated than a wooden doll, was awed by her rich surroundings. She did not know what to do. Since they had carried her to the big ship from which for an interminable week she had stared dazedly at the endless water and sky, everything had been unreal. She still, after a depressingly dreamlike week under Mrs. Routledge's somewhat flighty guardianship, half expected to be awakened from this nightmare by her mother's bright morning kiss. That thought brought in its wake a host of memories too poignantly real, too recent to be mere memories.

Things had never begun. There had always been the quaint sunny Breton village and the equally quaint little cottage with its cheerful red-tiled roof, cuddled down into its tiny colourful garden. There had always been the lively click of mamma's

sabots as she performed her homely little tasks. When Annette would tire of chasing the butterflies that were enticed into the little garden by the sweetness of the roses, the soft mother-voice would always be ready to whisper delightful bits of folklore into the little girl's ear, and when at twilight Annette's eager baby energy had been spent by her riotous play, those dear hands would tuck the child under the white coverlet. Then, as the light grew softer and the gentle summer breeze wafted the rich fragrance of the roses through the little window, the dear face would come very near Annette's own and tears would fill the brown eyes so like those of the little girl as the mother taught her baby to pray for papa's safety. Once in a very great while the papa of the twilight prayer would return for a few days, and her mother's face would be constantly dimpling with happiness. Such a lively papa as he was, romping with Annette and catching her up in his arms, as if to squeeze every drop of joy out of his brief furlough. Then he would leave and the sadness would return to the mother's eyes, and the half apprehensive, half eager look would spring to them when the postman approached the little gate.

One day the postman walked up the familiar path reluctantly, and at the sight of the yellow envelope the mother's hand remained paralyzed at her side. At length she reached mechanically for the ominous square of yellow, tore it open, and with a shrill scream fell back. For days things were most bewildering for the little girl, until one rosy twilight the neighbors led her to the bedside where her mother, strangely pale and emaciated, pressed her lips to hers. Then the neighbors, weeping softly, led her away. She could not understand when they told her in their well-meaning, blunt way that her papa had been killed and that her mother had died of a fever. It was preposterous to imagine that her own mother would not tuck her in at twilight nor wake her as the sun peeped in through the window.

Annette buried her face in the soft cushions in the window seat, and sobbed with all the abandon of a heart-broken child. She hated the touch of the fine silks and muslins. She wanted

her own coarse smock. She hated the hustling, self-centred people who rushed past in the street so far below, and she felt a real enmity towards the handsome, exquisitely clothed dolls who sat staring at her inanely from their little armchairs. She loathed and feared the dreadful little yelping pet dog that Mrs. Routledge invariably brought along to the nursery with her. But what disconcerted her most were her guardian's attempts to entertain and amuse her.

Every day she would be dressed in a sumptuous little white fur coat and hat, and accompanied by a slim, insolent French maid, would go for a walk. The two would stroll past the brilliantly lighted, fascinatingly decked store windows, but where city-bred children gazed in rapture at the displays, Annette would draw back, frightened. Her pleasures had always been of an infinitely simpler sort. The strange, meaningless babble of the shoppers, spoken in a cold, unintelligible tongue, terrified her, and she would pull at the maid's hand and plead to be taken home.

With a shudder Annette recalled the party her guardian had given for her. Innumerable children, as daintily clothed as she, arrived and crowded around her. They were not like the joyous youngsters with whom she had romped in the fields of Brittany. These children possessed a sort of precocious poise, a *sang-froid* that cowed the simple French child. With the ruthlessness that children can display, they mocked her unfamiliar baby French and stared cruelly at her. Suddenly the child gave vent to a great sob and fled up the stairs, hurling herself down upon the cushions, and refusing to heed Mrs. Routledge's somewhat impatient coaxing.

The opening of the nursery door interrupted Annette's reveries, as Mrs. Routledge entered, accompanied by several fashionable matrons. She was about to display her choicest possession. The ladies gazed in polite compassion at the child's lovely, tear-stained face. "Isn't it tragic!" sounded the comments. "The poor little thing!" Dainty handkerchiefs were lifted to eyes and perfunctory pecks were inflicted on Annette's quivering rosebud mouth.

In the next months some of the color faded from Annette's cheeks and her eyes held an infinite pathos. How she wanted her mother! Sometimes at night she thought she felt the touch of her mother's lips on her brow, and she would start up, to be confronted by the beautiful glassy stare of the dolls across the room.

One morning she was roused by a shouting and ringing of bells. Slipping out of bed she ran to the window seat and pressed her face against the pane. Excited, frenzied people thronged past, laughing and sobbing hysterically. Tin horns and drums and bright flags and ribbons startled the ear and the eye. A band was playing, and at the first few notes Annette started. Her eyes shone and her breath came fast as she heard them play a song that had never failed to thrill her little French heart, " . . *abreuve nos sillons!*" She fell back among the cushions sobbing, as acutely sweet memories stung her bursting little heart. They told her then that the war was over. That was perplexing. The war had always seemed a permanent thing to her. Then she remembered her mother's daily prayer that the war might speedily be ended, and she felt a vague thankfulness.

One snowy day as Annette sat in the window seat listlessly watching the great soft flakes settling down upon the white blanket already accumulated below, a pale, very excited young man limped up the brownstone steps of the mansion. He rang the bell nervously, was ushered in, and after a few agitated words the tremulous Annette, inexpressible joy sparkling in her eyes and glowing in her cheeks, was in her father's arms, and he and she were murmuring dear, inarticulate things to each other. When their violent joy had subsided to a glowing happiness, the young French soldier, in very halting English, related to the somewhat discomfited Mrs. Routledge how the despatch announcing his death had been one of the war's tragic blunders, and how, after a hideous year of imprisonment in Germany, in which he had heard of his wife's death (here he gave an involuntary sob), but could learn nothing of Annette's whereabouts,

the war had ended. As soon as he had been repatriated and had learned of Annette's departure, he had sailed with all expedition for New York, and had trailed her to this spot. Here the young man laughed a rippling laugh of pure joy, and Annette's face, now stained with tears of happiness, nestled closer to his breast.

. . . . . .

It was the hour of twilight in one of Brittany's villages, which fate had ordained should pass unharmed through a war of pitiless destruction. A delicate rose scent filled the little room just under the red-tiled roof. The somnolence that comes from much chasing of butterflies lay heavily on Annette's lids, but a happy smile curved her lips. Her father bent down over her, tucking her in with a touching awkwardness. With the thought in both hearts of the one who in the old happy days had performed this task of love, the father stooped and tenderly kissed his little girl to sleep.

—Corinne C. Moskowitz, '21.

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EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

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Editorial Notes

With the publication of this issue of THE MONTHLY, the work of the present Board ceases; the May number being largely the production of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology. It is therefore our very pleasant duty to introduce to our readers the Board of Publication for the College year 1919-20; and to express on behalf of the retiring staff our sincere wish for the success of Volume XXIX, and our confidence that such success is assured. The personnel of the new Board is as follows:

Managing Editor, A. E. Look, B.Th.; Business Manager, G. P. Gilmour, '21; Around the Hall, S. N. Schatz, '20; Women's Department, Miss M. E. Mallagh, '20; Here and There, Miss E. M. Stillwell, '20; Our Graduates, E. J. Bengough, B.A.; Athletics, L. D. Dingle, '20; Assistant Editor Women's Depart-

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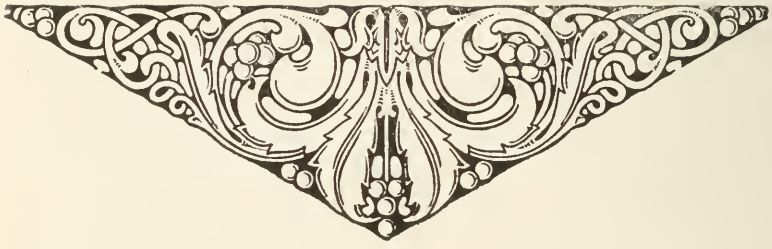
A reproduction of the flower of the Lotus Lily will be found as the frontispiece of this number. It will be remembered that an article from the pen of Mr. A. H. Richardson appeared in the issue of December last, entitled "The Lotus Lily of Saint Williams." At that time we were unable to obtain an illustration of the flower to accompany the article. Lately, however, through the kindness of the Editor of the Canada Year Book, we have secured this splendid cut of the Lotus Lily. The photo was taken by P. A. Taverner and appeared in the Canada Year Book of 1915.

And now our task is finished. For what we have accomplished and what we have failed to accomplish, we make no apologies and offer no excuses. Of imperfections in our year's work no one is more conscious than ourselves. Yet we treasure that consciousness as convincing proof that our experience has given us a new understanding, and that our labors have not been in vain. We feel that we should do many things very differently if we had to do them again; which is the cry of all who have attempted, and withal a sign of that dissatisfaction which makes for progress.

We thank the "powers that were" for giving us such a splendid Publication Board with which to work. The ever-willing co-operation of each and every member has been a joy to our heart, and an indispensable factor in the life of the magazine. We thank them one and all most heartily, and the Associate Editors in particular. We also wish to express our gratitude to everyone who has assisted us, by contribution to our columns, by

suggestion, or by criticism. Especially do we acknowledge our indebtedness to our predecessor in the editorial chair, for much instruction and advice as well as more material assistance. The genuineness of one's interest in any work cannot be better proven than by its continuance after responsibility has been removed.

The volubility of our remarks would seem to indicate that we are loath to relinquish our position; and, gentle reader, breathe it not aloud, but such is very near to the truth. But the editorial pen commences to run very dry—a truly forcible reminder that we are becoming too loquacious, and that indeed our task is done.



On Military Service.

Editor: Frank G. McCoy, '20.

" . . . and the stern night cried 'Peace!'
And shut the strife in darkness: all was still,
Then slowly crept a triumph on the dark—
And I heard Beauty singing up the hill."
—*John Freeman.*

DURING the past weeks we have been pleased to note the number of McMaster men who are arriving in Canada after service overseas. Among the recent arrivals are the following: Major R. E. Willcock, M.C., '12, Can. Inf.; Capt. G. W. Guiou, M.C., '18, Can. Inf.; Gnr. C. C. Orth, '17, C.F.A.; Corp. F. F. W. Field, '17, Div. Sig. Coy.; Pte. A. P. Wilson, '16; C.A.M.C.; Gnr. O.C. McDougald, '18, C.F.A.; Cadet C. J. Wilkins, '20, R.A.F.; Spr. J. G. VanSlyke, '18, C.C.H.A.; Spr. G. W. Farmer, '18, Div. Sig .Coy.; Spr. H. J. Veals, '16. Div. Sig. Coy.; Spr. G. H. Davis, '17, Div. Sig. Coy.; Lieut. J. P. Kent, '18, Imperial Inf., and Capt. S. R. Wilkins, M.C., '18, Imperial Inf.

A number of these men have signified their intention of returning to McMaster next year to resume their studies.

Corporal J. W. Davis, '14, Spr. W. A. Kenyon, '15, and Spr. R. M. Fraser, '13, all of the Div. Sig. Coy., are taking post-graduate work in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Corporal L. E. Zavitz, '20, who went overseas with the 1st Canadian Tank Battalion, has been transferred to the Y.M.C.A. and is at present engaged in hospital work at Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, England.

Capt. A. H. Baker, '04, C.A.M.C., has been appointed Superintendent of the Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Frank, Alta., having been transferred from the Army for that purpose in December, 1918.

Lieut. Roy Clarke Steckley, '14, died of pneumonia in February, 1919. He enlisted in an infantry battalion from Edmonton, Alta., and went overseas as a sergeant. After serving for several months as an instructor in England, he proceeded to France, where he was recommended for a commission in the Imperial Army. Whether his death occurred in France or Germany is not yet known. Prior to his enlistment he was a student in law at Edmonton.

LIEUT. JOHN ANDREW DOW ELDER, M.C.

Lieut. "Jack" Elder, who died of wounds received on October 29th, 1918, was a member of Year '17 in Arts, of McMaster University.

"Jack" was born at Rutherglen, near Glasgow, Scotland, on August 12th, 1894. He received his earliest education from his mother, and later attended a private school in Wick and the Dunnet Public School, in the County of Caithness. When the family removed to Canada, he entered Barrie Collegiate, where he passed his junior matriculation in 1911. While taking higher school work at Strathroy Collegiate, he won the T. C. Robinette Gold Medal for Public Speaking.

He entered McMaster University in October, 1914, joining the class of 1917 in its second year. Here he soon distinguished himself as a public speaker, both in the weekly meetings of the Debating Union, and also as a representative of his class in the inter-year debates. He was a good student, a sincere friend and an ardent supporter of the student organizations.

While still in High School he had taken a course in Army Signalling, and upon coming to McMaster he at once identified himself with the C.O.T.C. and aided in the formation of a signal section. His enthusiasm was an important factor in making this branch a real success. During his first year at McMaster he received his second certificate in signalling and soon after won his instructor's certificate.

In January, 1916, he was appointed signalling officer of the 147th Battalion, of Grey County. He sailed for England in November of the same year, and in December went to France as signalling officer of the 38th Battalion. He served his battalion through its many important engagements until he was mortally wounded on October 29th, 1918.

Shortly after his death, the Military Cross was awarded him for work done in September, 1918. No particulars have come to hand. He was loved by the officers and men of his battalion, and his influence in his daily associations was of the highest order.

The Monthly joins with his many friends in extending the deepest sympathy to his parents in their bereavement.

LIEUT. JOHN ANDREW DOW ELDER, M.C.
Died of wounds, October 30th, 1918.

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: Arnold E. Look, B.Th.

"Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave."

—*Tennyson.*

WE are about to die the appointed editorial death; but before we shuffle off this mundane editorial chair, we feel that it would be advisable to follow the conventional custom of moralizing a bit about the vanity of (literary) life, confessing our sins and making our will. With regard to the moralizing, we have discovered with profound gratitude that an occasional student sometimes reads a paragraph of "Around the Hall"—usually when it is thought to contain his name—and we continue to marvel that more ambitious aspirants to the top rung of fame do not seek the direct route by contributing to The Monthly. There has been a lamentable famine of poetry, in particular, this year, and a most painstaking search of the residence, boiler room and dungeon has failed to reveal the slightest suspicion of any trace of even the most mediocre doggerel propensities.

In confessing our sins, we wish to express a heartfelt appreciation to a well-night omniscient Managing Editor who has deleted most of them. There is one burden, however, that has been bearing heavily upon our conscience of late, and, as "confession is good for the soul," we own up to having concealed our identity under the pseudonym of "Undergraduate" in the November issue. The fact that fifty undergraduate and two hundred graduate women of the University have failed to respond to the challenge contained in that article recalls to our mind the old adage to the effect that "silence gives consent."

Finally, we do hereby bequeath this department with all its entailed benefits and responsibilities to Mr. Stanley N. Schatz, '20, who has already disclosed prodigous potentialities for the position, and we feel sure that he will persevere with patience unto the pleasure and profit which lies therein.

Sophomore "Lit"

The Sophomore "Lit." programme was opened by a quartette of "Male Boys" who sang the praises of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup,—the best remedy for Freshmen (applied externally, it is presumed), and in an encore reminded their hearers of the van-

ity of plugging. Mr. W. F. Nelson gave a reading from the writings of Robert W. Service so vividly that many persons in the audience literally felt the gentle dews distilling on the western prairies. The Misses Loney, Cain and Robertson, who took part in "Mechanical Jane," delighted even the Donkey Club members in the gallery, with their clever acting. A piano solo by Miss Enid Hounsom was greatly appreciated, and an encore was rendered with equal charm. "Current Events" (the said currents being somewhat murky) were followed by a diverting farce in one act, entitled "Wanted—a Confidential Clerk." The grand finale by the Sophettes was a patriotic song entitled "When you took that trip across the Rhine," in which the martial parade of Red Cross nurses, farmerettes, V.A.D.'s, policewomen and other war-working misses was one of the chief features.

Sophomore Party

For the last time this year, the members of Year '21 were persuaded to leave their studies for another party, this time to be held at the home of their Honorary President, Prof. and Mrs. Smith, on Tuesday evening, March 18th. As soon as the circle of beaming (and carefully prepared) countenances was complete, the fun began. Those of an optimistic and aesthetic turn of mind were lifted into the realms of bliss by the first game, "A Floral Wedding." Alas! however, some practical young "Soph." quite shocked the minds of his more idealistic companions by giving as the bride's answer to the groom, "Any more?" Dressing clothespins in tissue paper, which came next, fascinated even the clumsiest fingers, and when these works of art were arranged in a row, many notable characters in British history were found to be represented, but naturally enough the clothes-pin "Mayor Church" won the prize. Just before the chicken patties and ice-cream made their début, several characters were acted, Mr. H. A. Fries completely winning the day for his side by appointing himself and A. G. Donaldson as a "Thinking Committee."

A rather sad touch completed the delightful evening; for the new president and vice-president, W. O. White and Miss Evelyn Cain, were prevailed upon to sing a duet, and they chose "Give me your smile—Boo-Hoo." This proved to be too much for the tender sensibilities of certain Sophettes, but those who were able to control the sobs occasioned by that pathetic ballad, bade good night to their host and hostess, while the less fortunate ones made a hasty exit by way of the rear door, thus bringing to a close a perfect day.

Fyfe Day

The Fyfe Day Committee was fortunate in securing as the speaker for the second Fyfe Day session of the term held on March 31st, Dr. John MacNeill, of Walmer Rd. Church. The reports of the Senior and Junior Evangelistic Bands showed a total of sixty-one services held in seventeen churches, with a result of approximately three hundred professions of faith in Christ. After a short period of prayer and a selection by the Senior Band quartette, Dr. MacNeill gave a very inspiring address on the subject, "What Men Live By." This address revealed to McMaster students the reason why Dr. MacNeill is in such great demand by Universities of the United States, and gave us a fresh vision of service for the Master and of the life worth while. This spirit was reinforced by the class prayer meetings which followed.

Oratorical Contest

The Annual Oratorical Contest, given under the auspices of the Debating Union, was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, March 22nd. The orators of the different years and the subjects chosen were as follows: H. A. Webb, '21, "The Manifestation of Nature to Man"; E. Orsborne, '22, "The Great Essential in Facing a Crisis"; W. S. Watson, Theol., "Flanders Fields"; A. E. Look, '19, "Wilfrid Laurier"; and L. C. Kitchen, '20, "The Glory of Zeebruge." Prof. W. R. Taylor, Ph.D., Mr. James L. Hughes, LL.D., and Mr. John D. Morrow, B.A., comprised the judiciary board. First prize was awarded to W. S. Watson, who gave a first hand account of his experiences in Flanders Fields, and the second prize to E. Orsborne. The gold medal donated by Mrs. Harry Ryrie, and the silver medal, given by Prof. E. M. Keirstead, were presented by Dr. Keirstead, Honorary President of the Debating Union. Several violin solos by Miss M. B. Latimer, a vocal solo by Miss A. Robertson, and an instrumental duet by the Misses Mabee and Shields, added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. Perhaps the most distinctive element of the event was the religious atmosphere which pervaded the whole service! This was still further enhanced by two sermons and a copper collection during the course of the evening.

Junior Parties

At about eight o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, March 26th, a suspicious looking gathering collected at the home of Miss Clark, of Year '20, and proceeded to take possession for the evening. The usual round of games was indulged in, the feature of the evening being a game entitled "Our Wedding

FIRST PRIZE POSTER
(By Edgar W. Pyke, '19)

and Honeymoon,'' Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Campbell having proved conclusively that their romance was the most thrilling, were awarded the prize. Then Mrs. Clark's worst fears were realized when she noticed the lean and hungry looks on the faces of her guests, and she decided that the only way to get rid of them was to feed them. This idea was met with hearty approval by the class, and the motion was carried by a majority of 24 to 0. After refreshments the chewing gum was passed around and each person endeavored to show his ability as a sculptor by fashioning an animal out of his portion. One worthy Junior ''sculped'' a graceful looking quadruped which bore a striking resemblance to a pig, but which he insisted was an antelope. Finally, remembering the duties of the morrow, the crowd dispersed, after duly exercising their vocal organs.

The unexpected return of Cecil Wilkins, after eighteen months' service overseas, was the *raison d'être* of a surprise visit paid by the Junior Year to the hospitable home on Mackenzie Avenue. Contrary to custom, it *was* a surprise to the recipient, and Year '20 found it quite the most delightful method of welcoming back their classmate. Through the happy medium of games and gossip, friendships were renewed, and it was in perfect harmony of spirit—if not of voice—that, at the close of the enjoyable evening, everyone sang heartily, ''For he's a jolly good fellow.''

Elections

Considerable interest has been manifested in determining who shall rule in Zion during the next academic session. Only partial returns are yet available, but present results indicate a Union Government in all departments of state. The results of the elections are as follows:

Student Body.—High Kakiak, B. E. Gilbert, B.A.; First Vice Kakiak, H. W. Lang, '19; Second Vice Kakiak, G. H. Mallory, '20; Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. Donaldson, '21.

Literary Society.—Hon. President, Prof. W. S. Wallace; President, H. N. Stephens, '20; 1st Vice-President, A. H. Carr, '21; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Ruth Gray, '20; Recording Secretary, S. N. Schatz, '20; Treasurer, K. Taylor, '21.

Debating Union.—Hon. President, Dr. D. A. McGibbon; President, L. J. F. Ruttan, '20; Vice-President, G. P. Gilmour, '21; Secretary-Treasurer, G. Atkinson, '22.

Y. M. C. A.—Hon. President, Chancellor McCrimmon; President, W. S. Watson, Theol.; Vice-President, F. McCoy, '20; Recording Secretary, M. E. Groat, '21; Cor. Secretary, E. Barons, '21.

Year '20.—Hon. President, Professor W. S. McLay; President, H. S. Hillyer; Vice-President, Miss Helen Mabee; Secretary-Treasurer, L. D. Dingle.

Year '21.—Hon. President, Professor G. H. Campbell; President, W. D. White; Vice-President, Miss E. Cain; Secretary-Treasurer, W. J. Matthews.

Year '22.—Hon. President, Professor R. W. Smith; President, J. C. Mabee; Vice-President, Miss Frances Trotter; Secretary-Treasurer, T. H. Eberlee.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

An idol lives within me yet—
  An idol, cherished, loved with pure,
Unswerving faith—a fair Freshette,
So charming, lovely and demure.

That memory lives and still torments—
  Yea, will torment for evermore,
That I, for four long years was dense,
  And let her wed a Sophomore.

————, '19.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Marjorie Mallagh, '20.

"There is no calm like that when storm is done;
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release;
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace.
No peace so deep as that by struggle won."

—*Helen Gray Cone.*

OWEVER unemotional one may be, when one has attained to those years of wisdom which enable one to foil the snares of the matriculation examiner, it is not without certain mingled feelings that one comes to the end of a university year.

We allow, perhaps, too little time in our busy college life for a quiet hour alone with our thoughts, but when all the torments of "cramming," the sleepness nights of examinations and the excitement of graduation festivities are but a memory, there comes a pensive moment, when "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" flashes a retrospective glance over the past, and a visionary glimpse towards the future.

To the Freshette perhaps comes less realization of the passing of Father Time than to those of the Upper Years—just a happy transient thought that the long anticipated year at University has quite overshadowed your expectations; accompanied, it may be, by deep schemes of intrigue for the beenfit of the newcomers next fall. Just think a minute, Sophettes, you have reached the "half-way house" and the rest of the hill will be steeper—are you prepared to meet those additional responsibilities which will rest upon you next year? A certain sobriety falls upon the Third Year girls, as they realize that they have but one more year of the university associations which have become so dear to them, and they determine that (notwithstanding what the past may have been?!) they will make their graduating year worthy of their highest effort. The Seniorette—but dare we enquire into the working of that august mind?—and yet, our feelings toward you are not so much of respect and fear as of affection and a deep sense of indebtedness. We will miss you from the halls next year, not alone as close personal friends and advisors, but as energetic leaders of all the women's activities. As you graduate, it is with the best wishes of all the junior members of the Women's Student Body and their realization that you will go forth as successful in the larger fields which await you, as in your university life here.

Although little has been said or written of the work of the Women's Student Body as an organization, it has carried on its work most effectively during the past year. As a result of its efforts the walls of the Ladies' Room were re-tinted, a telephone installed and new curtains obtained. Moreover, another hundred dollar Victory Bond was purchased, the principal to be at the disposal of the W.S.B. of 1934, preferably to be used for some form of war memorial in the proposed Women's Residence. Furthermore, the constitution of the organization has been revised this year, so that the executive will in future include, in addition to the regular officers, representatives from each year, and thus form a more representative executive to deal with the many difficult problems which it has to face.

W. S. B.

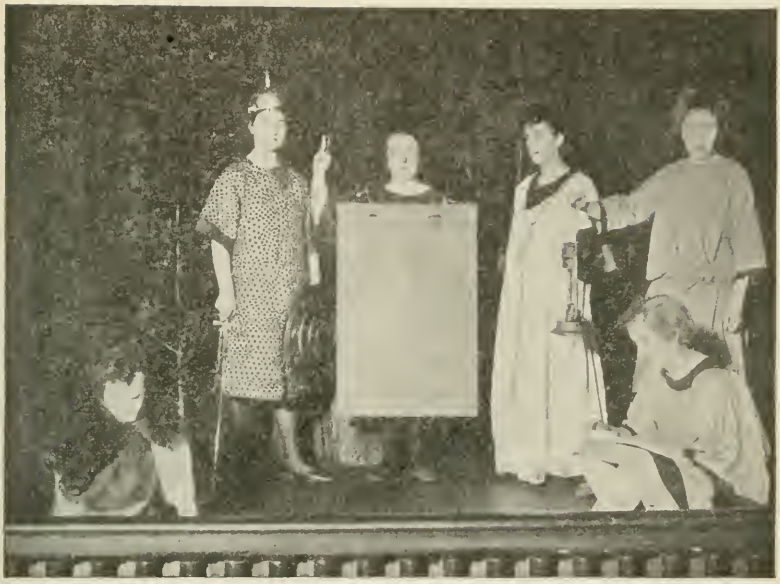
To Miss Marjoria Moore our Head Girl, and her executive, are due the hearty appreciation and thanks of the girls in whose interests they have worked so unselfishly and faithfully; and for the newly-elected Head Girl, Miss Helen Kerr, we can but wish the same success which has attended her predecessor.

The Women's Athletic Association, although handicapped by the lack of ice, has had the most active winter of its existence. The Gymnasium Class commenced last Fall was continued during the Spring term, and a tea was offered to the year which had the largest percentage of attendance. The Third Year girls emerged victorious, and on the afternoon of Friday, March 28th, after the election of the Head Girl, and nomination of officers for the other societies, the girls sat down to a dainty yet bountiful tea in the Faculty Room. During the interval before Big Lit, there was a splendid program of music and games. The increased interest which the girls have taken in Athletics shows what can be done by an energetic executive.

W. A. A.

The meeting of the Association held on Friday, March 7th, was presided over by Miss Helen Mabee, the vice-president. The speaker of the afternoon was the Rev. Mr. Cross; but before his address Miss Marjory Hedges sang Handel's beautiful composition, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." Mr. Cross, who was for some years Canadian Educational Secretary in India, had many interesting stories to tell of that faraway empire. He spoke chiefly of the "Women of India," and what we as Christian University

Y. W. C. A.



SCENE FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

women may do to better their pitiable condition. He told us of the need for well-trained native workers, and described the work of the Caste Girls' Schools and the McLaurin High School. In closing, Mr. Cross thanked the Association for its share in the contribution made at the time of the Missionary Campaign.

W. L. S.

On the evening of Friday, March 14th, and the following Saturday afternoon, the Women's Literary Society presented their annual play, this time "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The girls had spent many weeks in preparation, but felt amply repaid for their work by the appreciation of the audience at both performances. Although all the characters were well sustained and showed careful study, especial credit must be given to Miss Marion Stillwell who filled to perfection the difficult rôle of Bottom, and to Miss Jean Robertson for her clever impersonation of the mischief-loving Puck with his infectious chuckle. The clown scenes and the amusing situations which Puck's pranks caused among the lovers were highly diverting, while the little fairies from one of Miss Stevenson's classes added a distinct charm to the play. At the close of the evening performance, flowers were presented to Miss Stevenson, who so carefully and

patiently trained the girls, and to Miss Lois MacLaurin, to whose untiring energy much of the credit for the success of the play is due.

Mission Study

When our Bible Study class, led by Dr. Farmer, was ended, we commenced at the beginning of March, a Mission Study class under the able leadership of Dr. J. G. Brown. Our text-book is "India Awakening," and our own Telegu mission field is used as a basis of comparison. Dr. Brown speaks from the viewpoint of twenty-five years' active work in India, and fills his talks with interesting personal experiences.

Red Cross

This Spring our Red Cross work has assumed a new form. Previously the Society had spent its time, money and energies principally upon the making of sox and hospital supplies, and the sending of boxes. However, with the end of the war it was felt that the immediate need of such work had ended, and that we might better devote ourselves to some form of reconstruction work. Accordingly, under the auspices of the University Hospital Supply Association, we are helping to make clothing for the Serbian children; and every Wednesday afternoon quite a large group of girls may be seen industriously working with needle, thread and thimble—some one cruelly adds—and tongues!

Elections

The elections for the women's organizations were held on Friday, April 5th. After the new officers had been duly installed, tea was served in the Ladies' Room in honor of the Freshettes, whom the judges decided had provided the W.L.S. with the best year programme.

The results of the elections were as follows:

W.S.B.—President, Helen Kerr, '20; Vice President, Marion Pearce, '20; Secretary, Helen Gilmour, '21; Treasurer, Ruby McIntyre, '22.

W.L.S.—Hon. President, Mrs. W. S. W. McLay; President, Marion Stillwell, '20; Vice President, Corinne Moskowitz, '21; Secretary, Florence Marlow, '22; Critic, Mrs. G. H. Campbell; Curator, Marion Royce, '21; Pianist, Queenie Shields, '20.

Y.W.C.A.—Hon. President, Mrs. Wm. Findlay; President, Jean Wylie, '20; Vice President, Eva Anderson, '21; Secretary, Nora Tribe, '22; Pianist, Helen Mabee, '20.

Athletics.—President, Florence Franklin, '20; Vice President, Nell Curtiss, '21; Secretary, Marie Smith, '22; Treasurer, Helen Gilmour, '21.

Athletics

Editor: J. B. Smart, '19.

IN reviewing the athletic activities of the University for the year, one must not forget to make due allowance for the adverse conditions under which the executive has been laboring. Naturally there was a good deal of hesitation about entering upon an extensive programme while the war lasted, and even had it been desired to do so, there was not much opportunity given. The small attendance prevented the undertaking of such interesting events as a Field Day, and the cessation of all intercollegiate sports made it necessary for us to confine our operations to a large extent within the University. The fall term was taken up chiefly with tennis and soccer. In both of these much interest was taken and plenty of enthusiasm aroused. A schedule for a tennis tournament was drawn up and the entries were so numerous that it was almost impossible to complete the contest before the cold weather set in. The need of another court was deeply felt, and it is to be hoped that this will be prepared by next fall. The inter-year soccer games were well contested, and much good material was available for the various teams. Ramsden park was found to be much more satisfactory than Willowdale, being both handier and a better field. There should be plenty of good material for a senior soccer team next term. As soon as the war ended, the executive sought for some way in which to arouse the interest in sport. This was attempted by entering a hockey team in the O.H.A., and the results were most gratifying. Indeed the result was that, when the inter-year hockey was inaugurated, there was much more enthusiasm than there was ice accommodation. After several fruitless attempts to complete the schedule, it was decided that the two winning teams should play off at the Arena. Unfortunately they were so evenly matched that the dispute was not settled, and the final game had to be staged at the Ravina rink. Considering the disadvantages, the term has proven very encouraging in the way of athletics. With the reestablishment of all intercollegiate sports and an increase in attendance, McMaster should be in an excellent position to enjoy a most successful season in 1920.

The Athletic Association held their annual elections on Wednesday, March 26th, with the following results: President, P. V. Rosewarne, '19; Vice-President, H. G. Doolittle, '21; Secretary, H. N. Racicot, '21; Treasurer, T. H. Eberlee, '22. The new

executive is looking forward to a vital, reconstruction year. Already our Canadian Universities are planning their schedules for intercollegiate contests. The arrangements were made at Kingston on March 30th, at a meeting of representatives from McGill, Varsity, R.M.C., and Queen's. McMaster is interested in the Intermediate and Junior Series of the Rugby Schedule. In the Intermediate line-up McGill and Queen's will constitute the Eastern group, with Varsity, McMaster and St. Michael's the Western group. The Eastern league of the junior rugby series will consist of Kingston Collegiate, Queen's and R.M.C., while McMaster, O.A.C., St. Michael's and Varsity are to make up the Western group. The Eastern and Western winners are to be declared by November 8th, in order that the final games may be played on November 15th and 22nd. The committee decided to adopt O. H. A. rules. Although schedules were drawn up for hockey, wrestling, boxing, tennis, basket-ball and soccer, McMaster so far has only registered her intention to enter the rugby field. It will be well for the Athletic Executive to keep in communication with the secretaries of the various universities during the summer months so that we can be off to an early start next September.

Mr. L. D. Dingle has been appointed Editor of "Athletics" for the term 1919-20. Under his direction we prophesy a very promising year for this important department.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

READERS of The Monthly will recall a letter written by Gordon Philpott, '16, while in a convalescent home in Engladn, in which he ruminated upon the various selves which he found when he began an introspection. He found his soldier self, his student self, and some two or three others. Similarly, the Editor of this column sometimes reflects upon the various rôles he performs during the course of his duties. Particularly is this the case at this time of year. Another class is approaching graduation. As Registrar it will be his pleasant duty to take some part in conferring upon them their degrees, and thus saying farewell to them as they take their departure from Alma Mater. Then in the course of a few weeks these same graduates will receive communications announcing that they have become members of the Alumni Association, and they will observe that the signature of the Secretary of that Association is the one they have long known as that of the Registrar. As they go out and find their places in the world at large, they will realize that their doings are being watched by the University and recorded in the columns of The Monthly, and lo, the hand of the scribe is again the same. Truly, "one man in his time plays many parts." So in his composite character, the Editor inverts the well-known expression, and greets the class of 1919 with "Vale Atqu' Ave."

One of our graduates recently came across the following interesting article in an old file of *Toronto Saturday Night*, the date of issue being December 3, 1887, and he thoughtfully passed it on to the Editor of this column so that it might be enjoyed by others:

THE OSGOODE HALL DEBATE.

"A great many people attended the recent debate at Osgoode Hall between Messrs. Hughson and Graham, from McMaster Hall Literary Society, and Messrs. Ludwig and Ryckman, of Osgoode Hall. The subject for debate, as announced in the program, was Commercial Union; but for some unaccountable reason the audience was informed at the close by the chairman, Mr. S. H. Blake, Q.C., that the debate had really nothing to do with Commercial Union, nor with Prof. Goldwin Smith, Erastus Wiman, or anybody else. The alleged reason was found in the wording of the resolution, which appears to have been to the effect

that unrestricted reciprocity between the United States and Canada and high tariff against all other countries would be beneficial to both. The geographical contiguity argument was presented by the affirmative, and to it the chairman attached great importance. His decision was given in favor of the affirmative. The gentlemen from McMaster gave rather marked indications of their calling by their ministerial accent and twang, if one may be pardoned for so terming it, though their arguments seemed to bear more directly upon the resolution. Mr. Ryckman is a graduate from Victoria. One lady was overheard to remark how gracefully the gentlemen on the negative bore the decision given against them, while their opponents allowed their anxiety to hear the chairman's decision get the better of their good taste. Short addresses were given by J. F. Fullerton, president of the society, and Dr. Cassell. Out of deference to the gentlemen from McMaster, there was no dancing after the debate, as it was expected there would be. Presumably it was also out of deference to them that there were no refreshments. God Save the Queen was sung instead."

Messrs. Ludwick and Ryckman, who are referred to, are two leading lawyers of Toronto, and the McMaster debaters are Dr. Hughson, of Stratford, and Dr. Graham, of First Avenue Church, Toronto. Whether the McMaster representatives were arguing for or against reciprocity does not seem very clear, but we judge from the comment attributed to one of the ladies that they had the negative.

Corp. John W. Davis, '14, who went overseas in 1916, is now pursuing studies in Arts and Theology at the University of Edinburgh. He is one of two hundred soldiers—one hundred from England and one hundred from France—who, on the basis of length of war service and educational qualification, were selected by the Khaki University to enjoy the privileges of British Universities. In addition to their regular army pay they are granted a subsistence allowance of six shillings a day by the Government, and are thereby conditioned to take advantage of the opportunities of culture by residence in university centres. Of the party of fifty Canadians selected, at least six are graduates of McMaster University, namely: John A. Long, '15, who is taking Actuarial Science at the University of London; R. L. Foster, '17, who is studying law at Cambridge; C. P. Hope, '15, and R. M. Fraser, '13, who are in Law and Theology, respectively, at Edinburgh, and W. A. Kenyon, '15, and J. W. Davis, '14, who are taking courses partly in Arts and partly in Theology at Ed-

inburgh. The three McMaster men taking theology are hearing lectures from Prof. Macintosh, of the United Free Church College, and Prof. Patterson, of the Established Church of Scotland. In addition to these, L.S. Cutler, '14, holds an "Overseas Sailors' and Soldiers' Scholarship" and is at St. John's College, Oxford.

'97.—Prof. Matthews has received and accepted a call to First Baptist Church, New Haven, Connecticut, and is under appointment to lecture in the Old Testament in Yale University, which is located in the same place. Dr. Matthews will leave Toronto for his new work at the close of the present college session. His students, his colleagues on the staff, and the graduates, will regret his departure.

'05.—W. G. Carpenter, '05, of Edmonton, spent a day in Toronto recently and called at the University to renew acquaintances with the professors of Alma Mater. Mr. Carpenter is Superintendent of Education in Edmonton, and is recognized as one of the leading educationists of Alberta. For the last two months he has been visiting the schools of the United States as a member of a commission of three appointed by the Government to make recommendations looking to a progressive movement in secondary education in Alberta. It is a noteworthy fact that the other two members of the Commission are also McMaster graduates, namely, R. H. Roberts, M.A., '07, and G. W. Gorman, B.A., '05. Both of these are Inspectors, the former at Vermilion, and the latter at Calgary. McMaster University has just reason for satisfaction in the service and success of these three graduates.

'06.—Rev. W. D. Whan has been with the American Army since April, 1917. He was with the Y.M.C.A. for about a year, then took a Chaplaincy. He is located at Camp Sheridan, Ill.

'07.—R. E. E. Harkness is a Chaplain at Camp Grant, Ill.

'07.—Rev. J. L. Campbell, D.D., has resigned the pastorate of First Baptist Church, Vancouver, and is sailing this month on a tour of mission fields in the East. When he returns he intends to settle in New York in retirement.

'10.—W. L. Blackadar has been appointed Manager of the Pittsburg Branch of the Equitable Life Assurance Co.

'11.—Mrs. J. M. Telford (nee Steinhoff), of Yorkton, Sask., is a very graphic writer. A recent issue of *The Canadian Baptist* contained a letter from her pen, being an appeal from the women of Saskatchewan to the women of the East for help and sym-

pathy in their missionary work. She sets forth in an impressive way the spiritual needs of the country and incidentally its physical and mental characteristics. "The northwest wind of these prairies would either grind to dust or make steel of anything, and it is typical of the life; no languorous ease or faltering footstep can abide. Either we must be up and doing or we are lost."

'12.—Rev. H. B. Cross (ad eund.), one of our Baptist missionaries in India, arrived in Toronto recently, after some months spent in California.

'14.—Mrs. Ashton Mollard (Nellie Macintosh) is now living in Watrous, Sask.

'14.—We regret to record the death of Miss Dorothy Ruth Fowler, who succumbed to pneumonia, following influenza, on April 2nd. She was ill about a week, and before her death her sister and class-mate, Miss Mary Fowler, was able to reach Toronto from Medicine Hat. The sympathy of their many friends will be extended to the bereaved family.

'14.—I. E. Stewart, who was last recorded in Oklahoma, is now in Wyoming, his address being Box 930, Cheyenne.

'14.—Rev. A. E. Kochaly writes from Andover, N.B. Since the first of December he has been pastor of the Baptist Churches of Andover and Aroostook Junction, and he reports that he is enjoying his work among a loyal band of people. It is twenty months since Mr. Kochaly has heard from any of his relatives in Persia, and he has very little hope of their survival of the massacres that have taken place in that country during the war.

'17.—The following item appeared in the *Toronto Globe* one day last month: "Adrift in the ocean since November, 1917, a bottle with a message for J. M. Foster, 76 Albany Avenue, has just turned up at its destination. The message was thrown from an ocean liner by the son, Lieut. R. L. Foster, and was picked up on the Norway Coast. The finder sent it on to the home here. Lt. Foster, who is a graduate of McMaster University, is now taking a post-graduate course at Cambridge. He will later study law."

'17.—Miss Marion Grimshaw has given up her position as chemist at Niagara Falls, and is living at home in Toronto. Her father, Major Grimshaw, (Theol. '03), recently returned from overseas; he is at present in hospital recovering from an operation.

Here and There

Editor: Miss E. Marion Stillwell, '20.

"There may be profits in these Arts, but still,
Learning is labor, call it what you will."
—*Crabbe.*

THE prospect of examinations in the near future has driven our contemporaries in Victoria College to serious discussion anent the reconstruction of the calendar. "Pass subjects are considered a joke or a nightmare by most honor students,—hence, why not abolish forever all evils from special courses? The excuse is a desire to ensure general culture, possibly to produce a U. of T. type graduate. And there is no such type. The classical graduate inclines to cynicism, and the political graduate to verbal combativeness. The science student understands too little of the mother tongue and the history of his race. . .

"What does the average man get out of the general course? The brilliant student may contrive to secure a splendid general education. The others become specialists in plugging for examinations. Taking for granted that the students have nothing but a 'passing' interest, the lecturer in history, for example, does not expect either to inspire enthusiasm or encourage insight into the problems of the subject. And what a thorough grounding in science the second year geology gives the Moderns people! . . In justice to those who prefer hockey to Latin—why not omit the words, 'in seeking the B.A. degree.'"

Almost we are tempted to add, "Why seek a degree at all?" But we do not wholly agree with the *Acta*, for we believe that many of our students have more than a "passing" interest in their pass subjects.

Scene I.—From January to April.

Alas! regardless of the doom,
The little victims play,
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day. —*Gray.*

Scene II.—The First of May.

He failed in Latin, flunked in French;
They heard him softly hiss,
"I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance was bliss."

The following is a poem by O. J. Boulton in memory of the men who have fallen overseas in the great struggle:

To him who ne'er returns be eternal
Honor. May he march across the fields
Of France, forever in man's memory!
Forever may the sun at rising and
At setting, color the horizon with
The blood of his sacrifice, the night
Burn forever a thousand candles to
His glory, as he sleeps in the tomb
Of the Universe,—where all must sleep,
Yet all in it find Life!

Many of us have been prone to forget the brave garrison of the Kut who were forced to surrender after so brave a defence and fully half of whose number have died captive to the Turk. Their sufferings while in bondage for England, are vividly recalled to us by the proud, challenging little poem, "The Road-makers," written by a prisoner in Turkey:

You were five to one, but fled from us on many a stricken field,
We fought you all the sweltering seasons through;
And when you hemmed us in at last, and we were forced to yield,
We struck our flag to Hunger, not to you.
Famished and spent, across the waste, beastlike you drove us on,
And clubbed to death the stragglers by the way;
Our sick men in the lazar-huts you left to die alone,
And you robbed the very dying as they lay.

. . . . . .

The wastes through which you herded us, the barren ways we came,
Where the weak fell out to die beside the track—
The remnants of your armies shall be hunted through the same,
With the sword of our avenger at their back.
And the tunnels that we drove for you, the roads that we have made,
Shall be highways for the armies of your foe.
We shall mock you from our graves, that in what we did as slaves
We helped, we too, to work your overthrow.

The Biggest War Personage.

A group of Old Country housewives were talking over the events of the day. The question under discussion was as to who had done the most to win the war. Some said Haig, others Beatty, others Foch.

At last one woman chipped in:

"I don't know who done the most to *win* the war," she said, "but I know who's been most *talked* about."

"Who's that?" came a chorus.

"Why, this 'ere Alice Lorraine that the French and Germans came to blows over."

Despite Mr. Streeter's, or rather "Bill's," detailed definition of *camouflage* in "Dere Mable" there still seems to be some doubt as to the exact number of words it may include. A seeker after knowledge writes to the *Spectator*,—"Will some kind etymologist make a list of the large number of words which have lang and faithfully connoted the many things now called camouflage? The list should find a place in the War Museum."

Et Après cela, le déluge.

Photography officer, after half an hour's careful explanation of duties of pilot while photographing, is confronted with the following: "Sir, does the pilot stop his aeroplane over the object while taking the photograph."—*Roosters and Fledglings.*

The Swansong of the "first floor front-room" boarder.

Backward; turn backward, O Time, in your flight
Feed me on gruel again, just for to-night;
I am so weary of sole-leather steak,
Petrified biscuit, and galvanized cake,
Oysters that sleep in a watery bath,
And butter as strong as Goliath of Gath—
Weary of paying for what I can't eat,
Chewing up rubber, and calling it meat.
Backward, turn backward, how weary I am!
Give me a swipe at grandmother's ham,
Let me drink milk that hasn't been skimmed,
Let me eat butter whose whiskers are trimmed—
Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie,
Then I'll be ready to curl up and die.

—*The Camosun.*

The Charge.

A man named Sissons had the misfortune to stay out late one night and create a disturbance, for which he had to appear in a Police Court the following morning.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Sssss—ssss—sssss—," began the unfortunate Sissons, who stammered slightly.

"Stop that noise and tell me your name," said the magistrate impatiently.

"Ssss—sss—ssss—."

"That will do," said the magistrate severely. "Constable, what is this man charged with?"

"I think, your Worship, he's charged with soda water," answered the policeman.—*Georgetown College Journal.*

McMaster University

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JONES HUGHES FARMER, B.A., LL.D., Dean in Theology; Professor of New Testament and Patristic Greek.

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WILLIAM FINDLAY, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics.

JOSEPH LEEMING GILMOUR, M.A., D.D., Professor of Church History.

WILLIAM OSCAR WALKER, M.A., Professor of Chemistry.

ISAAC GEORGE MATTHEWS, M.A., B.Th., Ph.D., Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic, and Old Testament Theology.

GLENN HOWARD CAMPBELL, M.A., Professor of Latin.

HENRY FRANKLIN DAWES, M.A., Professor of Physics.

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WILLIAM STEWART WALLACE, M.A., Lecturer in History and Assistant in Greek.

WILLIAM HARVEY McNAIRN, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy.

DUNCAN ALEXANDER MacGIBBON, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Political Economy and Sociology. (Overseas).

F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph.B., Special Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking.

JOHN GILBERT BROWN, B.A., D.D., Special Lecturer on Missions.

Registrar: ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A.

THE LIBRARY

PROFESSOR FINDLAY, Chairman of the Library Committee.

ENID AUGUSTA McGREGOR, B.A., Librarian.

RAH! RAH! RAH!
SKI-U-MAH!
HOORAH! HOORAH!
OSKI-WOW-WOW
SKILLI-WOW-WOW!
RAZZLE! DAZZLE!
GABBLE! ZAZZLE!
KEE-KI-KAR!
MAC-MAS-TAR!
MAC-MAS-TAR!

BIMERANGA! BOOMERANGA!
BIM-BOOM-BAR!
ZIMALACKA! ZOMALACKA!
FEE-FI-FAR!
BERLIM! BERLOOM! BERLIM-BOOM-BAR!
NINETEEN! NINETEEN!
MAC-MAS-TAR

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YEAR BOOK

Of the Graduates of McMaster University in Arts and Theology, with which is incorporated the May number of the McMaster University Monthly.

Published by a joint committee from the graduating classes in Arts and Theology and the Monthly Board.

1919

Harold Grant Masson

Died as result of shell shock and gas.

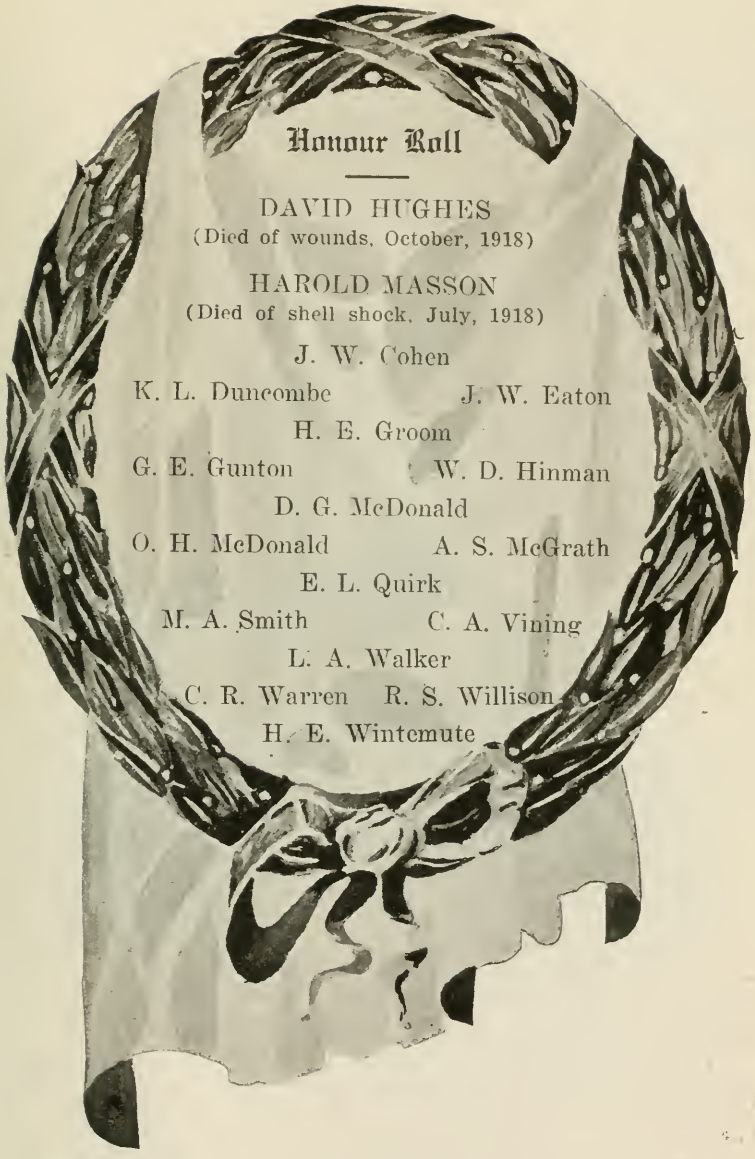
David Hughes

Died of wounds.

To Whom this Year Book is Affectionately Dedicated

"But you have conquered Time, and sleep forever,
Like gods, with a white halo on your brows—
Your souls our lode-stars, your death-crowned endeavor
The spur that holds the nations to their vows."

35-1


Honour Roll
DAVID HUGHES
(Died of wounds, October, 1918)
HAROLD MASSON
(Died of shell shock, July, 1918)
J. W. Cohen
K. L. Duncombe
J. W. Eaton
H. E. Groom
G. E. Gunton
W. D. Hinman
D. G. McDonald
O. H. McDonald
A. S. McGrath
E. L. Quirk
M. A. Smith
C. A. Vining
L. A. Walker
C. R. Warren
R. S. Willison
H. E. Wintemute

THE CHANCELLOR.

33-3

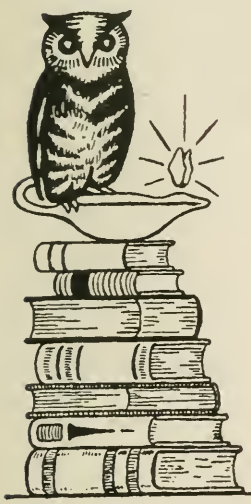
The Chancellor's Message

AFTER the greatest war of all history, a new era of opportunity awaits the classes of Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen. The war has taught us to emphasize certain principles of life and conduct. We have seen men from the East and men from the West fighting together on the plains of Europe against an inhuman, vain-glorious, liberty-destroying Prussianism. Religous and political creeds, social and educational conventionalities, racial and colour distinctions were lost for the time in the broader recognition of a free human brotherhood.

Industries, organizations and interests became subservient to principle. The Anglo-Saxon cry of "Give me liberty, or give me death" was re-echoed in the declaration of the statesmanship of the day, "Rather perish than be recreant to our plighted faith."

The world-vision which too frequently was held with light theoretical dillitanteism became a question of serious practical politics. Men learned that theories had to be made dynamic and effective in the civilization of the world.

The call to arms uncovered the heroic and the sacrificial which lay unmanifested in the souls of men and women. The home gave its member, the mother her son, the wife her husband, the sweetheart her lover. Agony of heart produced the finest product of disinterested service. The warrior stopped not to consider; he followed the gleam to the far-off hills of



fame. Neither fire nor sword nor gases dread daunted his valiant spirit.

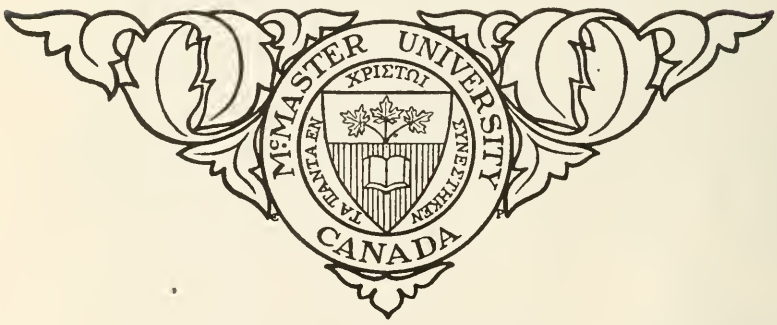
Women heretofore cloistered and restricted, rose to the challenge of the hour. Thousands took up the machinery of industry, the tools of munitions, the instruments of relief; they toiled and nursed, they faced danger and won irrevocable recognition.

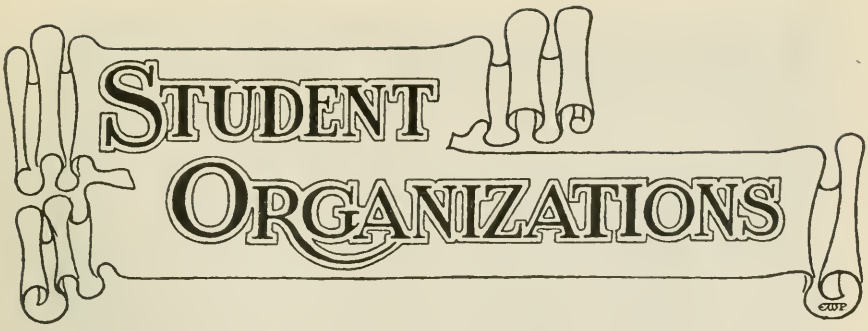
And now the world rolls on. More than one milestone has been added to the road to human freedom, human independence and human co-operation.

The graduates of Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen, therefore, must play a larger part. They should be men and women of deep conviction of principle, of great sympathy with their fellowmen, of mutual co-operation, of undaunted courage, of distinguished self-sacrifice.

Your Alma Mater sends you from her hearth to give your lives in the service of God and of humanity, to "tread where saints have trod," to "fight for country, home and God," in the peaceful vocations of life, or, if need be, in the warring arena of strife.

Treasure McMaster memories in your hearts for you may be sure that McMaster will remember you.




STUDENT
ORGANIZATIONS

Student Body

The government of the resident students and the complete control of the residence and public corridors of the University are in the hands of the Men's Student Body Executive.

Under the diplomatic leadership of Mr. O. D. Priddle, the many problems of student life have been successfully met. His duties have been increased by endeavoring to make satisfactory adjustments for ex-students returning from overseas.

Much of the success of the Women's Student Body has been due to the untiring efforts of the president, Miss Marjoria Moore. Owing to her enthusiasm and enterprise, the women were able to purchase and meet the payments on a Victory Bond, with the interest from which they supplied the Ladies' Room with several useful articles.

The combined Executives of the Men's and Women's Student Bodies very creditably completed arrangements for the Annual Founders' Night, which indicated a return to pre-war conditions of the University.

Literary Society

In the first term of the session the Literary Society labored under serious difficulties on account of the epidemic of influenza. Several of the meetings had to be cancelled, and it was not until the middle of November that "Open Lit." was held. This late start interfered with introducing as many outside speakers as the executive would otherwise have wished, but the hearty support of the students made possible a few very successful meetings.

A special feature of the activities of the second term was the presentation of programmes by the first three years in Arts. These programmes have been a marked success in arousing the interest of the various years, and the meetings were very well attended by not only the year in charge of the programme, but by the whole student body.

McMaster University Monthly

Probably no student organization has felt the effects of war conditions more keenly than The Monthly; yet none has faced them with more success. In spite of unprecedented publication costs, together with a considerable decrease in revenue, due to a depleted student body and the war-time difficulties of the advertising department, the standard of former years has been maintained. There has been no decrease in the size of the issue, or in the number of issues for the year; and no increase in the subscription rate. A new departure was inaugurated in the issue of March, which, through the co-operation of the Alumni Association and the University authorities, was made a Special Alumni Number, a copy being placed in the hands of every graduate. A short story competition, the first in several years, proved very successful. To the splendid enthusiasm and co-operation of the members of the Publication Board, may be attributed the success of Volume XXVIII of The Monthly.

Debating Union

With the signing of the armistice came the revival of interest in that important branch of the university life, the Debating Union. Too much cannot be said of the success of the regular weekly debates. The inter-year debates were also very interesting and well attended. Much of the credit for the success must be given to those who so ably assisted with the music and readings. The Junior Year is the proud possessor of the Inter-year Cup, while the first and second prizes given in the Annual Oratorical Contest were won by Theology and the Freshmen respectively. The old constitution was found to be very inadequate and indefinite. It has been revised, and the new executive will begin work with the new constitution, which it is hoped will meet all requirements.

Young Women's Christian Association

Interest, originality, and helpfulness have marked the programs of the Y.W.C.A. this year.

In September, a week-end conference was held at which problems of the W. S. B. were faced and plans formulated whereby the Association could meet them. Through the prayerful efforts of the president, and the aid of Doctor Farmer, Doctor Brown, and outside speakers, these plans have reached successful completion. Regular Bible and Mission Study Classes have proven exceedingly helpful, while well-attended weekly prayer-meetings have supplemented the larger interests of the University and Association.

The culmination was reached in the missionary campaign, in which McMaster University succeeded not only in doubling her objective of six hundred dollars, but in realizing a deeper spirit of sacrifice and missionary interest.

The Association attributes its success largely to the sympathetic, thoughtful and efficient work done by its president, Miss Etta Brooks, of Year '19.

Young Men's Christian Association

The Young Men's Christian Association at McMaster is a vigorous organization, the aim of which is to cultivate and encourage the Christian life of the students. The officers are appointed by the Association itself, and two members of the Faculty are named by the Faculty to have seats upon the Executive Committee. Under the auspices of this association there are held weekly meetings for prayer, which afford an opportunity for the students to meet upon a platform of devotional life. The Evangelistic Bands, of which there are two, operate under the direction of the Y.M.C.A. The function of these bands is to go to churches for a short series of meetings in which, by preaching and singing, the gospel is presented, and upon these meetings great blessing has rested. Under the direction of the Y.M.C.A., three days are observed during the year, called "Fyfe Days," when the lectures are closed at the time of the meetings and discussion of missionary topics is presented. These days give opportunity each year for hearing visiting speakers of note.

Women's Literary Society

Despite the confusion of the fall term, the Women's Literary Society has been able to maintain its usual standard. In the program contest, ambitious entertainments have been successfully attempted by the rival years; while variety and interest have not been lacking. Great powers of oratory have been displayed in the inter-collegiate debates and the oratorical contest, while unusual artistic ability has been shown in the posters for the various meetings. A new department has been added, in the women's magazines, the number of which has increased appreciably. The chief feature of the year has been the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the annual open meeting, which will increase the War Memorial Fund by one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

In a very great measure the success of the society is due to the untiring efforts of the president, Miss Lois MacLaurin, who has proved a very efficient leader and organizer.

Women's Athletic Association

The activities of the Women's Athletic Association commenced with tennis in the fall term. The Walmer Road tennis courts were available for an inter-year tournament, in which the championship was won by the girls of Year '21.

During the winter, hockey practice was held whenever Jack Frost cared to be good humoured, but he was not disposed to allow any intercollege games.

Through the efforts of the Executive Committee, a Physical Culture Class was organized under Miss Breed at Moulton College. A program of marches, folk-dances, dumb-bells and club swinging was heartily enjoyed each week. The class was also continued throughout the second term through the generosity of the Board of Governors.

At the conclusion of this term the Association held a supper in honor of the third year, which furnished the largest attendance at the Physical Culture classes.

Student Volunteer Band

Of the student organizations of McMaster, the Student Volunteer Band must be ranked as one of the most influential. The purpose of the Band is to increase an interest in Missions among the students, and to maintain the resolution of those who have declared it "to be their purpose, if God permits, to become foreign missionaries."

In spite of the fact that, at the beginning of the year, the numbers were somewhat depleted, the membership has increased one hundred and twenty-five per cent. Not only has the membership increased, but the interest of the students in Missions is enlarging.

During the year the Band has been very fortunate in securing such notable speakers as Dr. J. G. Brown, Secretary of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions; Rev. Norman Davis, of Africa; Dr. Mary Roberts, of the Union Medical College, India, and Rev. Percy Buck, who is now on his way to Bolivia. At other meetings the book, "Students of Asia," has been studied.

Red Cross Society

The Red Cross Society of McMaster has completed its work for the year 1918-19.

In conjunction with the alumnæ there were sent at Christmas, one hundred and twenty boxes to the boys overseas. Under the auspices of the Red Cross Society of Bloor Street Baptist Church, the girls learned to do their first hospital work. Although this work was interesting, it was no more so than that after Christmas for the Serbian Relief, in connection with the University Hospital Supply Association.

The Society has on hand forty pairs of socks which will be handed over to the Serbian Relief. The cash on hand will be given to the Christie Street Hospital.

It is due largely to the splendid efforts of the president, Miss Carson, who has spared neither time nor energy, that the Society has completed such a splendid year.

Athletic Association

Owing to war conditions, the Athletic Executive was compelled to dispense with some of its activities; but in spite of this handicap it succeeded in keeping up a lively interest in this important department.

During the fall term the singles tennis tournament and inter-year soccer games were the chief activities. In the latter schedule some difficulty was experienced owing to the depletion of the student body as a result of the war.

At the beginning of the spring term, arrangements were made to skate at Varsity rink. Owing to the influx of hockey material it was decided to enter a team in the O.H.A., and the task of organizing the club and of training the team was efficiently disposed of by the Athletic Executive. A team was also entered in the Jennings Cup Series, but lack of ice prevented the completion of the schedule.

Intermediate O. H. A. Team

McMaster has reason to feel justly proud of its intermediate O.H.A. team. The decision to enter the O.H.A. was made for two reasons: first, to revive athletics, which had suffered so much during the war; and second, to lay the foundation for a strong hockey team in the future. Both of these aims were successfully accomplished. Perhaps there has never been greater enthusiasm displayed than was shown in the support of this team; and, if the spirit which has been aroused this session, persists, there will be no dearth of athletics at McMaster in the future. As was expected, the team did not succeed in winning the group championship, but they did play exceptionally good hockey and proved beyond a doubt that there is good material for the building of a strong team in the future. Much credit is due to the management and members of the team for their very sportsmanlike and untiring efforts.

McMaster Band

Because of the unfortunate interruptions in the autumn term, the Senior Evangelistic Band was not organized until just before Christmas. One service was held at Fairbanks Church before the end of the first term.

Immediately after the January examinations, a series of two weeks' special services was held at Dovercourt Road Church, Toronto, with fifty-one definite decisions for Christ. Since these meetings, services have been held by the Band upon every Sunday of this term, including several week-end engagements from Friday to Monday.

The churches visited and the number of services held are as follows:—Fairbanks, 2; Dovercourt Road, 12; Brantford First Church, 3; Brantford Y.M.C.A., 1; West End Y.M.C.A., 1; Christie Street, 4; Kitchener, 6; Century, 1; Georgetown, 5; Galt, 5; Weston, 3; and Aurora, 5; a total of forty-eight services with over two hundred and twenty-five decisions.

Nip and Tuck Society

The Nip and Tuck is one society which is not found included in the list of Student Organizations, which appears in the University Calendar. Yet, although it cannot boast of this distinction, it may justly claim to be one of the most widely influential of all student societies and a very potent factor in the residential life of McMaster.

Its workings are of a distinctly secret nature—in fact, its busiest hours are often in the dark of night. Its purpose is the maintenance of the rules of residence, the preservation of the traditions of McMaster, and the edification of Freshmen; and "whom it loveth it chasteneth." It constitutes the long arm and the reproving hand of the Student Body Executive, and, as such, is an indispensable agency in all the activities of that body.

Its membership is as unknown as is the sphere of any of its future activities; and the accuracy and swiftness of its stroke, and the efficiency with which it works make it a most highly revered body among the residents of McMaster Hall.

PROFESSOR W. S. W. McLAY, M.A.
DEAN IN ARTS.

"Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move."

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1915, saw thirty-five new students, like so many raw recruits responding to their country's call, added to the class rolls of McMaster.

As soon as we realized our identity as freshmen and freshettes, a meeting was called to elect the officers for the year. Professor Findlay became honorary president, Mr. Hinman, president, and Miss Brooks, vice-president.

Shortly after our arrival the freshettes were called up for inspection. Miss Robertson, roaring like a lion, was passing through the lung test. Miss Wilkins, posing as a lean giraffe, was testing the elasticity of the neck. As to blackened faces and various other tortures, concluded by a meal of soda biscuits and water, these were all merely to initiate us into the endurance required of a soldier.

But much sterner was the examination given to the men of our company. Each trembling recruit had fortified himself, as best he could. It was useless. Those sophomorish doctors would allow no weakling to remain in camp.

"With green paint to right of them,
Bath tub to left of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with paint and yell
Boldly they sang and well,
All that was left of them,
Less than one hundred."

With the aid of four scrubbing brushes, a carpet-sweeper, two brooms, one mop, five dustpans, a draw-knife and a finitive solution the examination was completed. Year Nineteen passed the tests with "colors flying."

Lectures becoming monotonous, we held a class picnic. Accordingly, one fine autumn day we boarded a car for Long Branch. By pinning our names to our coats we were soon acquainted, and enjoying a game of baseball. Then followed the lively chase of French Tag, while a bountiful repast was prepared. After supper we gathered around the bon-fire, where we toasted marshmallows and decided on our year yell.

Who ever heard of the army chaplains providing a picnic? Yet the fact remains that our theologues did give one, and the freshettes were the fortunate guests. Anyone with the least sense of humour could not fail to enjoy himself.

Field Day was held on October 29th at Varsity Stadium. Our verdant banner fluttered in the breeze while certain members of our year displayed their prowess. Then came a tug of war, in which the sophomores were defeated. Following the last scheduled item of the program, an impromptu sham battle took place. Our enemies, the sophs, suddenly made a sally after our banner. The struggle was fierce and fiery. Soon, however, we emerged victorious with our banner unsullied, and the shields of our enemy as trophies.

Our first Hallowe'en Party was planned to make soldiers of us all. Upon our arrival, one by one, we were made to pass through a black passage, over crumbly unknown quantities, while ghostly wails and bestial howls issued from hidden recesses. Then, in a room, dimly lighted with Jack O'Lanterns, a ghost came forth to call the roll. From among the spooky events of the evening, we would recall the touching little serenade rendered by the sophs, and our satisfaction at seeing the marauders kneel before the wheel of fate.

Freshette life is certainly checkered! One day we received word from headquarters that we must don our caps and gowns to usher for the Red Cross and Women's Literary Society reception. The next day we were invited to a lavish banquet held

at McConkey's Hall. The excitement ran high as two by two the guests were assigned their places. The tension was broken by attempts to translate the formidable French names discovered on the menu cards.

Thus the time sped happily until the Christmas season was ushered in. One would suppose we had been placed under "C.B." so suddenly did festivities cease. But after two long weeks the examinations were over, and all were acquitted.

Such a happy release warranted some celebration. Accordingly, Miss Alba Robertson invited our class to a skating party, which, due to a thaw, was transformed into a house party. Games, a tempting supper and speeches from Mr. Weir and D. G. McDonald whiled away the time.

Plenty of snow and a jolly crowd assured the success of our sleighing party. The van was guided through High Park until the toboggan slides were sighted. A halt was made for a few swift rides, before the party returned to partake of Doctor and Mrs. Findlay's hospitality.

On March 3rd the freshettes provided the entertainment for the W.L.S. The item that *we* enjoyed most, was a "take-off" on the sophettes; but may we whisper—it was judged as one of the cleverest freshette programs given for many years.

Is there any sphere in which our year is not distinguished? We were proud of Mr. Wintemute's powerful oration, and also that Miss Wilkins won the Ladies' Oratorical Contest.

The last social evening of the term was spent at Miss Harvey's home. The principal feature was an auction sale, in which Miss Alba Robertson auctioned off an article belonging to each of the girls, to the highest bidder. There followed a breathless interval in which the parcels were opened and the original owner discovered. Then came several exciting contests, including the bear race. After lunch was served, the prizes were awarded amid much laughter.

Before the term closed we were proud to display the following list of those of our numbers who had entered active service: Messrs. C. Vining, D. Hughes, D. G. McDonald, H. G. Masson, M. A. Smith, W. Eaton and G. Gunton.

The return of Year Nineteen as sophomores, involved a serious task. A fresh contingent of green recruits awaited our instruction. Under the leadership of our new president, O. H. McDonald, and vice-president, Miss Moore, this duty was speedily executed.

To each individual humility was taught,
Then before our ranks all the sinners were brought
And sold for the price of a match or a bean,
To serve and obey all commands of our Queen.
Their health and their strength were tested with care,
Lungs, muscles and voices—no fault was found there.
So with touches of paint, and a candy or two
Inspection was over. We thought they would do.

We must now have a picnic as a reward for our labors. Our "self-sacrificing" social committee finally decided that Scarboro Bluffs was worthy of our presence. After the "scrap of yellow paper" episode, we soon forgot the dignity of our rank and had a merry time on the teeters and swings. Later we had our supper on the edge of the Bluffs. The scorched flavor of the pork and beans passed unnoticed in the glorious moonlight. As evening drew on, we gathered around the genial glow of the fire and sang our favorite songs, accompanied by Alba's harp.

A fortnight slipped by quietly, and then came the gloomy evening of October 31st. Through the mist and rain, the spirits of the night glided from their haunts to hold high carnival at the home of Miss Harvey. As the midnight hour approached we were summoned to the witch's dim cave, where each in turn bowed lowly and reverently as the curtain of obscurity rolled up, and his fortune was revealed. According to the witch, we are to be a wonderful class,—some remarkably rich, some remarkably poor, some remarkably industrious, some lazy in like degree. One poor young man, when he heard that his fate was eternal bachelorhood, was so seized with despair, that he rushed to the window, and sprang out into the impenetrable gloom. It is not recorded whether the body of the unfortunate victim was ever found, but we have heard that it accompanied a young lady to her home on that ghostly night.

After due consideration, we decided to treat our humbled freshmen to a banquet. On the appointed evening, behold a

splendid limousine purring softly up to the curb of the Selby Hotel, and see a gallant in evening dress spring lightly from the car, and as his shining patents reach the snow, he touches his tall silk hat and raises his white gloved hand to the lady within. Yes, the chief actor in that glorious spectacle was the "pedestrian" member of our year. With such a harbinger of splendor, the banquet stands as a unique success in the annals of Year Nineteen.

March 9th was announced as the day of the Annual Oratorical Contest. Mr. McGrath, speaking on "The Investment of Life," proved a worthy representative; and Miss White won first place once more for Year '19 in the ladies' contest.

"Conspiracy in Camp!" Once more the freshmen were planning insurrection. They were trying to depose their officers! With great despatch we hastened to the spot. We tactfully offered incense at the keyhole, but the door remained locked. An entrance was just gained by smashing a window—

"And then, oh, voice of thunder!
In the thickest of the fight
Came a subterranean rumble,
A professor hove in sight.
As he stood upon the table
Flew a chair to his embrace
And the rush of many waters
Met him in the face.
Did you ever see a tree upturned
Before a mighty wind?
Well, that's the way that door turned back
With the prof's. voice behind.

We came back in the autumn anticipating a banquet, at which our officers were to be installed. But since broken glass had diminished our funds, robes of office were hastily bestowed on President Wintemute and Miss Wilkins, and we contented ourselves with a banquet-picnic. After the usual diligent search on the part of the social committee, the class was guided to a place near the Old Mill on the Humber. While the party strolled away to drink in the marvellous beauties of the spot, Mr. Froom prepared a roaring fire. The odor of corn and weiners summoned the wanderers to the feast. As the evening closed in, we drew around the fire to hear Miss White's class history.

No one escaped her ready wit. All too soon the lusty "Bimeranga Boomeranga" concluded the entertainment.

A Hard Times party naturally resulted on Hallowe'en. When the poverty stricken group had assembled the fun began. Bobbing apples, reading hands, and guessing contests were participated in, and then followed a hard times parade in which Miss Clark and Mr. Hinman were awarded first prize.

As Christmas drew near, Mr. Harry Britton, our vice-president's uncle, offered his studio for a party. Old fashioned games were the order of the evening. One unique form of amusement was the naming of the pictures on the studio walls. Notwithstanding deep and prolonged cogitations on the part of certain members, Miss Mulholland and Mr. Lang won the laurels. Refreshments appeared to buoy up the spirits of the losers. Excited by the thought of having two dishes of ice cream at one and the same time, Mr. Hinman narrowly escaped the catastrophe of crowning himself with a thousand dollar bit of canvas, but Miss Berst kindly came to the rescue by confiscating the cause of his agitation. Despite all good resolutions, the night cars were running before we departed.

Our siege of examinations was closely followed by a sleighing party. We waited at Miss Clark's home for the sleigh. Yes, waited and melted and melted and waited, but finally the vehicle arrived, and was laden with a merry company. The bells jingled and the yells resounded as through the streets we drove. The drive ended in Rosedale, where a steaming pot of oyster stew awaited the revellers.

Year Nineteen was particularly fortunate in the debating realm. Our president, Mr. Wintemute, upheld our honor in the great intercollegiate debate. Miss White and Miss MacLaurin, representing the W.L.S., won a dazzling victory over St. Hilda's College. Among the men, Mr. Froom and Mr. Teeter defeated the Seniors in the inter-year debate, thus placing our year in the finals. Messrs. Lang and Hodges finished the good work and Year Nineteen became the possessors of the Debating Cup. We celebrated at the Regent Inn.

Once more the Juniorettes were preparing to give a literary

program. Spurred on by the hopes of festive rations, the numbers were carefully practised. Even the men of our year were pressed into service, with the result that a witch's caldron was hung over a realistic fire in the centre of the stage. The audience was charmed. The "bun feed" was ours.

INTER-YEAR DEBATING CUP.
Won by Year Nineteen in 1917-18.

The approach of St. Patrick's Day brought with it an invitation from our honorary president, Doctor Smith, to a joint party of the Junior and Senior Years. In truly war-time fashion each gentleman had the pleasure of escorting two ladies to the party. An Irish puzzle was followed by impromptu stunts. Then Mrs. Smith served a supper which would have delighted the most exacting Epicurean.

The fact that our orators did not obtain the prizes at the oratorical contests does not diminish our pride in their speeches. Miss Brooks represented us at the Ladies' Contest; and Mr.

Hurst—well, the judges' opinion certainly did not coincide with ours.

The promotion of our year to the rank of Seniors and Seniorettes involved the responsibility of leadership in all the college activities. Spurred on by the Chancellor's opening address, we resolved that we would make the most of this, our final year.

However, the outbreak of influenza postponed the fulfilment of our plans. All picnics and meetings were prohibited.

But the signing of the Armistice, on November 11th, ended our depression. The tension not only of the recent plague, but also of our whole college course carried on under the stress and strain of war conditions, was suddenly snapped. Spontaneously a joyous procession was formed, comprised of the sons and daughters of McMaster. Visions of flags, horns, powder, motors and demonstrations of happiness everywhere, still recall that day of rejoicing.

Festivities were now in order. But our picnic, so long delayed, was transformed into a house party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilkins. A good time was planned by the social committee, and the presence of our Honorary President, Professor McLay, and his wife completed the success of the evening.

Miss Robertson and Miss McLaurin represented our year in the Ladies' Tennis Tournament. Both played well, defeating the Juniorettes, and thus entered the final series. But in spite of the skill of our players, Year '21 won the final game.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of our classmate, Olive Harvey. We shall always remember her happy disposition and the many pleasant evenings spent at her home.

Our senior skating party, preceded by a year supper at Miss Wilkins', left pleasant memories despite the fact that we plowed through snowdrifts instead of "hissing along the polished ice."

The cessation of hostilities was the signal for the revival of Junior Collation. Accordingly, on February 19th, we were the guests of the third year at the Selby Hotel. The program was unusually brilliant and enjoyable; but the toast to the grad-

uation class was a culmination of wit. In it our future careers, —policemen, sergeants, lawyers and the elect foreordained predestinated thirty-five per cent., all were revealed. The final half-hour of the program reserved for collecting autographs brought to mind the happy prospect of future greatness.

A few days later Year Nineteen was entertained at the home of Professor and Mrs. McLay. A very pleasant musical evening was spent, the disguised menu adding to the fun—and *mirabile dictu*! we managed to disperse before midnight.

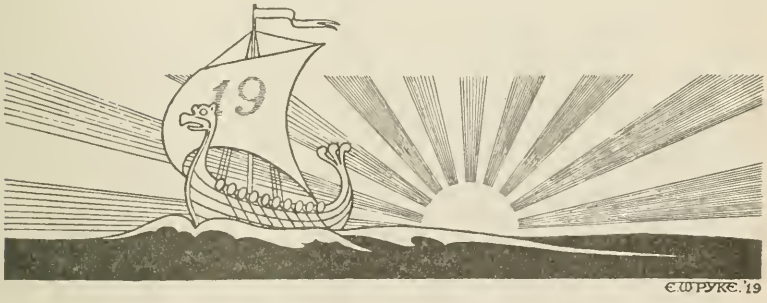
On March 21st, Mr. Look represented our year in the Oratorical Contest. His oration on Sir Wilfrid Laurier was timely and well delivered. Year Nineteen were rightly proud of their representative.

And now with the call for service of the Baccalaureate Sermon and the Graduation Address ringing in our ears, we must leave these halls, where for the last four years we have been receiving our training.

Let us now don our well-prepared armour and press forward to the ever-waging battle of life.

"Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear;
O just and faithful knight of God,
Ride on! The prize is near."

—Hettie Wilkins.



Obituary

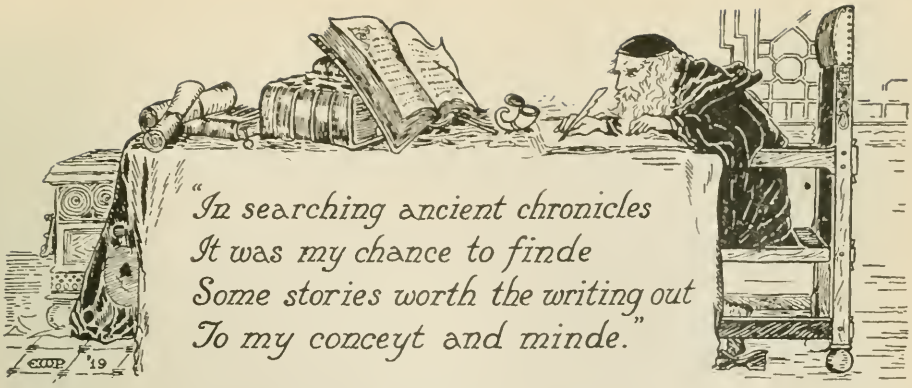
Olive Harvey

"We loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee best."

Olive was born in Toronto on September 24, 1896, and, after attending public school and collegiate, came to McMaster in the Fall of 1915. Here she soon won a high place in the love and respect of her classmates, and throughout her attendance at the University, she was one of its most brilliant and popular students. Her death on December 12, 1918, following a very brief illness, came as a distinct shock and a great sorrow to all her fellow-students.

We shall always remember Olive as a girl with an exceedingly winsome personality. A smile and a cheery word she had for everyone, and her infectious enthusiasm was a delight to all who knew her. The happy visits at her home will remain as very pleasant memories to her friends from McMaster.

Olive is gone. But as a brilliant student, a charming companion, in brief, a sweet and lovable girl, she will always hold a warm place in the hearts of her classmates of Year Nineteen.



GRADUATES IN ARTS

Katherine Whitman Armstrong

"Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves."

The first six months of her existence, Moulmein, Burma, was the centre of Kate Armstrong's activities. Next, India and Nova Scotia in turn claimed her attention, and the schools of this province and of London, England, gave her her primary education. Then followed a theology course in Newton Centre, U.S.A., and a term of service as a missionary in Burma. But "variety is the spice of life" being a favorite axiom of hers, she decided to try the educational facilities of McMaster. So in '98 she entered this university as freshman vice-president, and for two years was content with the life of a student. Another term in Burma came after this, and she completed her Junior Year with '09; and now, on her third furlough, she finishes her course in McMaster with Year '19. Her adaptability and winning disposition have made her many warm friends who can wish her no better than that the influence which has been a blessing in the past to all who knew her, will continue to be exerted in the future.

Failing—"Tea-riffic" headaches.

Hilda Georgina Berst

"Sae saucy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She stole our affections awa', man."

Plattsville is the town which claims the honour of being Hilda's birthplace. After exhausting the fountains of knowledge in the public and continuation schools there, she turned to Stratford Normal in her quest for learning. Then, for a time, she settled down to the life of a country school-marm. But the promptings of ambition led her to McMaster, which offered a favourable opportunity for advancement; so she joined the class of Nineteen. Throughout her course, while ever keeping a vigilant eye on her studies, Hilda has taken a keen interest in all the college activities, having held such offices as treasurer of Y.W. C.A., "rep." to Lit., vice-president of Athletics, and 2nd vice-president of "Big Lit." The enthusiasm she has shown in everything, whether it was advocating parties, playing hockey, attending cabinet meetings, being leading lady in the year play, or evolving a Latin translation, together with her ready offers of assistance wherever possible, and an intellect alive to the responsibilities of true citizenship, spell greatness for her influence, and honour for her Alma Mater.

Ambition—To buy out the Laura Secord stores.
Aversion—Being hurried.

Etta Elizabeth Brooks

"Here is a dear, a true, industrious friend."

If you are insistent, Etta admits Buffalo as her birthplace, but she claims Wyoming as her home town and Petrolia as the one which furnished her collegiate education. After teaching for a time, this dark-eyed, determined maiden wandered with other forlorn freshettes to McMaster in the fall of 1915, where her qualities of leadership were recognized at the first class meeting of Year '19 and she was made Vice-President. In disposition she is rather Irish, for her rebellious spirit prompted her to join the Volunteer Band, of which she became Vice-President in her second year. The spirit of service has been prominent in her work in the Y.W.C.A. of which she has been an efficient president. While preserving a happy balance between study and recreation, Etta has thrown herself whole-heartedly into every activity, whether spiritual, athletic, social, patriotic or literary. To one of such fine parts it is unnecessary to bespeak a successful career in her work in India, where she will be followed by the best wishes of all her classmates.

Favorite Saying—"Half the lies they tell about the Irish aren't true."
Constant Fear—An embargo on tea.

Mabel Stewart Clark

"Her voice rang true, her eye was steady,
To help another her hand was ready."

Mabel Clark as a "wee girlie" played on a little island in the Nith River near Ayr, Ontario. After graduating from Guelph Collegiate, she spent some time teaching school in Alberta. But the insistent call of the East led her to enter University College in 1915. However, Mabel required more congenial surroundings in which to develop, and therefore transferred her affections to McMaster. The Special English Course afforded the best field for her abilities, and in it she has done excellent work, leaving few firsts for her less fortunate sisters. She attended the Student Conference at Northfield in 1917, and returned with a message, the inspiration of which has enriched the lives of the students. Although studious by nature, Mabel has often promoted the success of social evenings by her careful planning, and as Vice Head Girl, her thoughtful consideration has won her many friends. Whatever career Mabel chooses, the keenness of her intellect, the sweetness of her nature, and her rare song, will ensure for her an enviable future.

Ambition—To become a Rancherette.

Roger Williams Coleman

"Out of the night that covered me,
Dark as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul."

The Sunny South has given to the world its cotton, to the United States, its orators, and to McMaster, Roger W. Coleman. Mr. Coleman was born in Alabama, where, unaided, he gained his early education. He spent terms at Selma, Virginia Union, and Howard Universities before he entered McMaster in 1913. Here, except for a year lost through a nervous breakdown, he has had a uniformly successful career. During his course Mr. Coleman has read Philosophy as a pastime, and studied oratory as a specialty. Southerners are born, not with silver spoons in their mouths, but rather with silver tongues. Mr. Coleman's homiletical achievements in the First Church, and his able arguments in the Debating Union, bear out this statement. In recognition of his debating prowess, his colleagues selected him as party leader. He has travelled extensively, and has gained thereby an understanding of men and conditions which will serve him well in his chosen work of the ministry.

Motto—"Keep plugging away."
Favorite Saying—"Gentlemen, the philosophers tell us, etc."

Ora Clifton Dennis

"Whether I shall be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show."

Varied experiences and ambitions characterize the life of the subject of this sketch. His experiences include sojourns of various lengths; absorbing the rudiments of education as outlined in the public school curriculum of Burgesville; being ground in the intellectual mill wheels of Woodstock Collegiate Institute; *—— —— —— of McMaster; enjoying the simple life among the cows and "chickens" at the Ontario Agricultural College; and engaging in the martial, industrial, and chemical activities of the munition plants of Nobel and Toronto. His ambitions, equally varied, have included, incidentally, a mastery of the violin and of debating; and primarily, an enthusiastic study of electricity, a platonic friendship with Mathematics, a premature passion for Sociology, and an ardent love of Agricultural Chemistry. Other ambitions more or less enduring might be listed under the heads of various feminine names of the localities mentioned. Imbued with a spirit of service, endowed with a capacity for work, and enriched by a variety of experiences, prophecies of his future are unnecessary.

Daily Text—Men, being rather simple creatures, like simplicity in women, and unmarried women are too complex.

*Words to be suggested by the reader.

Foster McAmmon Froom

"They knew him—and yet they didn't."

Ormond, Ontario, as Foster's birthplace, still celebrates every 16th of May. Being inclined to wander, however, he departed for the Great West, stopping in Ottawa long enough to take his "prep" school education, and arriving in Regina in time to matriculate from Collegiate in 1915, and to grace the presidency of the Collegiate Literary Society. The fall of the same year saw him a freshman in the corridors of Old McMaster. Here his magnetic disposition and witty manner have given him a high place in our hearts. In his graduation year he has been President of the Literary Society and has represented McMaster on the Intermediate O. H. A. team. Political Economy and History have received the large share of his attention, though the social side of student life has never been lost sight of. A prediction of his success as a lawyer is amply justified by his college record.

Favorite Saying—"Good-bye; will be back about 2 p.x."
Failing—A Chesterfield.
Ambition—Corporation lawyer.

Henry Burrow Gardner

"A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute."

"Harry" came from Hamilton, where ambitious people grow. Born on a Sunday, he postponed his activities for a day and then got busy. After an elementary training he burst into the industrial world as an accountant and salesman, and for the past ten years has been special representative for Warwick Bros. and Rutter. But knowing that greater power comes from greater knowledge, he decided to seek the halls of wisdom. The results were his matriculation in '14 and entrance to McMaster with Year '19. During these years of study, Harry has combined his business activity with his Arts course. In all the University's enterprises he has proved a loyal supporter, even sacrificing many of his busy hours to lend a helping hand. Moreover, any member of the Year has always received a warm welcome at his home, where his wife —an attachment since 1911—has been equally thoughtful. As a special student in Political Economy his ability has been marked; and this success has induced Harry to anticipate further activities at Osgoode Hall.

Pastimes—Skating parties and motoring.
Ambition—To appear in police court.

Harry Everett Groom

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men" (and women).

Harry's first appearance was in the little town of Port Dover, on the shores of Lake Erie. He early sought the paths of learning in Otterville and Dutton public schools. In 1908 he decided to leave Dutton High School, taking his "matric." with him. The following seven years were spent in the school of practical experience, in various capacities of business life. In the fall of 1915 he was again seized with a thirst for "book larnin" and entered Year '19, a freshman. He early gave evidence of his interest in his fellows as Y.M.C.A. representative. As a member of the F.F.F. he carried off the highest honors in his third year. The following summer months were spent in the student pastorate at Minnesing. The office of First Vice Kakiak occupied his attention in his Junior year. After a short pastorate at Blanche, Quebec, he accepted a position with the Royal Canadian Dragoons. During the last seven months he has made an exhaustive study of conditions in military hospitals and convalescent homes.

Failing—Week-end passes "home."
Favorite Expression—"Sure, you can do it."

William Dalton Hinman

"A man of such a genial mood,
The heart of all things he embraced."

"Dalt" Hinman has been one of the outstanding contributions of Year '19 to McMaster. Arriving as a freshman in 1915, having devoted the first four years of his life to agricultural pursuits, several more in treading the thorny paths of early education in Petrolia, and the next four as a machinist, he was well trained in that versatility for which he has since been noted. As freshman president he devoted his first year mainly to tumultuous class meetings, doing a few odd jobs for the "lab," and lifting up his voice like a trumpet in the rôle of an usher. His second and third years were occupied with more odd jobs, more "uplifting," still more "down-throwing," the vice-presidency of the Lit, and third prize in the F.F.F. Thereafter "Dalt" assumed certain duties with the cavalry for a period of six months, where he developed a "stable" mind. However, he resigned his position in time to occupy his last year with special chemistry and no odd jobs; and to graduate as an indispensably active member of the Three Musketeers.

Favorite Task—Chaperoning freshettes.
Favorite Expression—"Gee, men, I forgot to brush my hair!"

Mortimer Cleeve Hooper

"Thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings,
Thou art a scholar."

This, ladies and gentlemen, is Toronto, noted especially as the birthplace of Cleeve Hooper. Here he toddled to public school, walked to collegiate, and hurdled into McMaster University, with the Matthews Scholarship for general proficiency securely ensconced under his arm. Joining the class of '18 as a Sophomore, Cleeve soon made his presence felt by capturing the prizes in Latin and Greek and a "second" in Geology I. Thereupon he was sentenced to serve as class president in his third year, and vice-president of the Lit; while in his spare moments he garnered the first prizes in Latin and Greek and the second prize in Economics. His oratorical ability won for him the Ryrie Gold Medal and the rank of lance-corporal in the C.O.T.C. He then remained away from McMaster for the space of one year in a futile attempt to be blown up in an explosives plant, returning just in time to graduate with a real class, as one of '19's most popular and brilliant members.

Aversion—Being mistaken for a Freshman.
Weakness—Compiling keys.

Albert Hughes

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks."

Bradford, England, claims distinction as a result of Albert's choice of birthplace and public school. But, feeling the need of more room for action, he eventually blustered into Woodstock College with all his effervescence due to red hair and Welsh ancestry. There he led the Evangelistic Band and won the oratorical contest. After a year at McMaster with Year '16, he again felt cramped for space, and so went west to Fort Francis as a real pastor. After a year he entered Brandon College to take second year Arts, and, of course, the gold medal for oratory. Here also he led the Evangelistic Band. In his junior year the call of the wild again took him away from the grind to spend a year or so in the pastorate at New Liskeard, whence he returned to McMaster for his third and fourth years in political economy, holding respectively the acting-pastorate of College Street and pastorate of High Park Churches.

Weakness—Oratorical Contests.
Favorite Expression—"Huh! Say, fella'!"

Daniel David Hurst

"A soul
That spurned the crowd's malign control,
A fixed contempt of wrong."

Daniel received his elementary education in England, but crossed the Atlantic to take his secondary work at Mitchell High School and Woodstock College. He entered McMaster with Year '17, whom he capably piloted through their Freshman year. In the two succeeding years the Canadian West received the benefit of his presence, where he served as pedagogue and for one term as editor of the Calgary *Normalite*. Then Year '19 lured him back to McMaster as a sophomore, and the dark corners were again brightened by his happy smile. In addition to representing his year as orator, Dan held important posts on The Monthly and the Athletic Association; has presided over the Debating Union and has led the Y.M.C.A. through the most successful year in its history. His executive efficiency augurs well for his future success. He anticipates returning to "Mac." next year for his M.A.

Pastime—Executive meetings.
Recreation—Getting to work.
Expression—"Well, I see your point."

Harold Woodward Laug

"A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.
Full twenty-one yeer old he was, I gesse."

Those who imagine that Harold is very young will learn with surprise that his arrival antedates not only the Great War, but also the Twentieth Century. Kitchener, Ontario, boasts itself his birthplace, and it was there that he took his Honor Matriculation with the Wheeler Scholarship and the second Carter Scholarship for general proficiency in 1916. Joining '19 as a sophomore he promptly assumed his share of the responsibility, especially where the fair sex was concerned; and in his third year he won second place in the F.F.F. His titles to fame include: 1917-18, Editor of "Around the Hall," member of Champion Inter-Year Debating Team, Political Economy Prize; 1918-19, Year President and Managing Editor of the McMaster Monthly. At examinations Harold has avoided seconds and thirds as a pestilence; yet he has found time to participate in the activities of the Three Musketeers. His extraordinary scholarship, sound judgment, and powers of expression assure his success in whatever vocation he may choose.

Pastime—Reading proof.
Favorite Song—"Come out of the kitchen, Mary Ann."

Arnold Ewert Look

"Skilful alike with tongue and pen
He preached to all men everywhere."

A valuable addition was made to the population of the United States by Arnold's advent at Bath, N.Y. Matriculating from Waverley Academy, he entered Wycliffe College and completed his First Year Arts' work at the University of Toronto. The "Sunny South" cast its spell over him to such an extent that he registered at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Ky., for a B.Th. course, graduating in 1917. After being ordained, he accepted a call to the student pastorate at Sydney Baptist Church, Holloway, Ont., and at the same time resumed his Arts work at McMaster. Here his literary and oratorical powers were soon recognized, and he was honored by the positions of inter-college debater, class orator, President of the Debating Union, First Vice Kakiak, President of the Senior Band, and Editor of "Around the Hall." Philosophy and English have been his specialties, to which he has done full justice. He expects to return next year for B. D. work.

Favorite Adjective—Transcendental.
Weakness—Fussing blondes (and brunettes, too).

Lois Margaret MacLaurin

"'Twas how you talked and looked at things
That made us love you so."

Hoot mon! Here's anither Scot, by name MacLaurin. In 1915 Lois came to McMaster, one more of the famous clan from Vankleek Hill. At the historic Collegiate Institute of that town she brought great credit to herself and to the institution. Here she imbibed knowledge sufficient to enter the Special English Class of Year '19. Early in her college course the W. L. S. recognized her exceptional ability and claimed her as its own. For four years its ardent supporter, she has filled the offices of treasurer, vice-president, and, as seniorette, her pastime has been guiding the society through a successful year. With true-hearted enthusiasm Lois entered into the many phases of college life. In her Junior year she distinguished herself as class historian and debater, helping McMaster win the shield. Hockey, swimming, and tennis, too, have claimed her attention. A keen sense of humour and a rare ability will stand Lois in good stead in the future. She has not yet decided upon her life-work, and meanwhile will probably attend Osgoode Hall.

Failing—Anything Scotch.
Favorite Song—"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning."

Marjoria Leonora Moore

"She made it a practice to put all her worries down in the bottom of her heart, then sit on the lid and smile."

"Marj." smiled her first smile in Mount Albert, and has been smiling ever since. Having been brought up in the way she should go, she came to McMaster and joined the ranks of Year '19 as a freshette. In her second year she ably assisted the sophomore president in bringing up the Freshman Class. During her last year, Marjoria (kindly spell it with an "a") acted as President of the Women's Student Body, and an "all round Head Lady" did she make. She has always excelled as a puck-chaser, although, unfortunately, on some occasions to her own disadvantage. For alas! a puck should not be chased on one's knees. Marjoria is ——well —— just Marjoria! A dependable friend and a bright and companionable college girl!

Failing—Discussion.
Aversion—Kakiaks.

Edgar William Pyke

"And he hadde been somtyme in chivalrye,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye."

At a date unknown, Mr. Pyke's little boy was born in Toronto, apparently much to his disappointment. For he soon betook himself to "Merrie England" for purposes of early education. Yes, Mable, that's how our Ed. got that aristocratic bearing. However, he returned to Canada to graduate from the Humberside Collegiate, handicapped by the Mulock Scholarship in Classics for Varsity. Preferring McMaster, however, he joined the sophomore class of '15. But Ed. suddenly remembered an engagement with Mr. William Hohenzollern of erstwhile fame, and again crossed the briny deep to fulfil the same as a gunner in the Varsity Battery. This was successfully done at Vimy Ridge, much to the above gentleman's discomfort; though we are bound to confess that, if it had not been for a notebook in Ed's breast pocket, he would not be graduating with us now. However, in October, 1917, he came home again with that satisfied smile, a disabled arm, and a shrapnel bullet between his ribs. While undergoing treatment, he found time to join the Class of '19 in its Junior year. A clever student, and a sterling friend, Ed. is held in the highest esteem by those who know him, particularly by the other two of the "Three Musketeers."

Pet Saying—"Gee, no! I must do a bit of Greek!"
Pet Occupation—Hitching up the wooden horse for a jaunt to Troy.

Eric Lawrence Quirk

"Cavalier," the officer exclaimed,
"'Sergeant Quirk' be thou forever named."

Eric claims Brantford as his birthplace. After graduating from public school, he continued his education at the B.C.I., from which he obtained his Junior matriculation. Leaving the telephone city he came to reside in Toronto, and attended the Humberside Collegiate for a year. While there he was captain of the cadets and won distinction as an orator. Feeling the desire for still higher education, in his methodical way he joined the ranks of McMaster. Here Eric has manifested a fondness for mathematics and military discipline. He has also been successful as a debater and as Business Manager of The Monthly, and has won a place on the University track team, and the year hockey team. He lives in the memory of McMasterites as "Sergeant," which rank he held in the C.O.T.C. for two years. Eric also spent seven months with the artillery in training for a commission, and now leaves McMaster with best wishes from all.

Favorite Expression—"Carry on, men."
Ambition—To "fall-in" love.

Marion Elizabeth Robertson

"Small is our subject,
But not so our praise."

The dark blot in Marion's past is the fact that she was born in Carleton Place; but she hastened to correct this geographical error by moving her family "tae Pairth." Having received all the information the dominies had to offer her there, she entered McMaster in the autumn of 1916. "The wee Marion" has been a music-maker in more senses than one; for, when she has not been playing accompaniments or solos, she has been enlivening the conversation in the Ladies' Room or at the Ladies' Room door. In both year programs and the Big Play, Marion has capably filled important posts. Her ability has also enabled her, as Vice-President, to pilot the President and members of Year '19 through all the intricate business of the senior year. In fact, whatever she has taken an interest in has succeeded; and we feel assured that whatever the future may hold for her she will meet with that optimism with which she has overcome all obstacles in the past.

Ambition—"Gay is she and poetical too,
So we wonder what she will do."
Favorite Song— ——— ——— ——— (censored).
Failing—Losing their way.

Pearce Victor Rosewarne

"Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser."

It was in the neighborhood of Leamington that "P.V." began to carve out his destiny. Scarcely had he made a start on the task, however, when he packed up his instruments and hied him thence. Divers parts of Ontario were favored with glimpses of that work of art at various stages, until he took it to Bracebridge for a longer sojourn. On the completion of his High School and Collegiate career in Bracebridge and Barrie, he entered the portals of McMaster, and enrolled with the Special Science Class of Year Seventeen, as a Fresh-Soph. At the close of his Junior Year, "Rosie" entered the explosives industry, with which he continued in an important capacity until early this year, when he joined Year '19 to complete his course. His professional goal is industrial chemistry to which an M.A. and a Ph.D. may become stepping-stones. Those who know him have learned to respect his learning, warm to his reticent cordiality, and admire his good taste. We predict for him a brilliant future.

Favorite Song—"Smiles."

Alexander Sinclair

"What pagan rascal is this?"

Our Alex. was born on a farm near Stayner. Receiving his elementary education in the public schools of that district, he acquired his secondary training at Stayner Continuation School, where he obtained his Normal Entrance, and at the Collingwood Collegiate, where he procured his Junior Matriculation and partial Honor standing. In the fall of the same year Alex. responded to the call from McMaster, where he soon received the nick-name of "Sinc." Alex. had the happy faculty of ready adjustment to his environment, and before long became one of the most popular members of Year '19. Mathematics and Physics were his specialties, in which he was keenly interested. All through his course "Sinc" faithfully supported the many enterprises of his year and the University. During his third year Alex. held the Vice-Presidency of the Athletic Association and played a very striking part in its activities. "Sinc" intends to enter S.P.S. to follow a course in architecture, and all those who know him look forward to a bright and prosperous future for a tried and kindly friend.

Ambition—To grow a moustache.
Weakness—Cracking jokes.
Pastime—Taking naps.

John Byron Smart

"Oft with their arms about him thrown
His silken locks they love to comb."

"Our Jack" inflicted himself upon this world at Brockville, where he received his elementary and secondary education. Much to the surprise of the solicitous masters at Brockville Collegiate, his reaction thereto was sufficient to enable him to "walk off" with the Edwards Scholarship at the Junior Matriculation. In the fall of 1915, John "hit the trail" for McMaster, and as a verdant freshman accepted the sacred vow to support the organizations of his Alma Mater. He remained faithful, serving as Secretary of the Student Body and Editor of Athletics. He seems to have had a latent power for following the line of least resistance and drawing firsts. In his final year he held the post of assistant in the Chemistry Department. Jack has a great capacity for knowledge, and since he has not been saturated at McMaster, he expects to register in the Faculty of Medicine. His kindly disposition and good nature have made him popular among his fellow students. We look forward to a brilliant future for this worthy son of McMaster.

Ambition—Wielding a surgical knife.
Pastime—Assisting the Humane Society.

Niram Fletcher Smith

"A woman is only a woman
But a good cigaf is a smoke."

N. F. started his career at Belwood, Ontario. At seven years of age he accompanied his parents to Guelph Township and a little later to Guelph City. There he attended the Collegiate and obtained his Entrance to Faculty in 1912. Having pedagogical tendencies, he attended the Faculty of Education in Toronto in 1913 and secured his High School Assistant's certificate. He spent the next three years imparting his knowledge of Mathematics and bending a rubber strap in the interests of the Collegiates at Sydenham and Renfrew. His mathematical propensities guided him to McMaster University in the fall of 1916, where he became a Fresh-Sophomore. Since coming here he has been an unassuming but very valuable member of Year '19. Fletch. has been a supporter of athletics, becoming President of the Association in his final year. Possibly no organization felt the grip of war conditions as tightly as did the Athletic Society, but under N.F.'s regime, this important department of college activity received an impetus which brought McMaster to the forefront, and to him the credit is due.

Pastime—Math. and Physics.
Favorite Song—Goodnight Ladies.

Clarence Glenn Teeter

"The chief justice was comely, quiet and famous."

Some twenty-one or twenty-two short summers ago Glenn first came into existence in the pretty little town of Grimsby, Ontario. Surrounded on every side by the resplendent fruitage of Canada's most renowned orchard, is it any wonder that he early discovered a propensity for natural history? After a varied course in the public schools of Beamsville, Grimsby, Brantford and Burlington, he selected Hamilton in 1911 for his secondary training. Here "of studie tooke he most cure and most hede," so that in 1916 he obtained his Faculty Entrance. Meanwhile he played an important rôle in various collegiate activities. In the fall of that year he entered McMaster as a Sophomore, and having a natural bent for science, enrolled in that course. The wisdom thereof is proved by the high standing maintained throughout his course, and that without neglecting the other phases of college life. He has proven himself a champion inter-year debater "and evermore he hadde a sovereign prys." He looks forward to a useful life in the teaching profession.

Ambition—"That I shall love a bright particular star
And think to wed it."

Lorne Allen Walker

"Beau Brummel could cross any street in London without soiling the polish on his boots."

Early in 1897, "Jit" first peeped at Villa Nova, Ontario, and here he attended public school. After gaining his collegiate entrance, I declare, he migrated to Waterford, Ontario, where he matriculated in 1914, carrying with him several academic prizes. For one year, "Jit" denounced scholastic companionship; however, he temporized and in 1915 not only contemplated but actually accomplished matrimony with Madame Universitas MacMastrensis. We greet "Jit" as the effervescence of Year '19, and he leaves us with all good wishes for his future success.

Favorite Saying—"That's an outrage."
Ambition—To reinstate the Liberal Party.

Gladys Rosamond White

"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit,
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness."

From nature's book, by the running brook, Gladys did rapidly learn. Then the Flesherton Public and High School in turn prepared her for the cap and the gown. Leaving those walls with great renown, the J. S. Moore scholarship her prize, she entered McMaster, and we soon could surmise her value to Year Nineteen. As an actor at "Lit." and also in wit, a master was she to be sure. But as Class Historian,—well, she was a cure for conceit and pride for no one could hide from her keen observant eye. In oratory again she won fame, first prize went down to her name. In debate she was great, and 'twas not just fate when the shield came back to "Mac." Why do we love her? I'll tell you in part. She is clever and kind, and I'm sure you'll find that sympathy fills her heart. Now, as she leaves our year, not one of us has a fear for her future brilliant career.

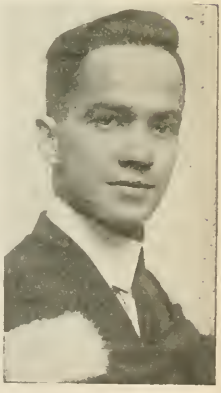
Talent—Skipping lectures and taking firsts.
Ambition—There's no telling.

Henrietta Wilkins

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
To warn, to comfort, to command."

Toronto from the first surrounded its daughter with the best it could provide, and Hettie early inclined toward meeting her obligations. In Jarvis Collegiate she was trained up intellectually in the way she should go (she entered McMaster on an Honour Scholarship), nor when she was older did she depart therefrom, as her prize in Mathematics, and the registrar's record affirms. But Hettie is none of your ascetic toilers. Her versatile leadership indicates that to her mind a student's reach should exceed his books. In our first year she led us to victory as orator, in third year she was our capable vice-president; and this year she has carried the double burden of historian and president of Athletics, when her influence reached even that formidable body, the Board of Governors. If you want a candid, frank opinion on any subject, go to Hettie; if you want a pleasant evening follow Year '19's advice, go to Hettie's home. You'll find her there immediately after graduation.

Future—"Math. is over, Physics ended
Home at last."
Slogan—Come out and support our men.



Herbert Ezra Wintemute

"He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature."

On a cold February morning in 1896, Herb "arrove" at Sherkston, Welland County, and the town kept holiday. After five years at public school, six months at business college, two years spent in the commercial world, and two more years at high school, this budding Kant meandered into these sacred halls to find himself a freshman of Year '19. His genial smile and logical mind quickly made him a pleasant and valued friend to his fellow-students. During the summer of '16 Herb acted as student pastor at Belle Ewart. Here they have no doubt as to his future. For eighteen months he was Circulation Manager of *The Canadian Baptist*. During 1917-18 he was President of his year, and he also represented McMaster on an inter-college debate. To both of these positions Herb. did ample justice. He spent about eight months in the army at Camp Niagara during 1918. We predict for this worthy Hegel an interesting and useful career.

Aspiration—To discuss philosophy with Mary Pickford.
Weakness—Shea's.
Favorite Occupation—Arguing with English Theologues.

Hetty Wilki**N**s
H**I**lda Berst
Ar**N**old Look
Cleev**E** Hooper
Fos**T**er Froom
Eric Quirk
Edgar Pyk**E**
Lor**N**e Walker

Marion Robertson
Mabel **C**lark
Marjorie **M**oore
Katherine **A**rmstrong
Fletcher **S**mith
Glenn **T**eeter
Etta Brooks
Pearce **R**osewarne

Alex. Si**N**clair
Gladys Wh**I**te
Lois MacLauri**N**
Ora D**E**nnis
Dan Hurs**T**
Herb Wint**E**mute
Harry Gardn**E**r
Harold La**N**g

Albert Hughes
Harry G**R**oom
Dal**T**on Hinman
Jack **S**mart

AS WE WERE.

PROFESSOR J. H. FARMER, B.A., LL.D.

DEAN IN THEOLOGY.

GRADUATES IN THEOLOGY

James Hall

"Thou canst be strong, and yet not tyrannous,
Canst righteous be and not intolerant."

A "canny Scotchman" is "oor Jeems," born in Glasgow, the second city of the Empire. There he learned and followed for some years the trade of a cabinetmaker. The circumstances which finally brought him to McMaster began with his conversion in the services conducted by Dr. Torry and Mr. Alexander in his home city. To better equip himself for Christian service, he soon after entered upon special studies in English, at Glasgow. Later he crossed the ocean and pursued the two years Bible Course in the Moody Institute. After graduation he was ordained in Indiana to the Baptist ministry, and proceeded to Columbus, Ohio, where he served five happy years as the pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church. In order to increase his efficiency in a service already fruitful, he entered McMaster with the Theology Class in 1916. In the first year he was awarded the W. M. Craig prize, and throughout his course he successfully shepherded the Mount Dennis Baptist Church. The earnestness and diligence which have characterized his work in the ministry and in school give promise of true success in his chosen life work.

Oamer Daniel Priddle

"A strong man,
For where he fixed his heart, he set his hand
To do the things he will'd, and bore it thro.'"

To obtain a thorough education has been Oamer's ever-present desire; and backed by an unflinching will he has surmounted obstacles which to most of us would have proved insuperable. After matriculating from Woodstock College, he entered McMaster and graduated in Arts as a member of Year '17. Philosophy has been his forte, and his logical mind has been the despair of the professors and seniors, and a constant source of wonder among freshmen. Oamer has made his influence felt as one of the most popular High Kakiaks that ever held that position. He was well qualified for the office by two years' apprenticeship, and his inherent ability. His fearlessness, and hatred of sham and oppression have made his opinion respected in these halls. Pertinacious and determined, he is gifted with a keen sense of humour which has won him a good many fast friends. In him the ministry will make a valuable acquisition.

Ambition—To finance a Nurses' Home.
Pastime—Preparing for an M.A. in Philosophy.
Delight—Lecturing on Metaphysics to Freshmen.

JEREMIAH, HEZEKIAH,
MATTHEW, LUKE AND PAUL,
THEOLOGY! THEOLOGY!
HALLELUJAH HALL.

THEOLOGY! THEOLOGY!
FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY!
LONG COATS AND POVERTY,
A————————MEN!

The Last Lay of the Minstrel

The far faméd members of Year Nineteen
O'er the thorny paths of learning have been;
Till now they stand on the loftiest height,
And view the promised land so bright.
But e'er they cross the border land,
See in procession this glorious band:

At the head is young Lang, the leader and guide,
And Marion gaily keeps by his side.
He is a fellow of manifold parts,
Journalist, speechmaker, breaker of hearts.
She is from Perth, as you'll oft hear her say,
At the Ladies' Room door she is seen every day.
Marj. Moore on this failing will never comment,
But tries by example (?) to correct this fell bent.
Fair Froom is the banker, and 'tis his despair
That some of the members will not pay their share.
The fountain of wisdom, learned Mabel, comes next;
And 'tis true that professors she often has vext.
'Tis beyond them to answer the questions she asks,
Such insight the shows in all of her tasks.
Behold Hettie Wilkins, who oft feels the lack
Of the Science Domestic in courses at "Mac."
To help her in "Math.," come Smith and Sinclair,
And afternoon tea keeps their brains in repair.
And Quirk is another who studies the stars,
But as Sergeant, his mind keeps turning towards Mars.
Since Pyke, the class artist, from Flanders is home,
To the Allen with Her doth he frequently roam.
Then Etta is one whose dearest hope lies
In teaching the Hindus the ways of the wise.
Hughes, Look and Coleman the world would reform,
And doubtless in time they will take it by storm.

And Lorne, when he leaves, with his fair one will walk:
For life, rumour has it, or is it just talk?
Next in line comes Kate Armstrong, of spirit so gay,
The little brown Hindus can't drive it away.
Rosewarne is here, too, but his heart is elsewhere;
Far back in '17 with his lady so fair.
And Hooper's another remembers that year,
But the ties that bind him may not (?) be so dear.
Of conjugal bliss an example you see,
A shining one, too,—Harry Gardner, 'tis he.
Some chocolates to eat, and a guide who will lead
Through the city's strange mazes, fulfils Hilda's need.
In the chemistry "lab." these four men you will find:
Hinman, Teeter, Smart, Dennis to Science inclined.
Daniel Hurst, brisk, capable, matter of fact,
In the West will be ruling as lord of his shack.
Our Highland lass, Lois, who comes from down East,
Is quite fond of skating and planning a feast.
And Gladys, our orator, writer and friend,
Skips lectures, reads story books, world without end.
Harry Groom, as a soldier, fancied his nurse;
And despite all attention grew steadily worse.
Wintemute's pals are old Hegel and Kant
Whom none but a lassie will ever supplant.

The procession is ended, departure is near.
With hopes for the future, yet many a tear,
The question confronts us—Where go we from here?

He, She, It
or
Proverbs of the Hoi Polloi

Being the wise sayings of the few and the many sayings of the unwise, as contained in a series of hitherto unpublished interviews on timely topics, with the great and the near great.

Kate Armstrong, on *Preparedness*: "I believe in being prepared for all eventualities, whether class fees or oratorical contest collections. Yes, that is why I carry my satchel always. Well, no, none in English lectures as yet, but then the Dean doesn't provide programmes."

Hilda Berst, on *Punctuality*: "To my mind tardiness is an unpardonable sin. Students who are consistently late for lectures should be plucked without mercy."

Etta Brooks, on *Sports*: "Sports enjoy both my interest and approval and occasionally my attention. Though outdoor athletics are, as a rule, the most popular, I personally lean to indoor sports—unless they stay after eleven-thirty p.m."

Mable Clark, on *Bill*: "Yes, we made up; but how was I to know he didn't know Broggins was a dog?"

Lois MacLaurin, on *Theatre Parties*: "Most emphatically no! I protest against exposing mere seniors in their twenties to the evils of the movies. Avoid them as you would Fyfe Day!"

Marjoria Moore, on *Flowers*: "No, I do not think the boys should be allowed to waste their money in extravagances. All rules may be transgressed by Head Ladies, however."

Marion Robertson, on *Theologues*: "Brains are not the only essential of manhood. The foursquare *homo* must have four majors of personality as follows: Spirituality, Sociability, Physical Normality, and one of, Intellectuality and Cuteness. I prefer them cute."

Gladys White, on *Plug Week*: "I make it a rule to devote the mornings entirely to preparation for examinations, the af-

ternoons to study, and the evenings to plugging, and am always careful to avoid all thoughts of nourishment or repose, which are far from conducive to concentration."

Hettie Wilkins, on *Pre-millenialism*: "You have only to look at the average undergraduate to realize that the world is getting worse. I dread the day when cigarettes will be introduced into the Ladies' Room."

Roger Coleman, on *Reconstruction*: "Sir, if the Government does not post the British Constitution on London Bridge before next Saturday, I'll move for the dissolution of the Empire. Please give the balance of my time to my supporters."

Ora Dennis, on *Silence*: "Yes.....No. ....I think so."

Foster Froom, on *Public Finance*: "It is a vexed and vexing question, but is apparently an unavoidable branch of government. My theory is the validity of the poll-tax with decapitation the penalty for defaulters. By the way, shall I write a receipt in full for your class fees?"

Harry Gardner, on *System*: "System, gentlemen, is the secret of achievement. With a few loose-leaf note boks one can easily double his efficiency. I have found them of infinite assistance in the management of a college course, a Gray Dort, my business and my conjugal partner. With a few more I could readily assume greater responsibilities in every direction."

Harry Groom, on *Latin*: "I have found Latin the most enlightening and interesting branch of my course. To those in distress I would recommend military training as an introduction. This, with six hours and twenty minutes sleep *per noctem,* has been the secret of my success."

Dalt. Hinman, on *Water Power*: "Yes, it may be applied with safety to the hands and face, or, in extreme cases, used as a beverage. Its chief use lies in its powers of persuasion, if applied with sufficient force and in large quantities."

Cleeve Hooper, on *"Mock Turtle" Spectacles"*: "Yes, I'll admit that they constitute considerable impediment to clear vis-

ion, but this is more than compensated for by the ruly distinctive air they confer upon even the most ignorant. Personally, I find them an indispensable adjunct in truly impressing the idiosyncracies of the Latin tongue upon the Frosh intellect."

Albert Hughes, on *Balloting*: "I favor the old Greek system. There is no satisfaction in corruption if a man can change his mind without announcing the fact."

Dan Hurst, on *Collections*: "Collections are a religious necessity. An audience must have a financial interest in an entertainment before it can be a complete success. Opportunity knocks but once a year for the Debating Union."

Harold Lang, on *Intrigue*: "I follow a course of absolute impartiality—best pay, first choice. Yes, madam, I assure you that the gentleman asked for you particularly."

Arnold Look, on *Education and Matrimony*: "Revision of my figures has revealed a mathematical error which makes the co-ed's outlook much more hopeful. It is confidently expected, however, that my previous statistics will be justified by later returns from the Class of Nineteen."

Edgar Pyke, on the *Telephone*: "Hello, someone wishing to speak to Mr. Pyke, of McMaster University? . . Oh, that's the Chancellor's Office! . . ! . . . ! !"

Eric Quirk, on *Military Training*: "Absolutely indispensable! It need not be compulsory, but no man should be granted a degree without it. Now, when I was training for my commission at Petawawa . . . ."

Pearce Rosewarne, on *Railways*: "Ontario trains are very useful but much too slow. People can live sixty miles from New York and yet go in to business every day. The same conditions should apply to Toronto. I am for hourly service and twenty-five cent. fares to Kitchener."

Alex Sinclair, on *Class Meetings*: "Hee! Hee! Ha! Ha!—(gurgle, gurgle)—Tee! Hee! Hee! Ha!"

Jack Smart, on *College Spirit*: "The substance may be concocted in liquid form in the chemistry 'lab.' But the true men-

tal and spiritual fervour is the fruition of much labour and wakefulness. Vivisectionists assert that you can maltreat a dog until he likes it. So let it be with Freshmen."

FLETCHER SMITH, on *Class Parties*: "Oh, I think they're all right as long as they're not overdone. Personally I like them rare, and the rarer the better. Once in a course? Well, possibly, but that is the absolute limit!"

GLENN TEETER, on *Fyfe Day*: "A splendid institution and one which should receive every encouragement. The quiet hours spent in the 'lab.' on these occasions I find most helpful and refreshing."

LORNE WALKER, on *Union Government*: "Utterly abominable. I am opposed to all arbitrary means that cramp my initiative. I believe in the Social Contract but not dogmatically, you understand. For instance, a man should not be prevented from breaking an engagement now and then."

HERB WINTEMUTE, on *The Care of Babies*: "Primordial manifestations to the endorgans of the juvenile psychophysical organism should be such as would report delectable sensations to the cerebellum and foster psychic habituations that will not make for the development of an unappreciative individualism. That is, amuse the baby if he cries."

The following committee, representing the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology and THE MONTHLY Board, is responsible for the issuing of this number:

Arts: Miss MacLaurin, Miss Robertson, Miss White, Miss Wilkins, F. M. Froom, A. Hughes, H. W. Lang (Convener), A. E. Look, E. W. Pyke, M. C. Hooper.

Theology: O. D. Priddle.

THE MONTHLY Board: Harold W. Lang (Managing Editor), Edmund P. Stewart (Business Manager).

The Graduating Classes desire to express their special indebtedness to one member of the Committee, Mr. Edgar W. Pyke, for his generous labours in the designing and sketching of the cover and the decorative drawings for this number.

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The McMaster University
monthly

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